

Dracula



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BOOK 1

WARREN PUBLISHING COMPANY

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WOLFF

The Path
of
the Dead



AFTER THE "DAY OF DOOM" MANKIND CAME TO A NEW ERA. YESTERDAY'S WORLD HAD DESTROYED ITSELF WITH APATHY. THOSE FEW LEFT ALIVE WERE TOUGH- THEY HAD TO BE. THE CHANGE HAD BEEN SO TOTAL THAT A WHOLE NEW RANGE OF EVILS HAD TO BE FACED. MAGIC, SORCERY AND NECROMANTIC EVIL WERE ROUTINE HORRORS. MYTH BECAME INCARNATE AND REALITY BROKE THE BOUNDS OF THE MOST FEVERED MIND. WOLFF WAS ONE OF THE CHILDREN WHO HAD SURVIVED THAT "DAY" AND WHO SURVIVED THE NIGHTMARE ETHOS TO BECOME A LEADER OF MEN. THE NEW WORLD HAD NEW HORRORS. -BUT IT ALSO HAD UNEXPECTED PLEASURES. HE LOVED WITH WOMEN OF UNNATURAL BEAUTY AND HE FOUGHT IN A THOUSAND BLOODY AND SAVAGE BATTLES TO PROVE HIS RIGHT TO LIFE. IN THE WORLD OF TOMORROW, THERE WAS NO MAN, OR WOMAN, WHO COULD MATCH WOLFF FOR STRENGTH AND CONNING.

WOLFF WAS HOME. THROUGH DAYS OF HARDSHIP HE HAD SEARCHED FAR FOR FOOD. HIS PEOPLE RELIED ON HIS SKILL TO BRING THEM MEAT IN A LAND RAVAGED BY FAMINE. WHY WAS THERE NO-ONE TO GREET HIM? NO SOUND BROKE THE SILENCE OF DEATH. ONE MAN WAS LEFT ALIVE-ONE OLD, OLD MAN WITH HIS TALE OF TRAGEDY.

LEAVE THE DEAD TO BURY THEMSELVES, WOLFF. THERE IS NOTHING LEFT HERE FOR YOU, NOTHING!

IN CROM'S NAME! WHAT HAPPENED, OLD MAN?

FOUR NIGHTS SINCE, THE WITCHES CAME, BRINGING DEATH TO OUR VALLEY. THEY SOUGHT NEW BLOOD AND THEY TOOK ONLY THE YOUNGEST AND THE MOST FAIR. WOLFF, I- I GAZED INTO THE VERY MAW OF HELL ITSELF. THEY ARE GONE - ALL GONE.

WOLFF'S HOWL OF MENTAL AGONY INTERRUPTED THE OLD MAN AND SWIRLED AND ECHOED ROUND THE NARROW VALLEY.

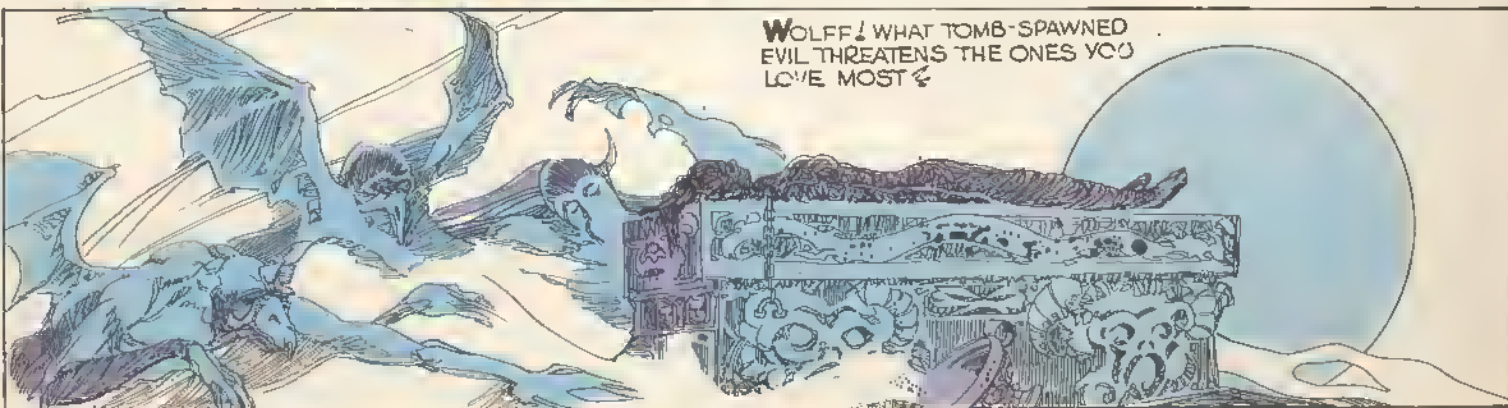
DAMN THEIR IMMORTAL SOULS! MY SWORD WILL NOT SLEEP LONG IN ITS SHEATH. AND MY WIFE AND THE CHILDREN? BRUMA!

WE THOUGHT WE WERE SAFE BUT THE FIENDS FOUND EVEN OUR DEEPEST CAVES.

THE OLD MAN SAT AND WAITED PATIENTLY FOR THE GIANT WARRIOR'S GRIEF TO TEAR ITSELF DOWN. THEN HE WENT ON...

IT WAS THEIR SORCEROUS SKILLS THAT BEAT US. YOUR WARRIORS FOUGHT BUT THEIR STEEL WAS NO DEFENCE FOR THE WITCHES' ARTS. THEY FELL, WOLFF, ALL FELL! THE WOMEN AND, AND BRUMA... THEY TOOK THEM ALL, WOLFF. BRUMA WENT WITH THE OTHERS. THEY HAD NO CHANCE.

WOLFF! WHAT TOMB-SPAWNED EVIL THREATENS THE ONES YOU LOVE MOST?



FLEE THIS CHARNEL-HOUSE BEFORE THE SPELL OF DEATH FALLS ON YOU. IF YOU STAY THEY WILL MAKE YOU A SLAVE THROUGH ETERNITY. FLEE!

A SOFT VOICE TUGGED AT THE EDGES OF WOLFF'S MIND. A GENTLE, MUSICAL, SENSUAL VOICE. A VOICE FROM HIS PAST. A LAMENT, A CRY FOR HELP. A PLEA FOR AID, EVEN BEYOND THE GRAVE.

WOLFF..

IT'S NOT BRUMA. WOLFF! LISTEN FOR THE SAKE OF CROM! IT'S NOT YOUR WIFE. FLEE...

NO! YOU BLIND OLD FOOL! YOU DON'T KNOW. YOU CAN'T SEE LIKE I CAN. IT'S HER. IT'S MY BELOVED BRUMA, SHE'S ALIVE! ALIVE!

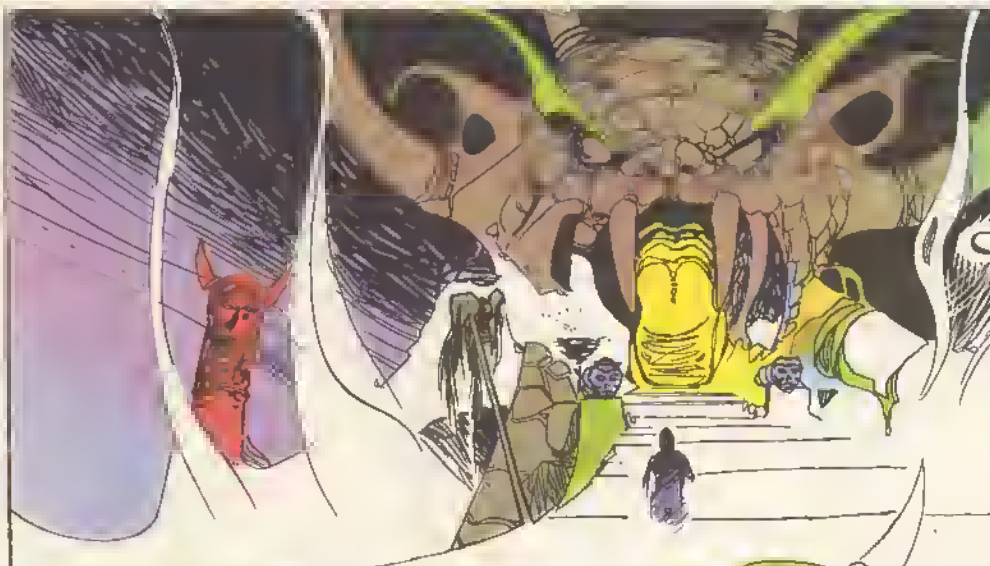
IT'S NO ILLUSION. I MUST... I MUST FIND HER.

I SAW HER DIE. SHE FELL DEAD. IT'S NOT HER CALLING YOU, WOLFF. IT'S A CREATION OF THOSE FIENDS WHO PLOT YOUR DOWNFALL AND DEATH.

THE SKY ABOVE HEARD THE TERRIBLE OATH THAT WOLFF SCREAMED, AND IT TORE INTO THUNDERING FRAGMENTS OF CHAOS.

I, WOLFF, SWEAR THAT I WILL TEAR DOWN YOUR MAGIC POWERS AND REND YOUR BODIES. WITH THESE HANDS I WILL DESTROY YOUR BODIES AND SOULS UNTIL YOUR SUBSTANCE NO LONGER POLLUTES THIS EARTH!

TO SEEK HIS EVIL ADVERSARIES, WOLFF RAN THROUGH NIGHTS AND BETWEEN SHADOWS IN A WORLD OF CHILLING UNREALITY. BRUMA'S IMPLOING VOICE DROVE HIM ON AND HIS HUNTING SKILLS GUIDED HIM FORWARD.



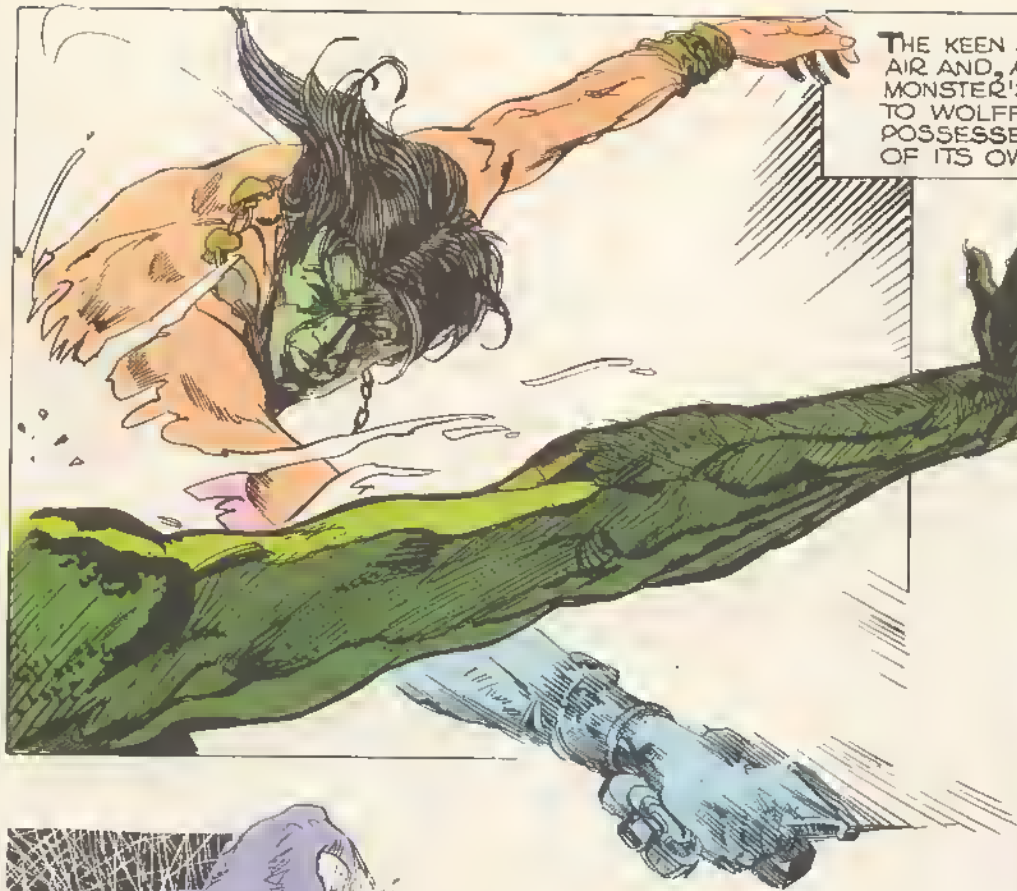
IN THE MIDST OF A DECAYING DESERT, THERE WAS THE COLOSSAL WRECK OF A MONSTROUS IDOL.

HOLDING HIS BREATH AGAINST THE CHARNEL STENCH, WOLFF ENTERED THE ANCIENT TEMPLE.

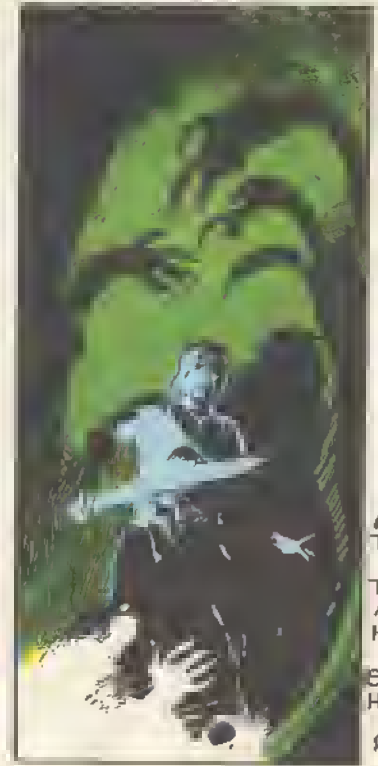


SUDDENLY, HE SENSED A FRIGHTFUL FIEND TREADING SOFTLY BEHIND HIM.





THE KEEN SWORD HISSSED THROUGH THE RANK AIR AND, AT THE LAST MOMENT, SLICED THE MONSTER'S HEAD CLEAN FROM ITS SHOULDERS. TO WOLFF'S HORROR, THE HEAD LIVED ON, POSSESSED OF A FEARFUL DEMONIC LIFE OF ITS OWN.



A SINISTER, SOFT LAUGH TREMBLED AROUND HIM AND DARK SHADOWS HEMMED HIM ROUND.



Horrors of the Damned! The head of the demon began to change into the face of a beautiful woman. Then, and only then, did Wolff comprehend the full power of his enemies. What chance did he have against the shades of death?

MAN MAY WALK ON THE FACE OF THE MOON YET THERE ARE STILL DARK SHADOWS AT THE EDGE OF REASON WHERE HE MAY FEAR TO TREAD. IMAGINE HOW GREAT WERE THESE REGIONS OF NIGHT IN THE LAST CENTURY WHEN SCIENCE WAS YOUNG AND ONLY FAITH KEPT MAN FROM THE POWERS OF EVIL!



TO CHALLENGE THE UNKNOWN, ENGLAND PRODUCED A RACE OF EXPLORERS AND SCIENTISTS WHO WOULD WRESTLE WITH THE DEVIL AND CONSIDER THE GAME WELL LOST IF KNOWLEDGE ADVANCED BY JUST A FEW STEPS. SUCH A MAN WAS SIR LEO WOOLDRICH, HEIR OF A NOBLE FAMILY WHO REJECTED SOCIAL POSITION AND MILITARY HONOURS TO DEDICATE HIMSELF TO CHALLENGING THE MYSTERIES OF THE KNOWN AND UNKNOWN WORLD. AS THE CENTURY NEARED ITS END, HE TRAVELLED THE GLOBE SEEKING OUT THE BIZARRE AND THE UNEXPLAINED.



Sir Leo

The Thing from the Lake



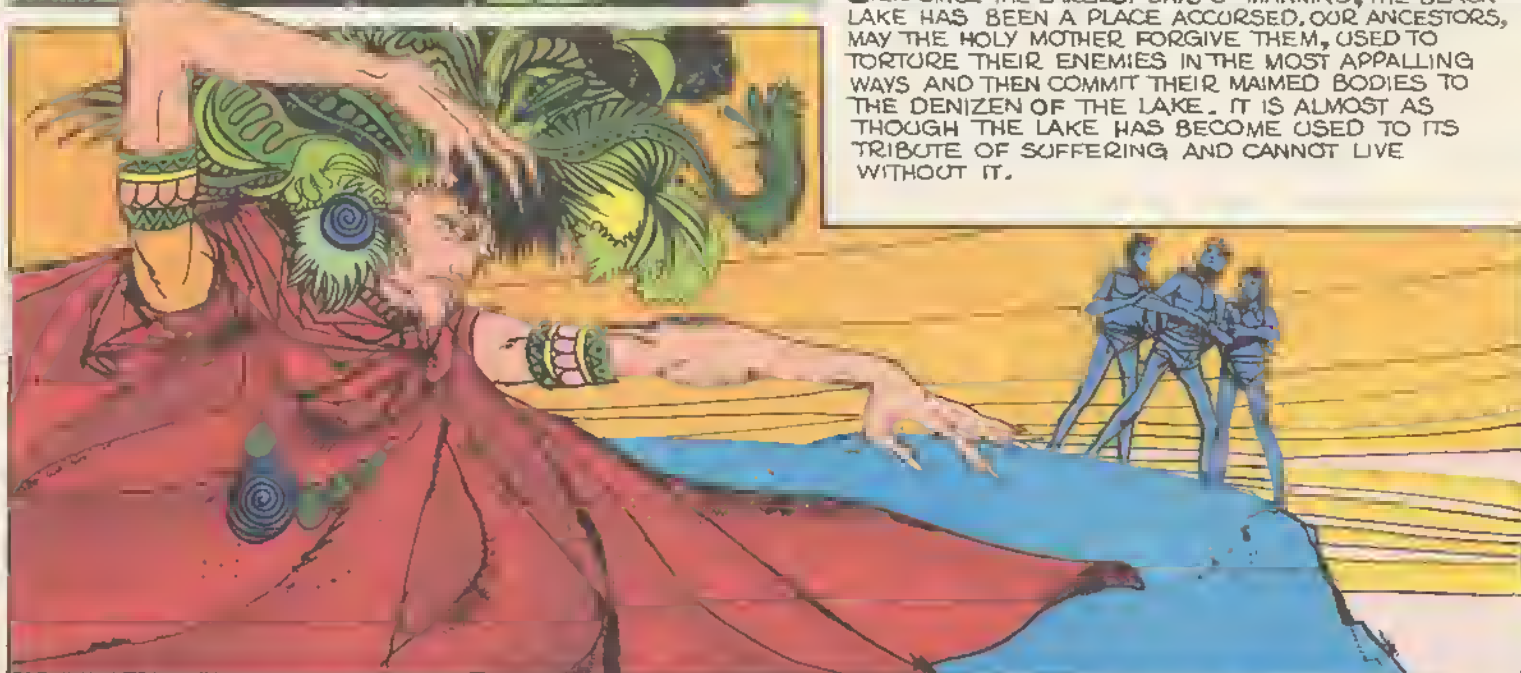
HAS YOUR HONOUR COME TO VISIT US TO SEE OUR FAMOUS BLACK LAKE? THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL COME FOR.

OBSVIOUSLY, BUT TELL ME, WHY IS IT THAT THE VERY NAME OF THE LOUGH INSPIRES SUCH TERROR HEREABOUTS? WAS IT THAT ACCIDENT THE OTHER DAY?

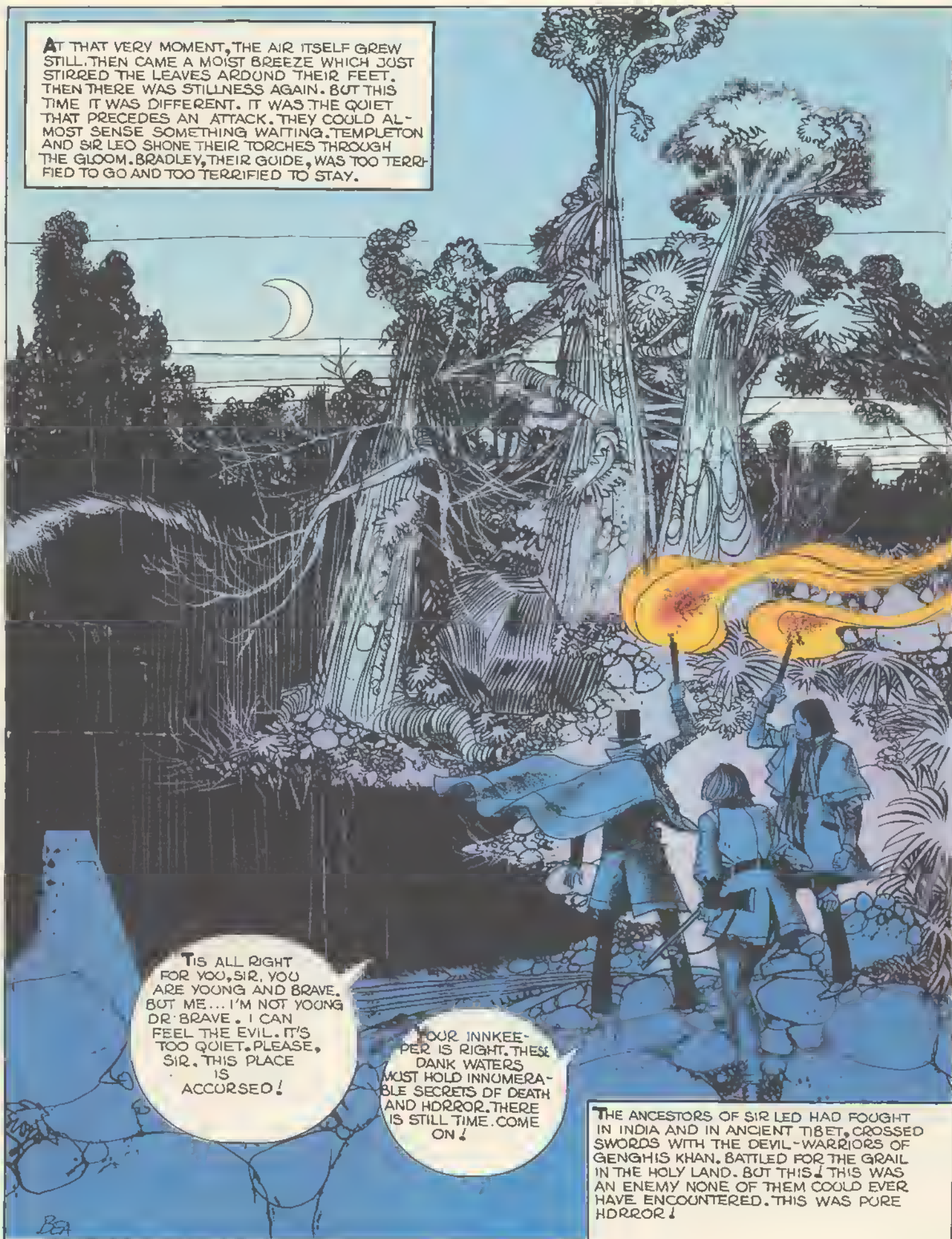


IT'S HARD EVEN TO IDENTIFY THE REMAINS. IT'S SO MUTILATED IT'S ALMOST AS THOUGH SOME BEAST FROM THE DARKEST CIRCLE OF HELL HAD COME TO RAVAGE AND KILL. IT CAN ONLY BE THE WORK OF SOME MADMAN. THE MOON MUST HAVE GIVEN HIM INCREDIBLE STRENGTH.

IT'S POOR OLD PATRICK! I CAN RECOGNISE HIM BY HIS BOOTS. THAT'S ALL. HE MUST HAVE GOT DROWNED LAST NIGHT AND PLUNGED DOWN HERE ONTO THESE ROCKS.




AT THAT VERY MOMENT, THE AIR ITSELF GREW STILL. THEN CAME A MOIST BREEZE WHICH JUST STIRRED THE LEAVES AROUND THEIR FEET. THEN THERE WAS STILLNESS AGAIN. BUT THIS TIME IT WAS DIFFERENT. IT WAS THE QUIET THAT PRECEDES AN ATTACK. THEY COULD ALMOST SENSE SOMETHING WAITING. TEMPLETON AND SIR LEO SHONE THEIR TORCHES THROUGH THE GLOOM. BRADLEY, THEIR GUIDE, WAS TOO TERRIFIED TO GO AND TOO TERRIFIED TO STAY.




'TIS ALL RIGHT FOR YOU, SIR, YOU ARE YOUNG AND BRAVE. BUT ME... I'M NOT YOUNG OR BRAVE. I CAN FEEL THE EVIL. IT'S TOO QUIET. PLEASE, SIR, THIS PLACE IS ACCURSED!

YOUR INNKEEPER IS RIGHT. THESE DANK WATERS MUST HOLD INNUMERABLE SECRETS OF DEATH AND HORROR. THERE IS STILL TIME. COME ON!


THE ANCESTORS OF SIR LEO HAD FOUGHT IN INDIA AND IN ANCIENT TIBET, CROSSED SWORDS WITH THE DEVIL-WARRIORS OF GENGHIS KHAN, BATTLED FOR THE GRAIL IN THE HOLY LAND. BUT THIS! THIS WAS AN ENEMY NONE OF THEM COULD EVER HAVE ENCOUNTERED. THIS WAS PURE HORROR!




THE SILENCE WAS BROKEN BY A HIDEOUS ROAR AND THE CREATURE REARED OUT OF THE DARK WATERS, COVERED IN SCALES AND MONSTROUSLY VILE. AS ITS FOETID BREATH REACHED OUT TO HIM SIR LEO SAW, WITH A MOMENT OF STARK TERROR, THAT THE THING HAD THE EYES OF A MAN!




HOLY. MARY. IT'S SATAN HIMSELF COME TO TAKE US. OH GOD, HELP THIS POOR SINNER! HELP ME!



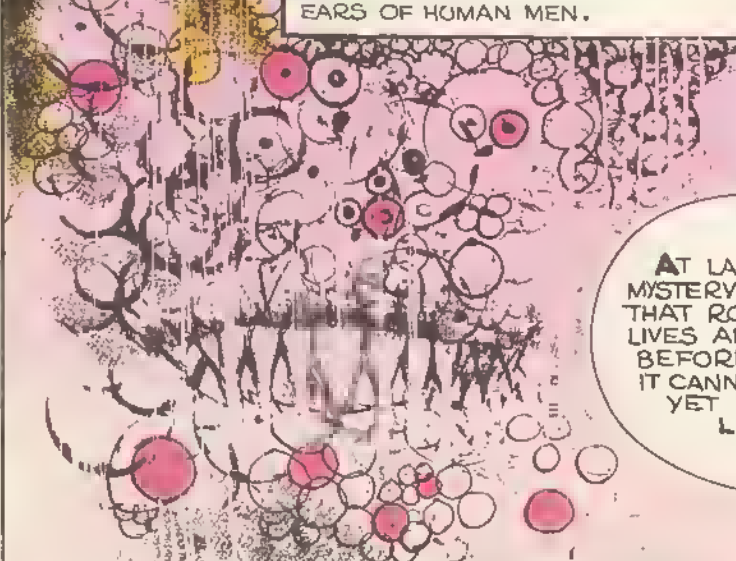
IT'S A CREATURE FROM HELL. A MONSTER FROM THE DEPTHS. SIR LEO, LOOK. IT... IT'S CHANGING.



THE BLASPHEMOUS ENTITY CHANGED ITS SHAPE A HUNDRED TIMES. THEIR EYES WERE DAZZLED BY THE PHANTASMAGORIA OF HORROR WHIRLING BEFORE THEM. IN JUST A FEW BRIEF SECONDS, IT BECAME A MASS OF GLEAMING JELLY. FROM THE MIDST OF THAT NAMELESS MONSTROSITY CAME OBSCENE BUBBLING SOUNDS, LIKE NOTHING EVER HEARD BY THE TORTURED EARS OF HUMAN MEN.



AT LAST. A REAL MYSTERY. THIS THING THAT ROTS AND LIVES AND PULSES BEFORE MY EYES. IT CANNOT BE ALIVE, YET IT... IT LIVES.



IT IS NOT DIFFICULT FOR MORTAL MAN TO FACE AN ADVERSARY OF FLESH AND BLOOD, ONE ONLY NEEDS ORDINARY COURAGE PLUS INTELLIGENCE AND A LITTLE SKILL IN FIGHTING. THIS TIME, SIR LEO NEEDED ALL THOSE AS WELL AS LUCK. THIS WAS AN OPPONENT FROM HADES.

VIM BEA*



THE THING FROM THE LAKE CONTINUED ITS INEXORABLE, SLOBBERING APPROACH TOWARDS THEM.

COWARDLY DOGS! STAY WHERE YOU ARE. WE MUST STOP IT NOW WHILE WE HAVE A CHANCE.

TALK SENSE. HOW CAN WE STOP IT? OUR WEAPONS ARE PU- NY TOYS AGAINST THAT, THAT CREATURE. IF WE STAY, WE MUST SORELY PERISH. THINK OF OUR IMMORTAL SOULS, SIR.

IN GOD'S NAME, MAN. FORGET YOUR DAMNED CURIOSITY AND LET'S SAVE OUR- SELVES. THAT BEAST IS FROM THE JAWS OF HELL. NOTHING CAN STAND AGAINST IT. WE WILL ALL PERISH!

ANGELS AND MINIS- TERS OF GRACE DEFEND US. WE ARE DAMNED! THE THING IS COMING CLOSER. CLOSER. CLOSER! SAVE US!! SAVE US!!!

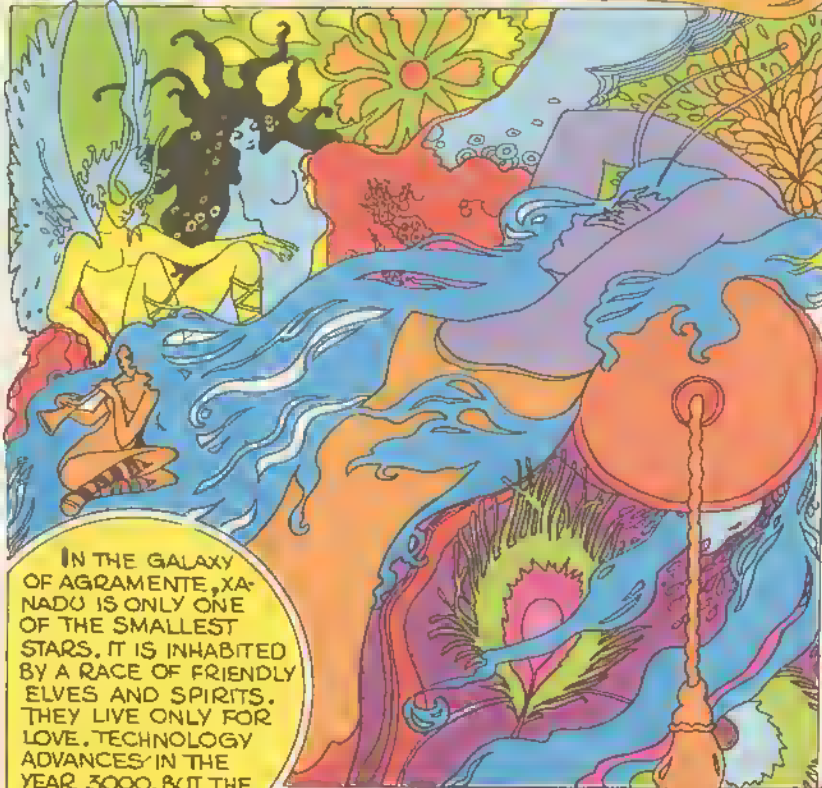
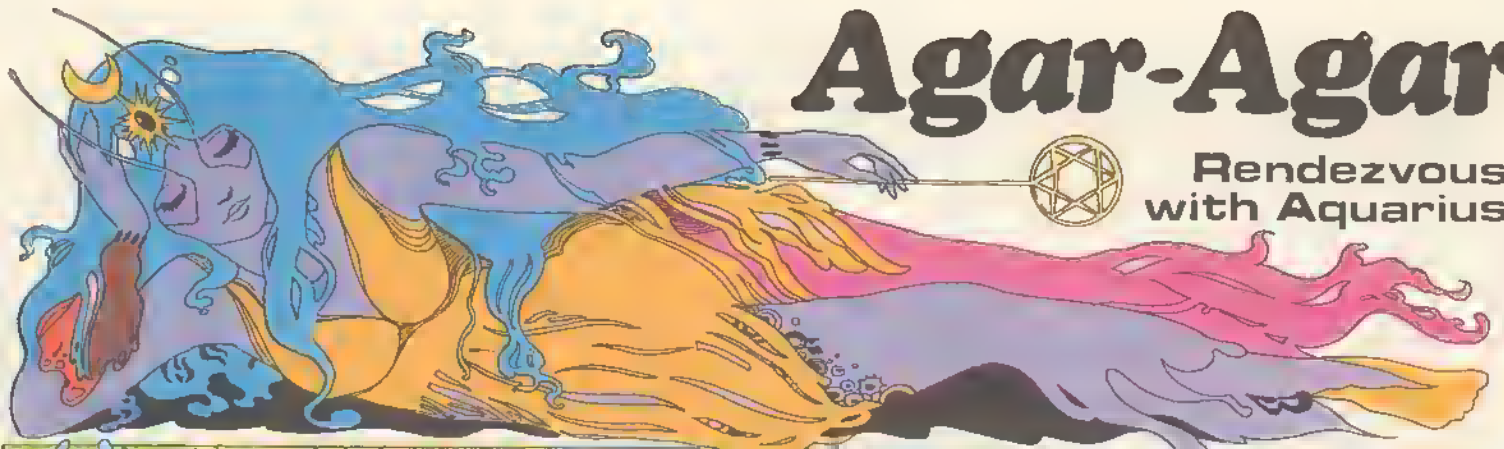
GET OUT OF THE WAY, YOU DAMNED FOOL! MOVE! THIS GUN WILL KILL ANY THING THAT LIVES. WHEN THESE BOLLETS HIT THAT MONSTER WE'LL BE SAFE. NOW!



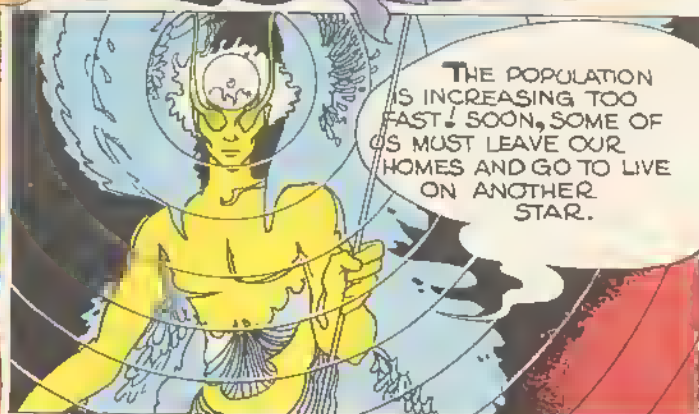
AGAINST THIS VISION OF MADNESS, THIS CREA- TURE FROM BEYOND TIME AND SPACE, SIR LEO WOOLDRICH STOOD ALONE, ARMED ONLY WITH A HAND GUN, A SPLENDID PIECE OF NINETEENTH CENTURY ENGINEERING THAT HE KNEW SHOULD STOP ANY CREATURE LIVING. YET HIS SHOTS HIT NOTHING. WAS IT REALLY POSSIBLE? COULD A LEAD BULLET DESTROY A LEGEND OF THE PAST?

Agar-Agar

Rendezvous
with Aquarius



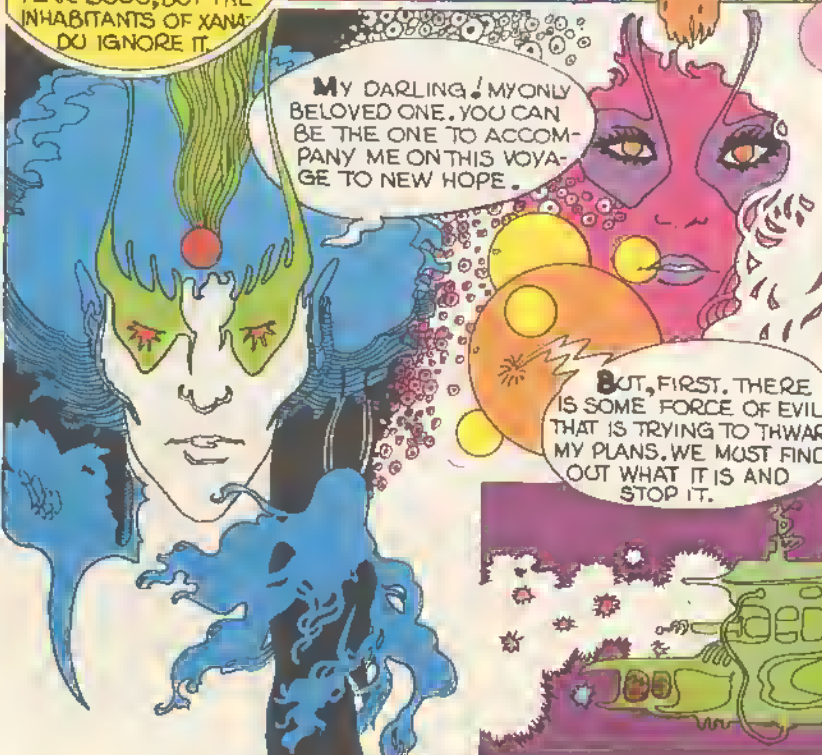
IN THE GALAXY OF AGRAMENTE, XANADU IS ONLY ONE OF THE SMALLEST STARS. IT IS INHABITED BY A RACE OF FRIENDLY ELVES AND SPIRITS. THEY LIVE ONLY FOR LOVE. TECHNOLOGY ADVANCES IN THE YEAR 3000, BUT THE INHABITANTS OF XANADU IGNORE IT.



THE POPULATION IS INCREASING TOO FAST! SOON, SOME OF US MUST LEAVE OUR HOMES AND GO TO LIVE ON ANOTHER STAR.

THE BEAUTIFUL AGAR-AGAR DREAMS OF THE WORDS OF HER CHIEF, NICRON. A NEW WORLD. NEW STARS. NEW RACES. NEW LOVERS!

Solsona

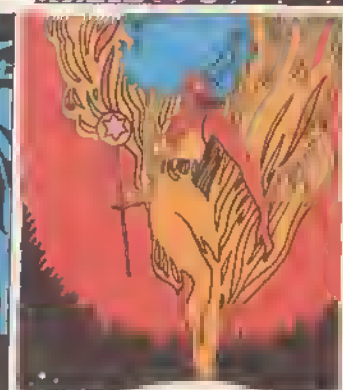


MY DARLING! MY ONLY BELOVED ONE. YOU CAN BE THE ONE TO ACCOMPANY ME ON THIS VOYAGE TO NEW HOPE.

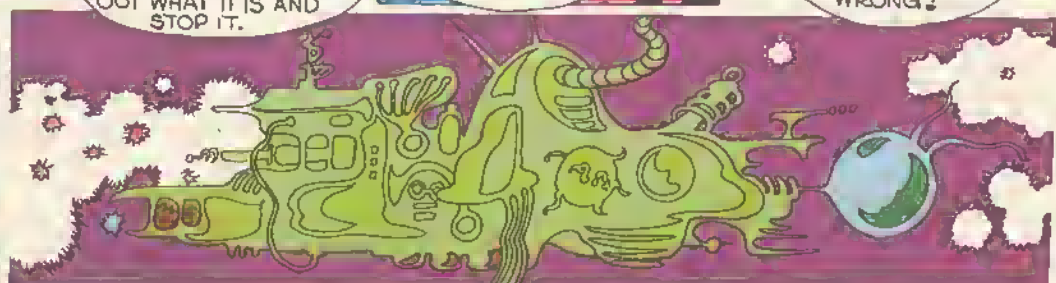
BUT, FIRST, THERE IS SOME FORCE OF EVIL THAT IS TRYING TO THWART MY PLANS. WE MUST FIND OUT WHAT IT IS AND STOP IT.



YOU KNOW THAT ALL OF OUR ENERGY COMES FROM...



FROM THE SATELLITE, MOHR. BUT SOMETHING IS GOING WRONG!



FROM THE ENERGY GENERATED BY MOHR, EVERY INHABITANT OF XANADU HAS BEEN ABLE TO KEEP HIS MAGIC POWERS THROUGH THE EONS. POWERS WHICH CAN BE TRANSMITTED THROUGH MAGIC STAFFS.

OUR IMPERIAL CHIEF, NICRON, HAS GIVEN ME INSTRUCTIONS TO SEEK OUT THE CAUSE OF THE ENERGY DISTURBANCE ON MOHR.

SOMETHING HAS UPSET THE DELICATE BALANCE OF THE GENERATING BRAIN. WAIT! I CAN FEEL SOMETHING. SOME KIND OF MAGIC FORCE THAT IS OPPOSING ME.

THAT SPRITE IS AS BEAUTIFUL AS SHE IS NOISY! HER PATHETIC POWERS WILL BE OF SCANT USE AGAINST THE MIGHT OF AQUARIUS.

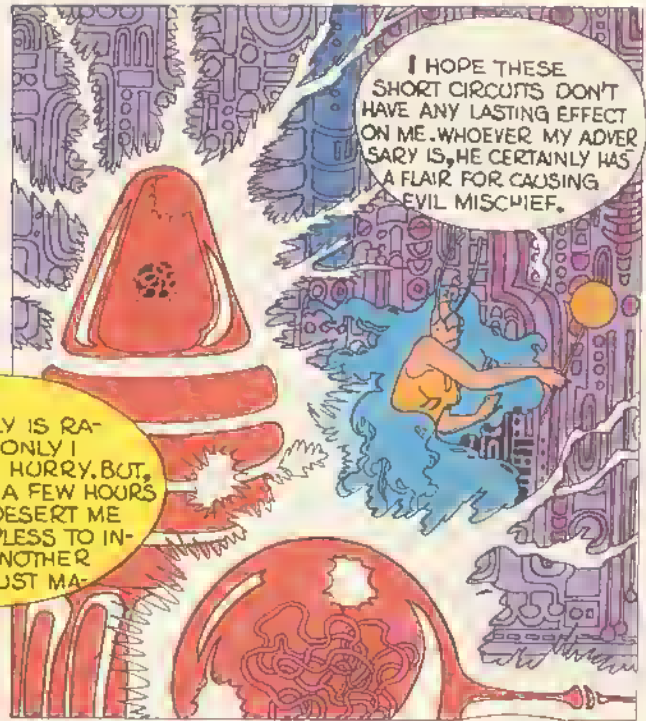
I CAN FEEL THE PRESENCE OF A SUPERIOR BEING! I CAN ALMOST FEEL THE WARMTH OF HIS BREATH AGAINST MY CHEEK.

I WAS RIGHT. THERE IS A SPELL LAID AGAINST THE BRAIN OF OUR GENERATOR. WITH THE RIGHT SPELL AND THE USE OF MY WAND I SHOULD BE ABLE TO COUNTER IT.



THE BEING RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DAMAGE IS A VERY YOUNG AND MALICIOUS SPRITE NAMED AQUARIUS. A MERE 18,400 YEARS OLD. SINCE HE ONLY HAS CYCLIC POWER EVERY 500 YEARS, HE ISN'T NORMALLY MUCH OF A DANGER.

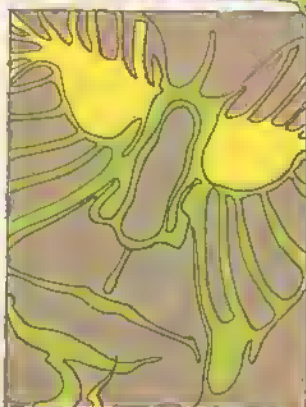
SHE REALLY IS RATHER PRETTY. IF ONLY I WASN'T IN SUCH A HURRY. BUT, I HAVE NO TIME. IN A FEW HOURS MY POWERS WILL DESERT ME AND I WILL BE HELPLESS TO INFLECT HARM FOR ANOTHER 500 YEARS. I MUST MAKE HASTE.



I HOPE THESE SHORT CIRCUITS DON'T HAVE ANY LASTING EFFECT ON ME. WHOEVER MY ADVERSARY IS, HE CERTAINLY HAS A FLAIR FOR CAUSING EVIL MISCHIEF.

AQUARIUS! YOU! THE MOST MALIGN SPIRIT IN OUR GALAXY. ALL OF MY COUNTRY'S LEGENDS TALK OF YOU AND DESCRIBE YOU AS BEING TOTALLY EVIL AND HORRIFIC. YET, I FIND YOU...

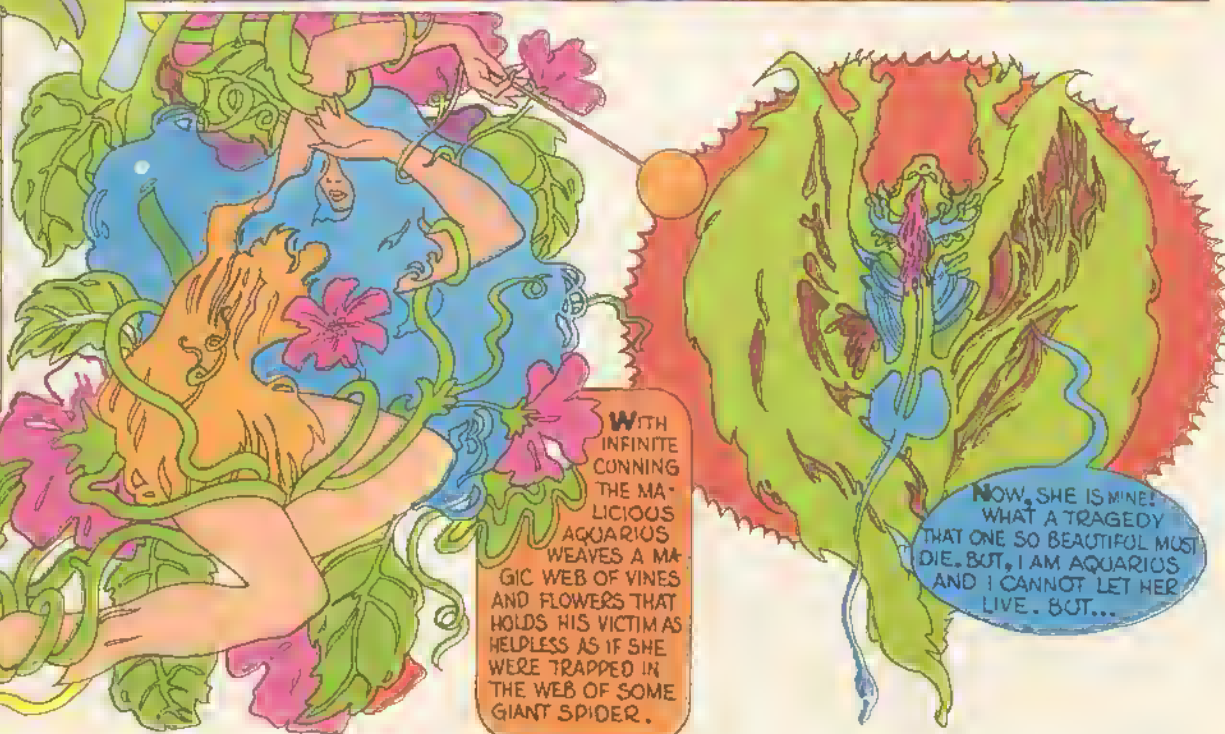
I AM AQUARIUS. IT IS FUTILE TO TRY AND ESCAPE ME. YOU ARE A MERE TOY IN MY HANDS.



PLEASE, MY DEAR. DON'T BOTHER TO TRY YOUR OUT-DATED FEMINE WILES ON ME. I HAVE EXPERIENCED THEM, AND THEY DO NOTHING TO ME.

WITH INFINITE CONNING THE MALICIOUS AQUARIUS WEAVES A MAGIC WEB OF VINES AND FLOWERS THAT HOLDS HIS VICTIM AS HELPLESS AS IF SHE WERE TRAPPED IN THE WEB OF SOME GIANT SPIDER.

NOW, SHE IS MINE! WHAT A TRAGEDY THAT ONE SO BEAUTIFUL MUST DIE. BUT, I AM AQUARIUS AND I CANNOT LET HER LIVE. BUT...






AQOARKUS HAS NO WAY OF KNOWING THAT THE CUNNING AGAR-AGAR HAS CREATED A DOUBLE OF HERSELF AND IT IS THIS DOUBLE THAT HE HAS CAUGHT IN HIS MAGIC NET. SUDDENLY, HE REALISES HIS MISTAKE AND BEGINS TO CREATE A FRIGHTENING MONSTER.

COME O DREAD ZAGOR. ATTACK THE SPRITE AND FINISH HER PLANS FOR ALL ETERNITY DO YOU UNDERSTAND? FOR EVER.

BECAUSE I AM ESSENTIALLY GOOD, I CANNOT DESTROY EVEN SOMETHING AS EVIL AS ZAGOR. BUT I CAN CONVERT HIM. NOW HE IS A FLYING DRAGON, OBEYANT TO MY MEREST WHIM.

ZAGOR, A CREATURE FROM THE MISTS OF ANTIQUITY. THERE IS ONLY ONE SPELL THAT MAY SAVE ME...

PERDITION! YOU ARE AS WISE AS YOU ARE LOVELY. IF ONLY I WERE NOT AN EVIL SPIRIT WHOSE FATE IS TO BE THOROUGHLY BAD THEN I MIGHT...



AGAR-AGAR REALIZES THAT SHE CAN POSSIBLY USE HER BENEVOLENT MAGIC TO AID THE TORTURED SPIRIT. AS SHE BEGINS THE SPELL, SHE WATCHES THE MALIGN FACE SOFTEN AND BECOME MORE GENTLE.

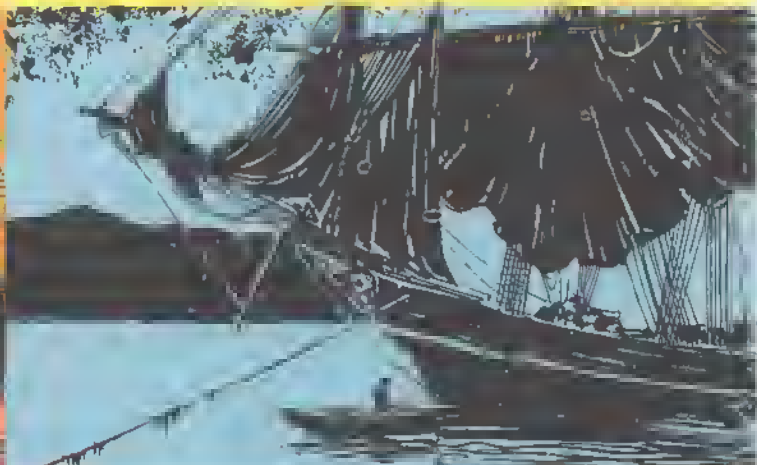
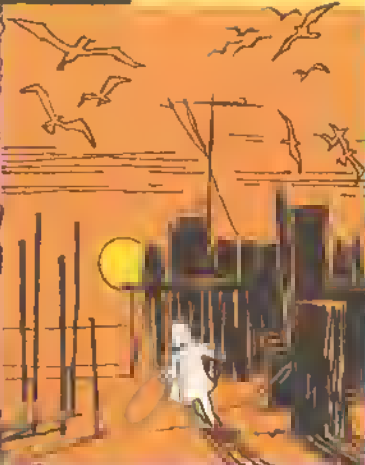
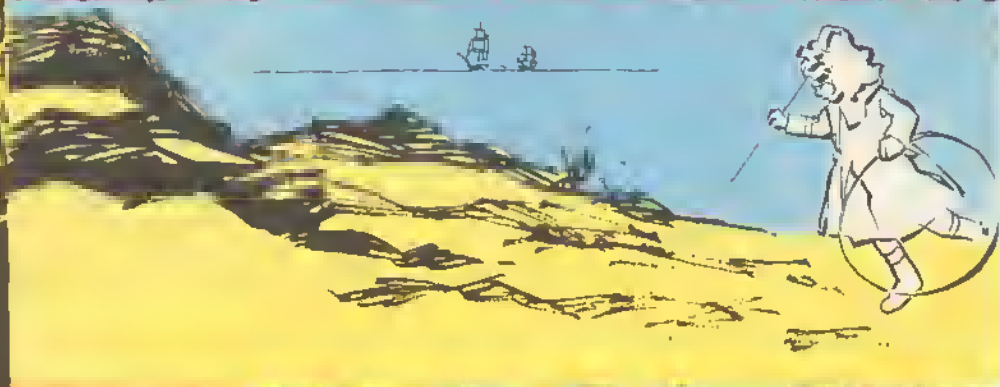
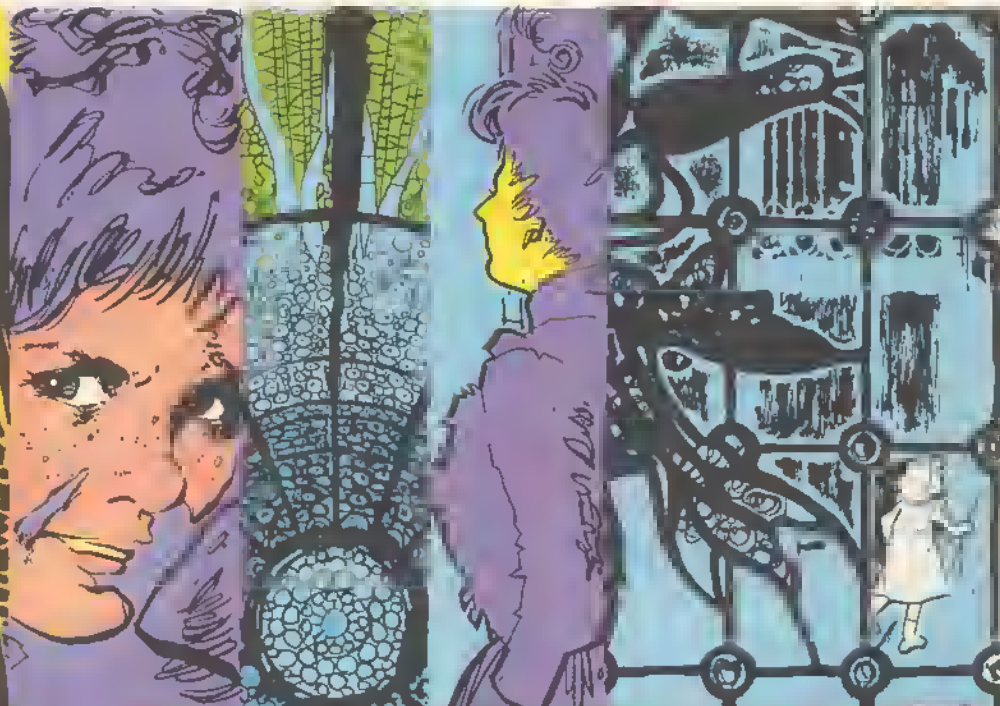
MAY MY LOVE AND NECROMANTIC SKILL CHANGE NOT ONLY YOUR FACE BUT ALSO YOUR HEART AND SOUL. BELIEVE ME THAT THERE IS NOT ONLY HATRED IN THE UNIVERSE—THERE IS LOVE AS WELL.

NOW AQUARIUS CAN TRULY FULFILL A NEW DESTINY. HEALING INSTEAD OF DESTROYING. LOVING AND BEING LOVED INSTEAD OF SPREADING HATRED THROUGHOUT THE GALAXY.

THIS IS A NEW FEELING. A FEELING OF FREEDOM, LIGHT, LAUGHTER AND SECURITY IN THE ARMS OF AQUARIUS. THOUGH HE WAS LOST, HE IS NOW FOUND. HE WILL BEAR ME TO NEW ADVENTURES AND TO NEW SENSATIONS. NOT JUST WITHIN XANADU—BUT THROUGHOUT SPACE. THE WHOLE UNIVERSE IS MINE!

AQUARIUS! SEE, YOU'VE CHANGED. COME WITH ME. HELP ME IN MY QUEST. THEN, IF YOU WANT...THERE IS NOTHING THAT I WOULD NOT LET YOU DO!!

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WOLFF

The World
of the Witches

WOLFF, MIGHTIEST OF WARRIORS, REALISED THAT THE ENEMIES WHO HAD STOLEN HIS BELOVED WIFE, BRUMA, WERE NOT OF THIS WORLD. PERHAPS NOT EVEN HIS GREAT STRENGTH WOULD AVAIL HIM AGAINST HIS UNEARTHLY FOES. THE WITCHES POSSESSED POWER AND KNOWLEDGE FAR BEYOND THAT OF ANY MORTAL MAN. THEY COULD EVEN INFLUENCE HIS THOUGHTS.

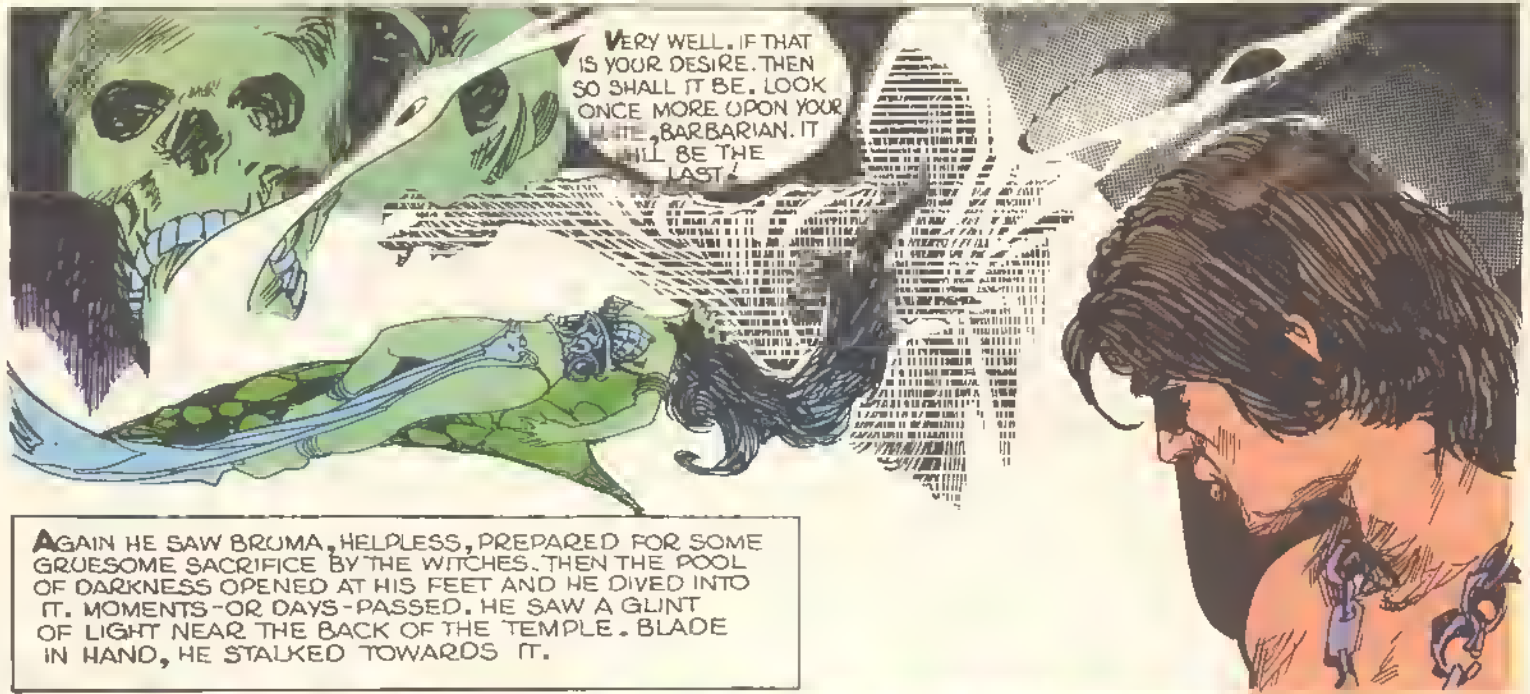


BRUMA!
WHERE ARE
YOU? IT'S ME,
WOLFF!

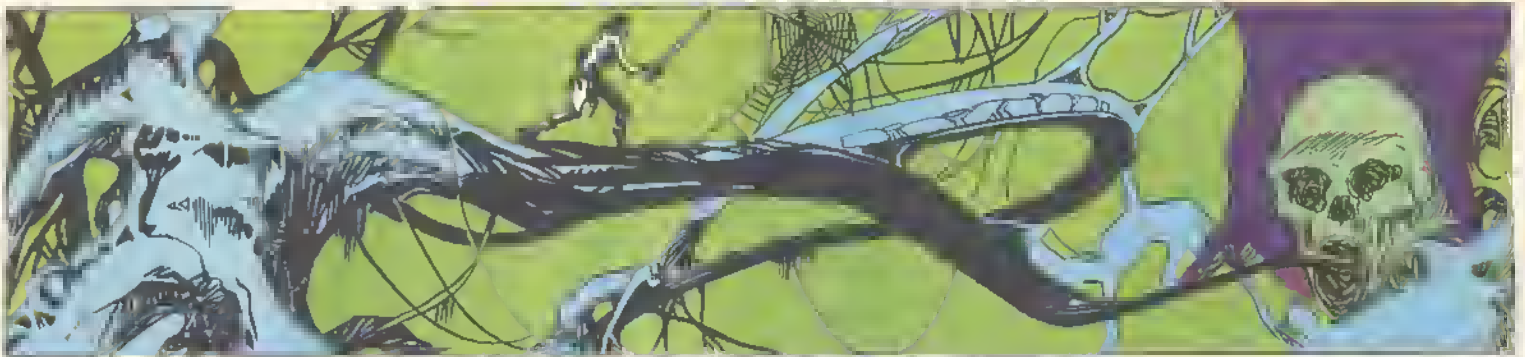
FOR A BRIEF
MOMENT, HE SAW A
TERRIBLE VISION. IT WAS
HIS WIFE, THE MOTHER OF
HIS CHILDREN, ABOUT TO
BE DEVOURED BY SOME
DREAD MONSTER FROM
THE WORLD OF NIGHT.
FOR A MOMENT IT WAS
CRYSTAL CLEAR, HIS
DARLING NEAR TO
A HIDEOUS DOOM-THEN
ALL WAS BLACK!

HELL-SPAWN!!
THrice DAMNED ENCHAN-
TRESSES! YOU WILL NEVER
MAKE ME MAD. I, WOLFF, STAND
HERE AND CHALLENGE YOU TO BRING
FORTH YOUR BEST MAN AND I
WILL UTTERLY CRUSH HIM, COME
COWARDS, COME AND
FIGHT!



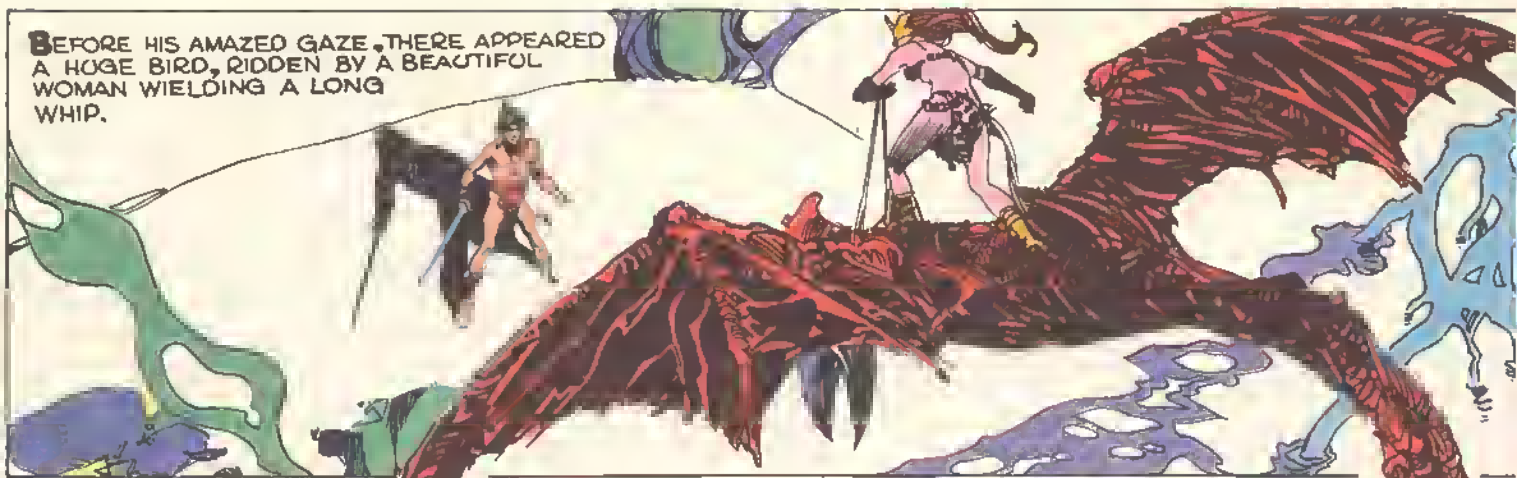


AGAIN HE SAW BRUMA, HELPLESS, PREPARED FOR SOME GRUESOME SACRIFICE BY THE WITCHES. THEN THE POOL OF DARKNESS OPENED AT HIS FEET AND HE DIVED INTO IT. MOMENTS -OR DAYS- PASSED. HE SAW A GLINT OF LIGHT NEAR THE BACK OF THE TEMPLE. BLADE IN HAND, HE STALKED TOWARDS IT.

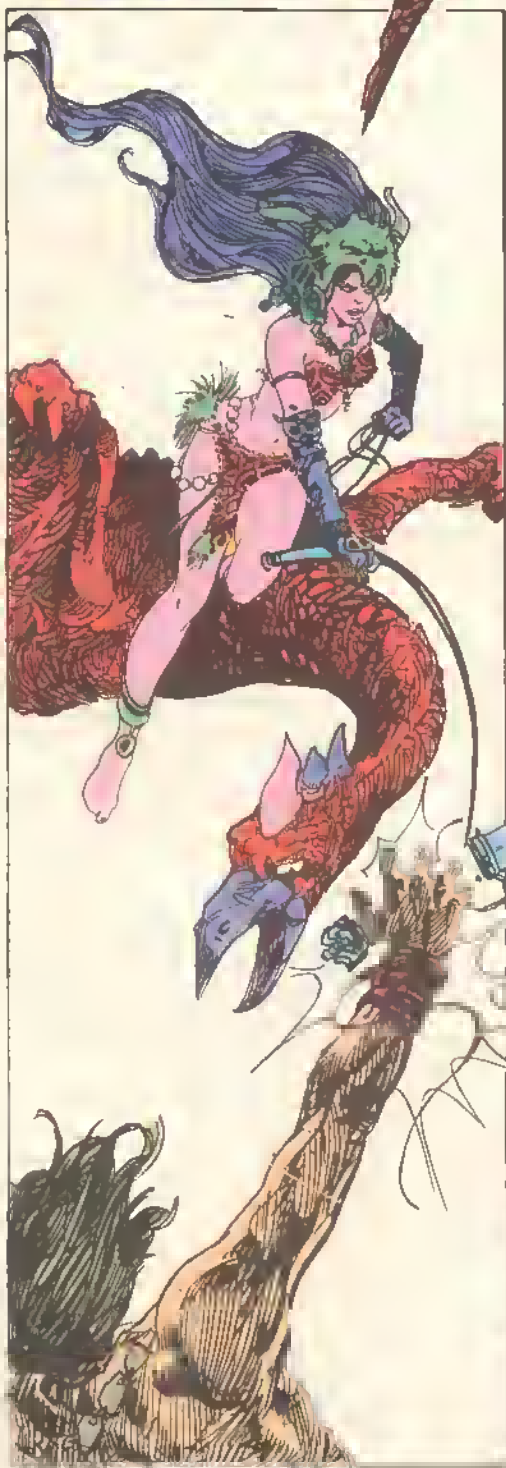


A MONSTROUS WORM FELL, HEADLESS, BENEATH HIS SWORD. A SHADOW PASSED BETWEEN HIM AND THE SUN AND AN ELDORTCH CRY SPLIT THE HEAVENS.

BEFORE HIS AMAZED GAZE, THERE APPEARED A HUGE BIRD, RIDDEN BY A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN WIELDING A LONG WHIP.

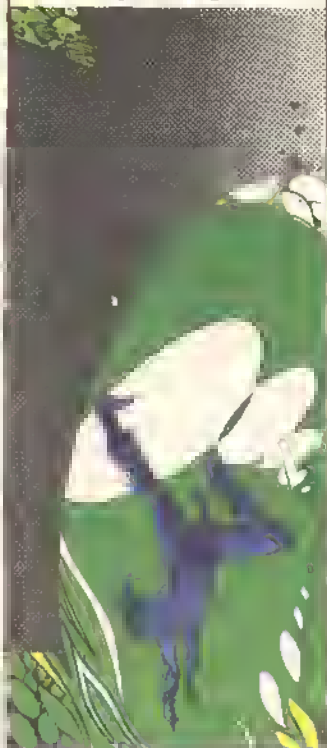


WITH EFFORTLESS EASE THE GIRL LASHED HIS SWORD FROM HIS HAND, WHILE WOLFF COWERED HELPLESSLY, THE BIRD SWOOPED OVER HIM AGAIN AND AGAIN. EACH TIME THE WHIP HISSED AND BIT AT HIS BODY, LEAVING BLOODY WEALS ACROSS HIS SHOULDERS AND CHEST.





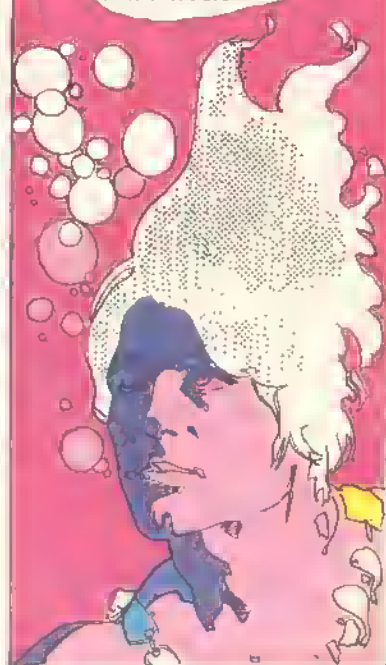
A RED FOG SWAM ABOUT HIS EYES AND THE AIR PUMPED MORE SLOWLY IN HIS TORTURED LUNGS. HE PLUNGED FROM THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF AND FELT HIMSELF FALLING, FALLING. THEN, STRANGELY, FLOATING AND RISING !!!



THE LOVELY SADYA, MISTRESS OF THE LASH AND TENDER ADMINISTRATOR OF FATHOUSAND UNIMAGINABLE TORTURES, HAS LOST HER VICTIM TO ANOTHER. WHO CAN IT BE ?



WHAT'S HAPPENING ? THE PAIN ! TEARING, RIPPING AT MY FLESH ! NOW I CAN BREATHE AGAIN AND I... I AM FLOATING UPWARDS, AWAY FROM THIS WORLD OF EVIL. THE PAIN IS GOING. MY WOUNDS ARE HEALING.




IT IS I WHO WOULD SAVE YOU, WOLFF. I AM THE SORCERESS OF THE RED MIST. I HAVE NEED OF A MAN TO FIGHT FOR ME AND WHEN I SAW YOU BATTLING THAT SHE-DEVIL, I KNEW THAT YOU COULD BE THE MAN FOR ME. SO I AM BRINGING YOU TO MY DOMAIN. COME TO ME, WARRIOR!

I MUST BE DREAMING, OR, PERHAPS I AM DEAD. ARE YOU A SHIELDMAIDEN, COME TO ESCORT ME TO THE BANQUET OF HEROES ? WHO EVER YOU ARE : I FEEL YOUR PRESENCE COMING NEARER.

THE SORCERESS OF THE RED MIST ! HER BEAUTY HAD LURED MEN TO AN AGONISING AND LONELY DEATH FOR COUNTLESS AGES. THE SORCERESS OF THE RED MIST ! NOW THE POWER OF HER TERRIBLE LOVE HAD ATTRACTED WOLFF AND SAVED HIM FROM A VILE DEATH BY THE WHIP AND NOW DRAGGED HIM TOWARDS HER FOR HER OWN SATANIC PASSION.

Sir Leo

The End
of a Legend

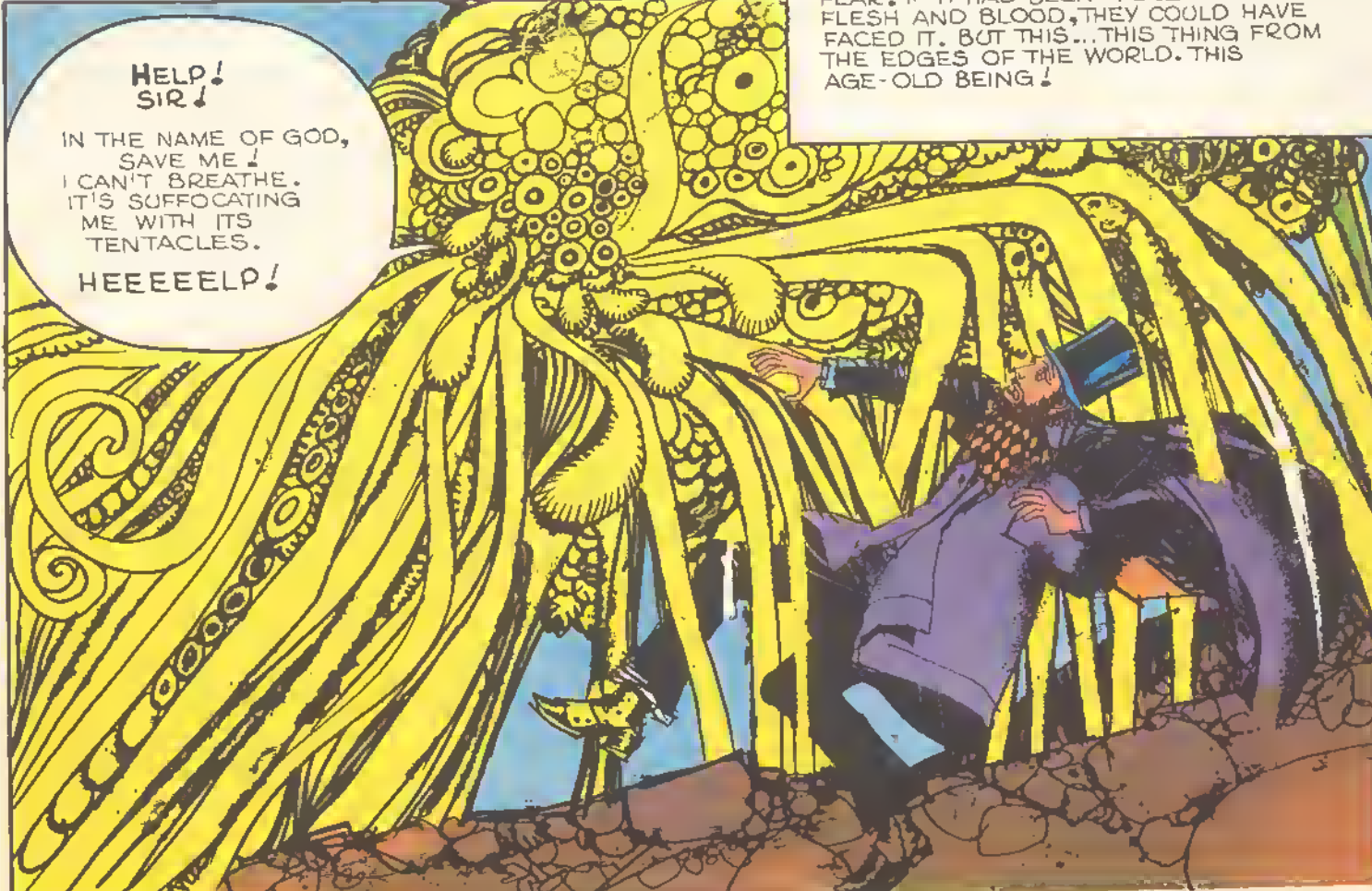
A man in a dark suit and a red bow tie is firing a handgun. He is looking intently at his target. In the background, there are palm trees and a man in a top hat is partially visible, looking on with a concerned expression.

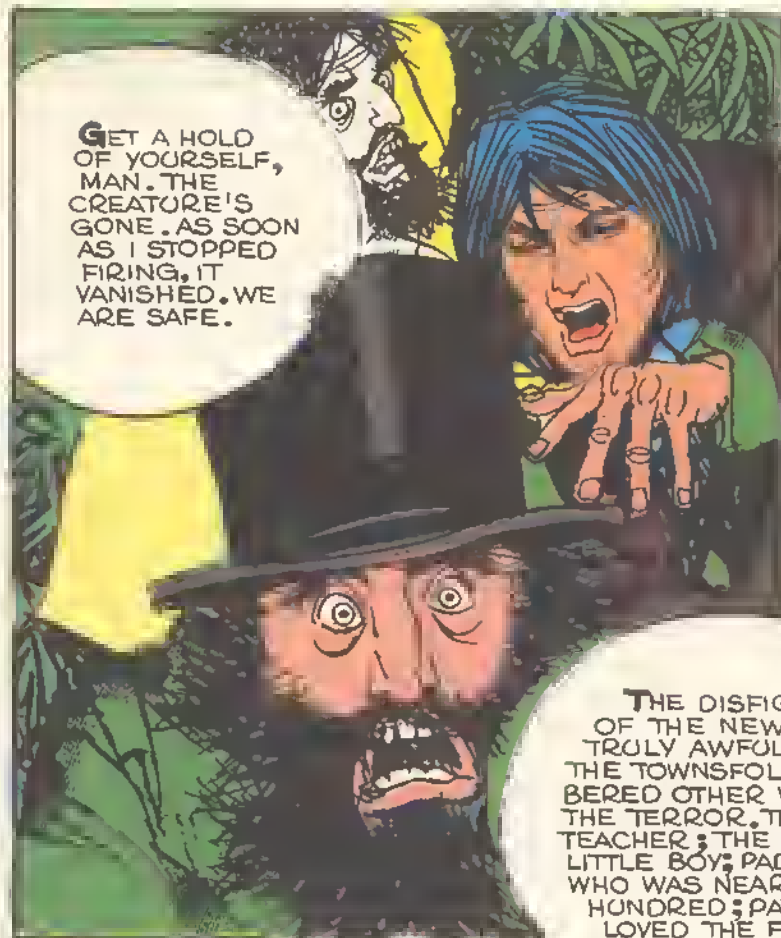
SIR LEO FIRED AGAIN AND AGAIN AT THE MONSTER FROM THE MURKY DEPTHS OF THE BLACK LAKE. THE CREATURE KEPT CHANGING ITS SHAPE MAKING IT IMPOSSIBLE TO DO IT ANY HARM. FINALLY, HE RAN OUT OF BULLETS.

TEMPLETON, THE INN-KEEPER, IS A MAN FAMILIAR WITH EVIL. THE GUIDE, BRADLEY, IS REPUTED TO HAVE KILLED HIS FIRST WIFE. BOTH MEN TREMBLE WITH A PANIC FEAR. IF IT HAD BEEN A CREATURE OF FLESH AND BLOOD, THEY COULD HAVE FACED IT. BUT THIS... THIS THING FROM THE EDGES OF THE WORLD. THIS AGE-OLD BEING!

HELP!
SIR!

IN THE NAME OF GOD,
SAVE ME!
I CAN'T BREATHE.
IT'S SUFFOCATING
ME WITH ITS
TENTACLES.
HEEEEEELP!

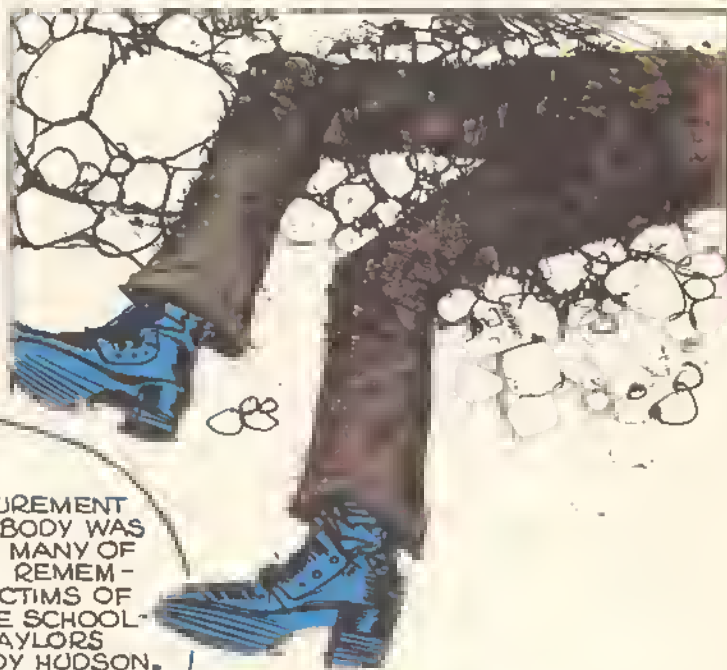
A man in a dark suit and a top hat is lying on the ground, looking up in terror. He is being suffocated by a large, yellow, tentacle-like creature with many eyes. The creature's tentacles are wrapped around him, and its body is covered in a pattern of small, circular eyes. The background is a dark, rocky landscape.



GET A HOLD OF YOURSELF, MAN. THE CREATURE'S GONE. AS SOON AS I STOPPED FIRING, IT VANISHED. WE ARE SAFE.

THE DISFIGUREMENT OF THE NEW BODY WAS TRULY AWFUL. MANY OF THE TOWNSFOLK REMEMBERED OTHER VICTIMS OF THE TERROR. THE SCHOOL-TEACHER; THE TAYLORS' LITTLE BOY; PADDY HUDSON, WHO WAS NEARLY A HUNDRED; PATRICK WHO LOVED THE FRENCHWOMAN. ALL DEAD...

BY THE FIRST LIGHT OF DAWN THE THREE MEN WERE SAFE BACK IN THE TOWN. IT WAS BARELY AN HOUR LATER THAT A GROUP OF WORKMEN FOUND A NEW AND HIDEOUSLY-DISFIGURED CORPSE BY THE BLACK LAKE.

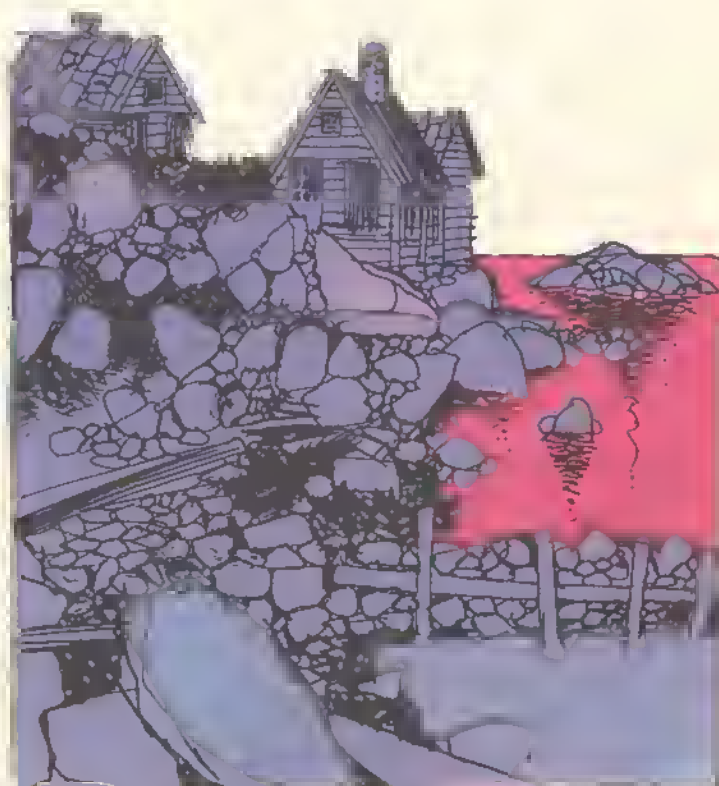


...ALL OF THEM WERE EVIL IN SOME WAY. EVEN THE LITTLE BOY WHOSE GREAT PLEASURE WAS TO TORTURE THOSE WEAKER AND SMALLER THAN HIMSELF. AND THE OTHERS! ABNORMAL, PERVERTED MEN AND WOMEN. PEOPLE WHO SHUNNED GOD'S GOOD SUNLIGHT AND WENT ABOUT THEIR LIVES BEHIND DRAWN CURTAINS. NOW, THE THING HAD CLAIMED THE INN-KEEPER, TEMPLETON. THE MAN OF FEAR!

AS EVENING SLUNK INTO THE TOWN THE PEOPLE BEGAN TO BAR AND LOCK THEIR HOUSES. AS NIGHT DARKENED, THE PLACE WAS UNDER A SIEGE. BUT WHAT WAS THE BESIEGER?



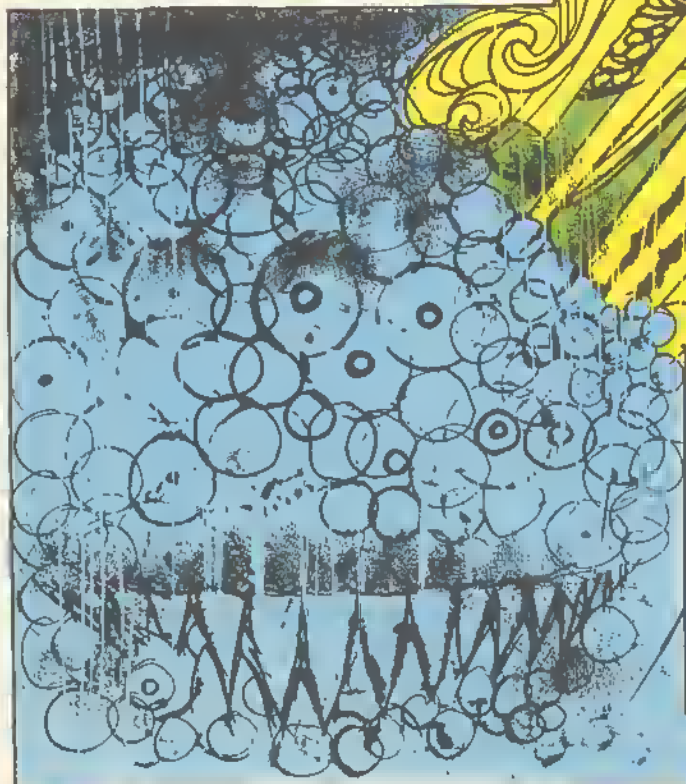
TEMPLETON'S DEATH HAD A DEEP EFFECT ON SIR LEO. IT HAD ONLY BEEN A COUPLE OF HOURS BEFORE THAT THEY HAD ALL FACED THE CREATURE.





HERE! I KNEW IT. THE NECRONOMICON CONFIRMS IT. THE OWELLERS BEYOND SPACE. BUT, THEY CAN ONLY MATERIALISE THROUGH THE EVIL IN THE MIND OF MEN.

THE BLASPHEMOUS IDEAS IN THE RARE EDITION OF THE NECRONOMICON, THE FOUNT OF ALL EVIL LAW, BOUND IN HUMAN SKIN, COLLECTED BY THE MAD ARAB, ABOL ALHAZRED, ALL HINTED AT THE CONCEPT OF EVIL BECOMING FLESH. FEEDING ON MAN'S GREEDS AND LUSTS.



THAT FOUL MASS OF PUTREFACTION THAT OWELT IN THE BLACK LAKE. IT COULD ONLY EXIST BY FEEDING ON THE EVIL SOULS AND THEN THE EVIL BODIES OF THE PEOPLE IN THE TOWN. WORTHY OF THE VILEST NIGHTMARE OF POE, IT WAS A HUMAN CREATION. SIR LEO CONSULTED TWO OF HIS FRIENDS, PROFESSORS HAINING AND JAMES, BOTH EXPERTS IN THE FORBIDDEN ARTS OF OEMONOLOGY, TO TRY AND FIND THE TRUTH.

BEA FONT

ALL DIABOLIC BEINGS, MY DEAR JAMES, ARE THE PRODUCT OF MAN'S EVIL AND CAN THEREFORE BE DESTROYED BY MAN. I DISTRUST PURE EXORCISM. I PREFER A MIXTURE OF TRADITION AND TECHNOLOGY.

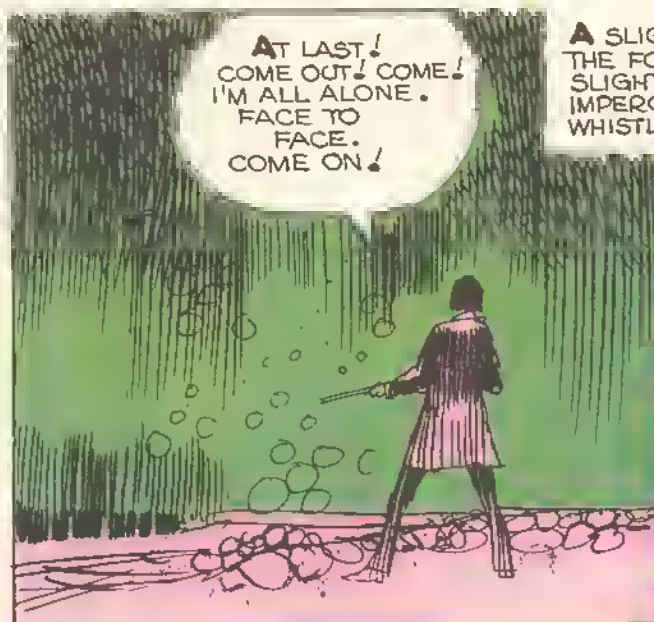
I STILL BELIEVE THAT HOLY WATER IS AS EFFICACIOUS AS ANY OF YOUR ALCHEMIST'S TRICKS. BUT, THIS SEEMS A LITTLE UNUSUAL. I AGREE WITH YOU, HAINING. I'LL WRITE TO YOUNG LEO AT ONCE.

HIS MIND WAS MADE UP. HE, AND HE ALONE, WOULD MAKE A LAST STAND AGAINST THE CREATURE OF THE BLACK LAKE. TONIGHT. IF HIS AIM WAS TRUE. BUT, WHAT IF IT WAS NOT? WHAT THEN? HE HAD SEEN TWO OF THE CORPSES, SO HE KNEW WHAT TO EXPECT.

TONIGHT THERE WILL BE A DEATH BY THE LAKE. IF I COME BACK, IT WILL ONLY BE WHEN I HAVE PUT AN END, FOR ALL ETERNITY, TO THE MONSTER.

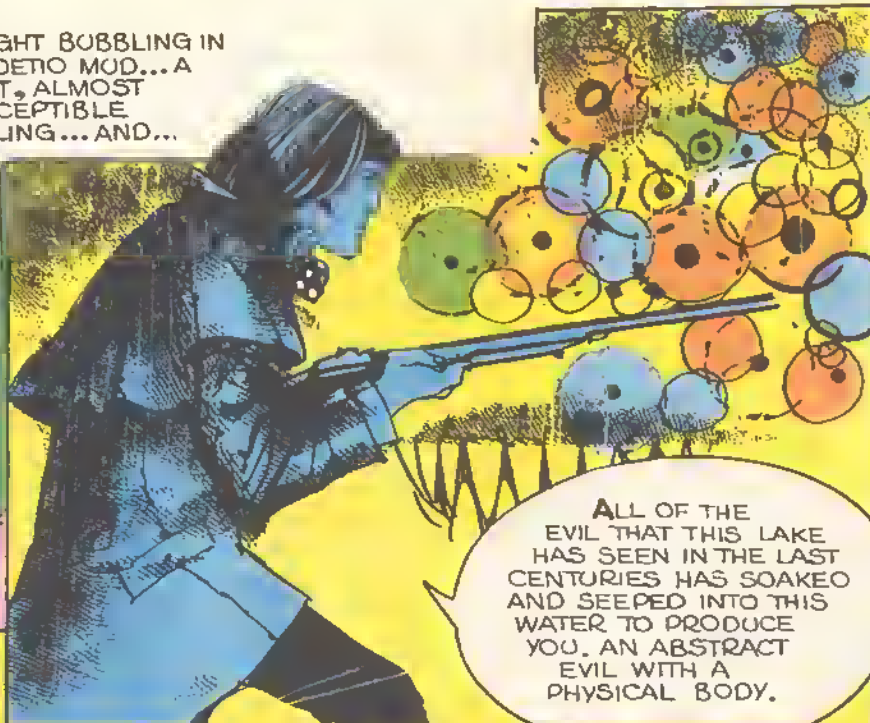
TAKE CARE, YOUR HONOUR. DON'T LET THAT SPAWN OF HELL GET HIS TEETH INTO YOU!

SILVER, SAYS THE NECRONOMICON, IS THE MOST PERFECT OF ALL EARTHLY METALS, AND AS SUCH CAN DESTROY THE MOST POWERFUL OF FENDISH MANIFESTATIONS.



AT LAST!
COME OUT! COME!
I'M ALL ALONE.
FACE TO
FACE.
COME ON!

A SLIGHT BOBBLING IN
THE FOETID MUD... A
SLIGHT, ALMOST
IMPERCEPTIBLE
WHISTLING... AND...



ALL OF THE
EVIL THAT THIS LAKE
HAS SEEN IN THE LAST
CENTURIES HAS SOAKED
AND SEEPED INTO THIS
WATER TO PRODUCE
YOU, AN ABSTRACT
EVIL WITH A
PHYSICAL BODY.



BLAM!

A CLEAN END
FROM THIS SILVER
BULLET. A CLEANER
END THAN ANY OF
YOUR POOR VICTIMS.
DIE, DIE AND TAKE
ALL YOUR HELLISH
EVIL WITH YOU.

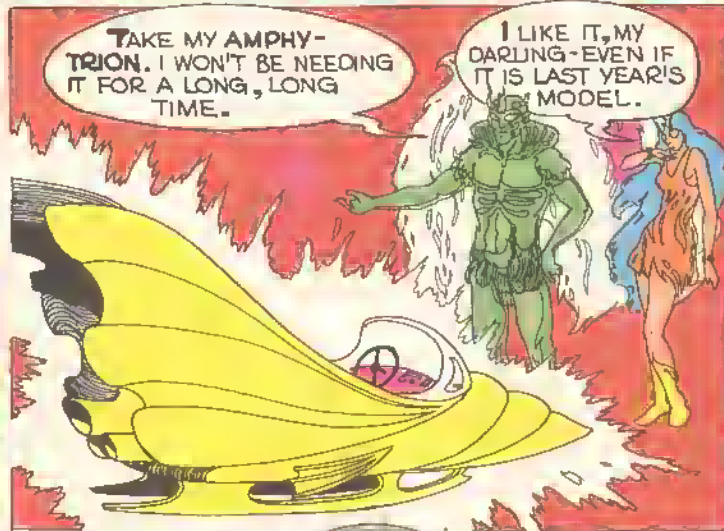
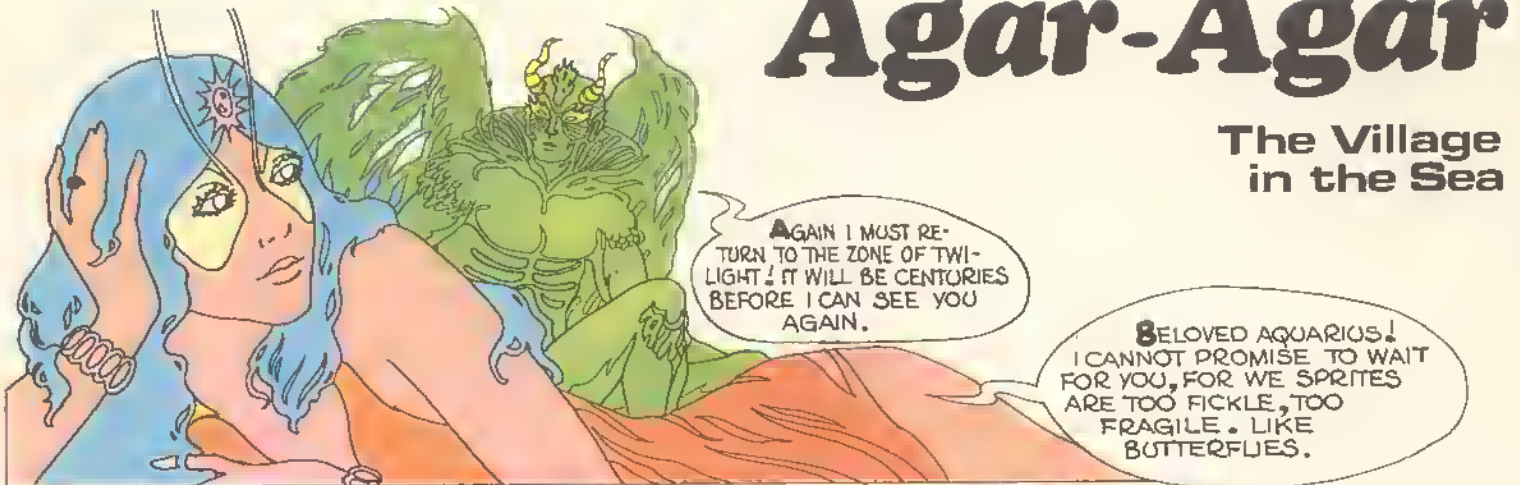


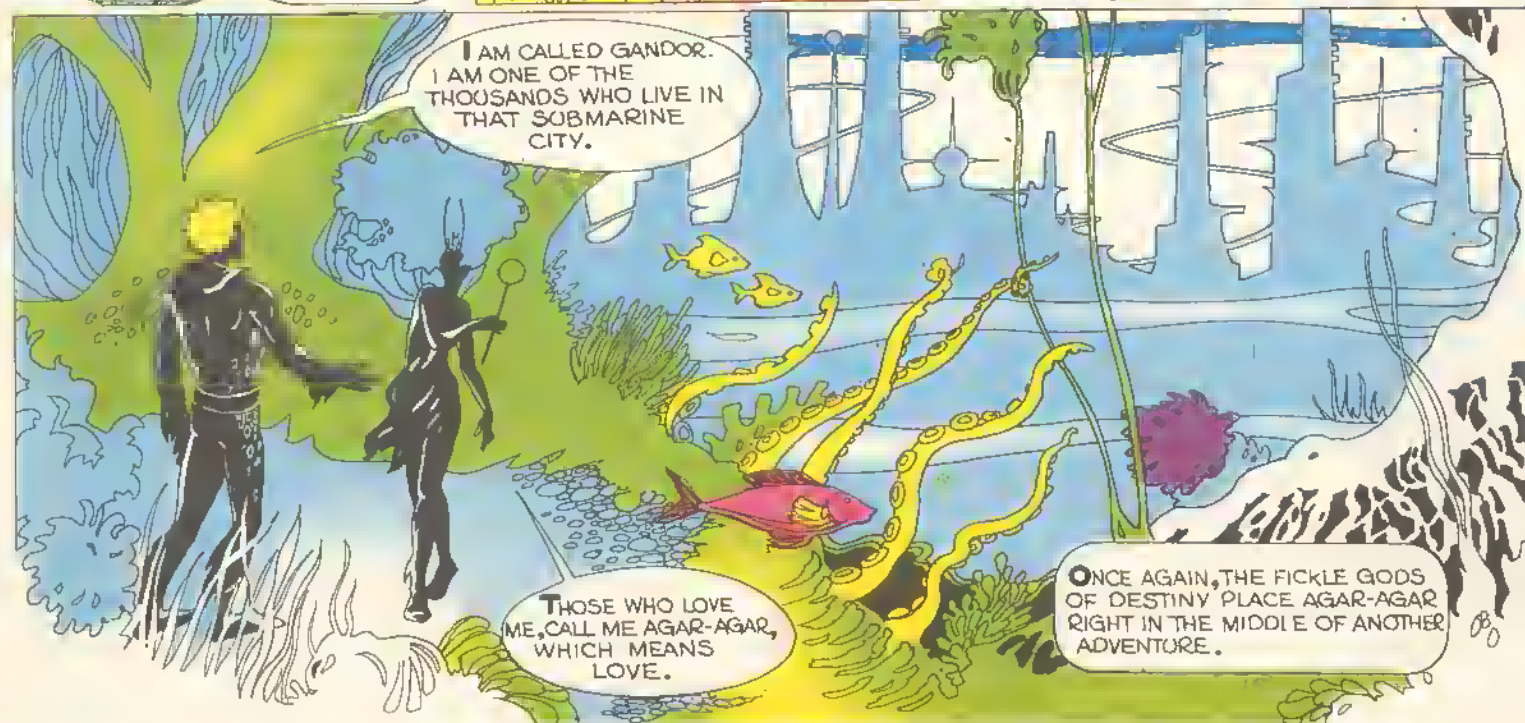
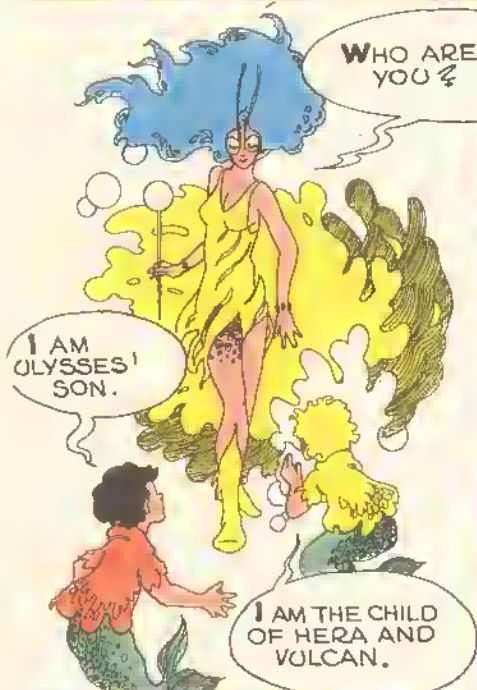
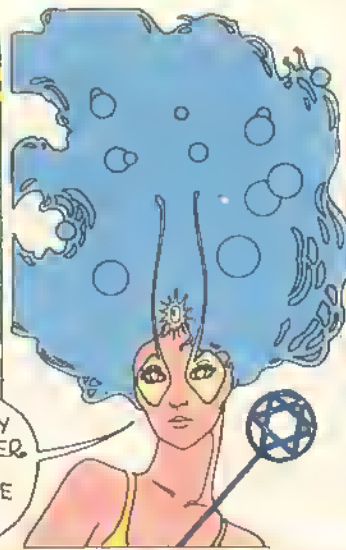
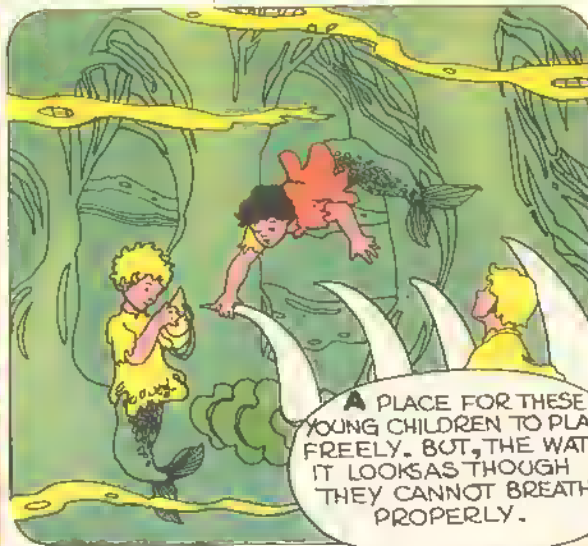
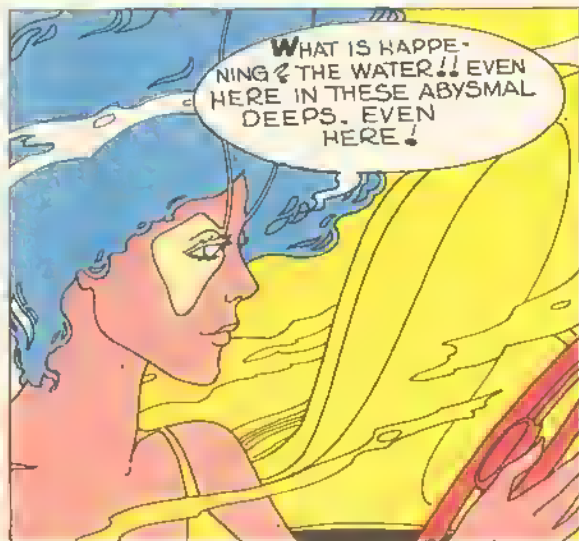
THE MONSTER FROM THE BLACK LAKE EMBO-
DIED EVERY BEASTLY ACT THAT HAD EVER
BEEN. ATTRACTED BY THE WICKEDNESS IN THE
MINDS OF ANY WHO VISITED THE LAKE, IT WAS
ABLE TO GROW AND THUS OVERWHELM THEM.

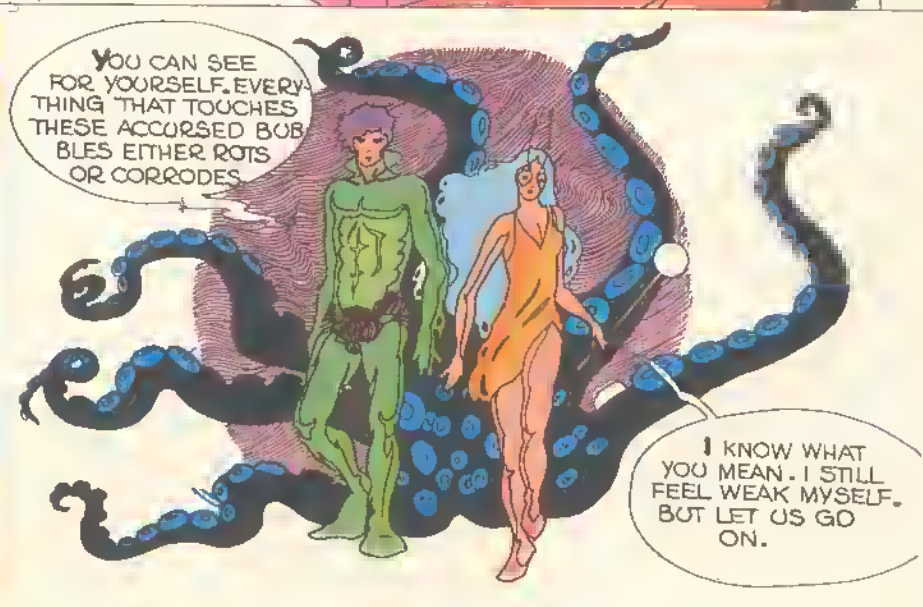
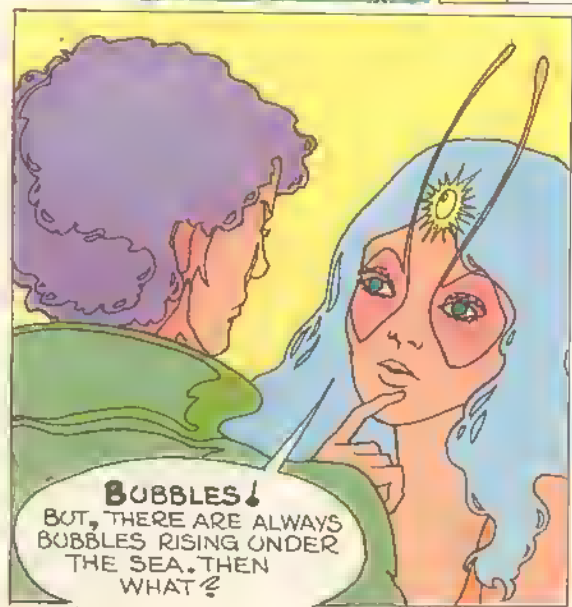
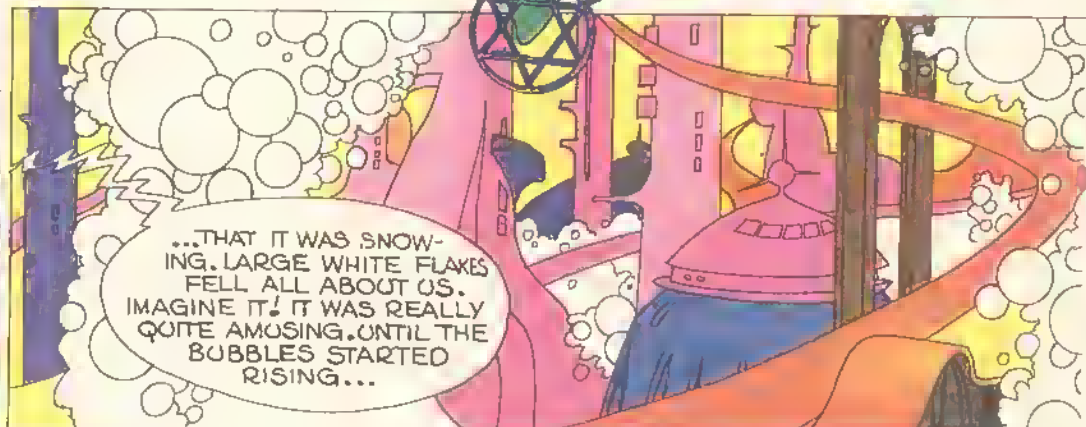
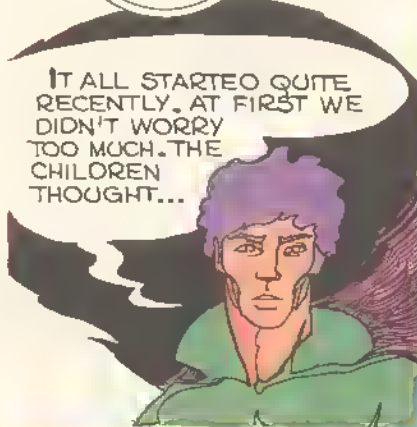
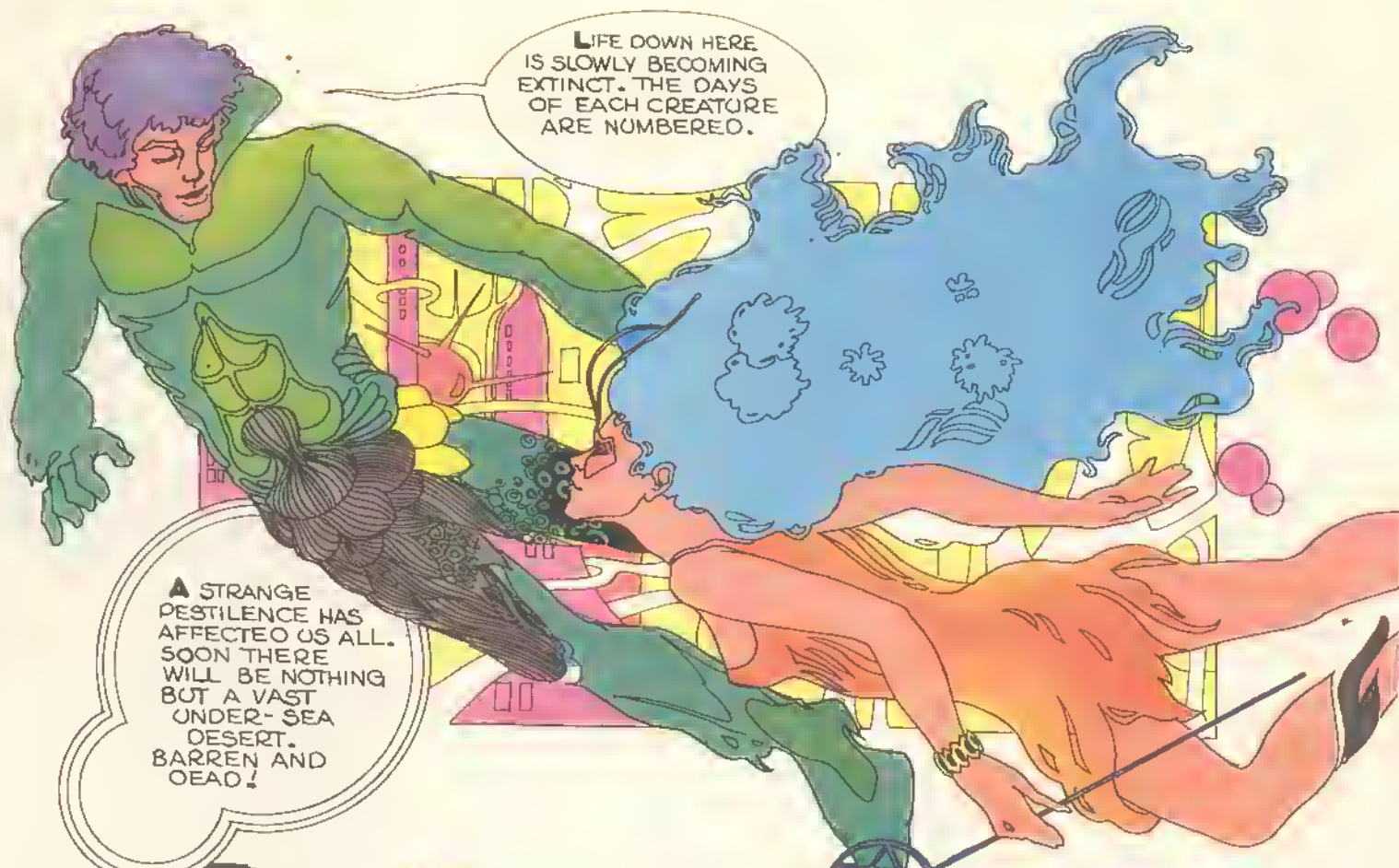
LIKE STEEL AND A
MAGNET, THE THING FOUND
ITS EVIL RIGHT HERE IN THIS
TOWN. IT ATTRACTED ALL
MALEFACTORS AND WRONG-DOERS
AND BROUGHT THEM TO THEIR DOOM.
NOW THERE CAN BE PEACE. PEOPLE
CAN AGAIN BE HAPPY AND ENJOY
THIS LOUGH. NEVER AGAIN CAN
THERE BE A THING IN THE
LAKE!

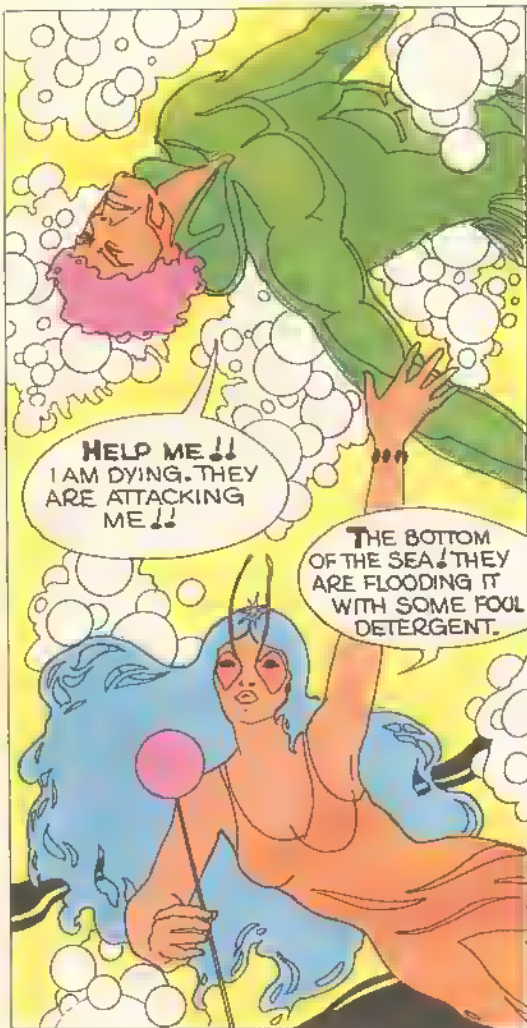
Agar-Agar

The Village
in the Sea



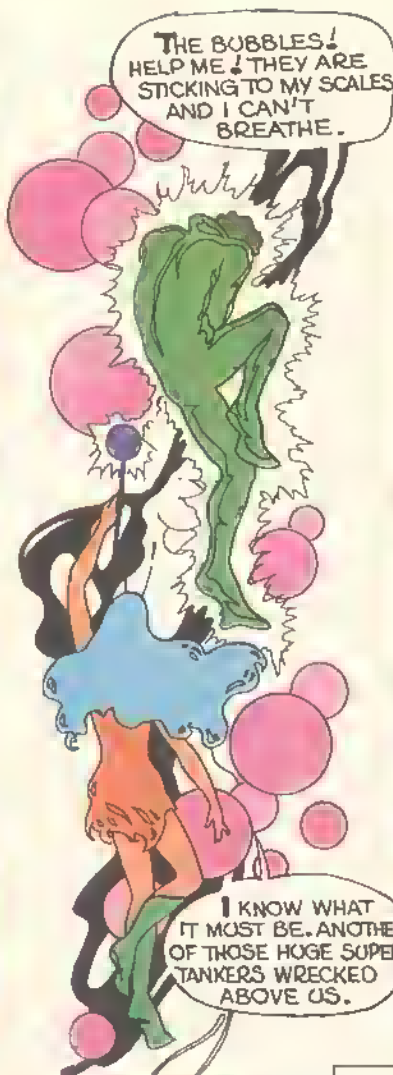






HELP ME!!
I AM DYING. THEY
ARE ATTACKING
ME!!

THE BOTTOM
OF THE SEA! THEY
ARE FLOODING IT
WITH SOME FOUL
DETERGENT.



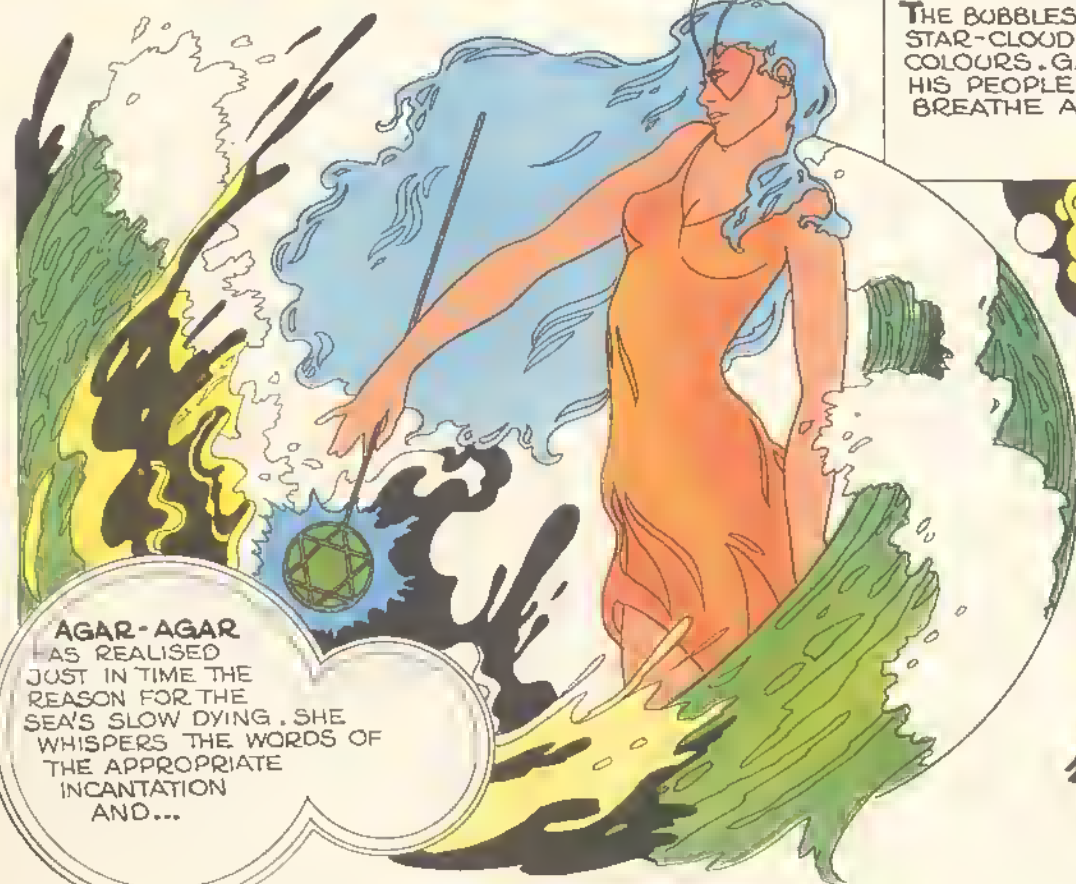
THE BUBBLES!
HELP ME! THEY ARE
STICKING TO MY SCALES
AND I CAN'T
BREATHE..

I KNOW WHAT
IT MUST BE. ANOTHER
OF THOSE HUGE SUPER
TANKERS WRECKED
ABOVE US.

SHE IS RIGHT! ON THE SURFACE A TANKER CARRYING A FULL LOAD OF OIL HAS GONE AGROUND AND THE CARGO HAS RUN INTO THE OCEAN. TO AVOID POLLUTING BEACHES, THE GOVERNMENT HAS BEEN USING WILD DOSES OF DETERGENT. THEY AVOID ONE TYPE OF POLLUTION AND MAKE A WORSE ONE



THE BUBBLES BURST IN A STAR-CLOUD OF EXPLODING COLOURS. GANDOR AND HIS PEOPLE COULD BREATHE AGAIN.



AGAR-AGAR
HAS REALISED
JUST IN TIME THE
REASON FOR THE
SEA'S SLOW DYING. SHE
WHISPERS THE WORDS OF
THE APPROPRIATE
INCANTATION
AND...



AT LAST!
WAIT,
AGAR-AGAR!



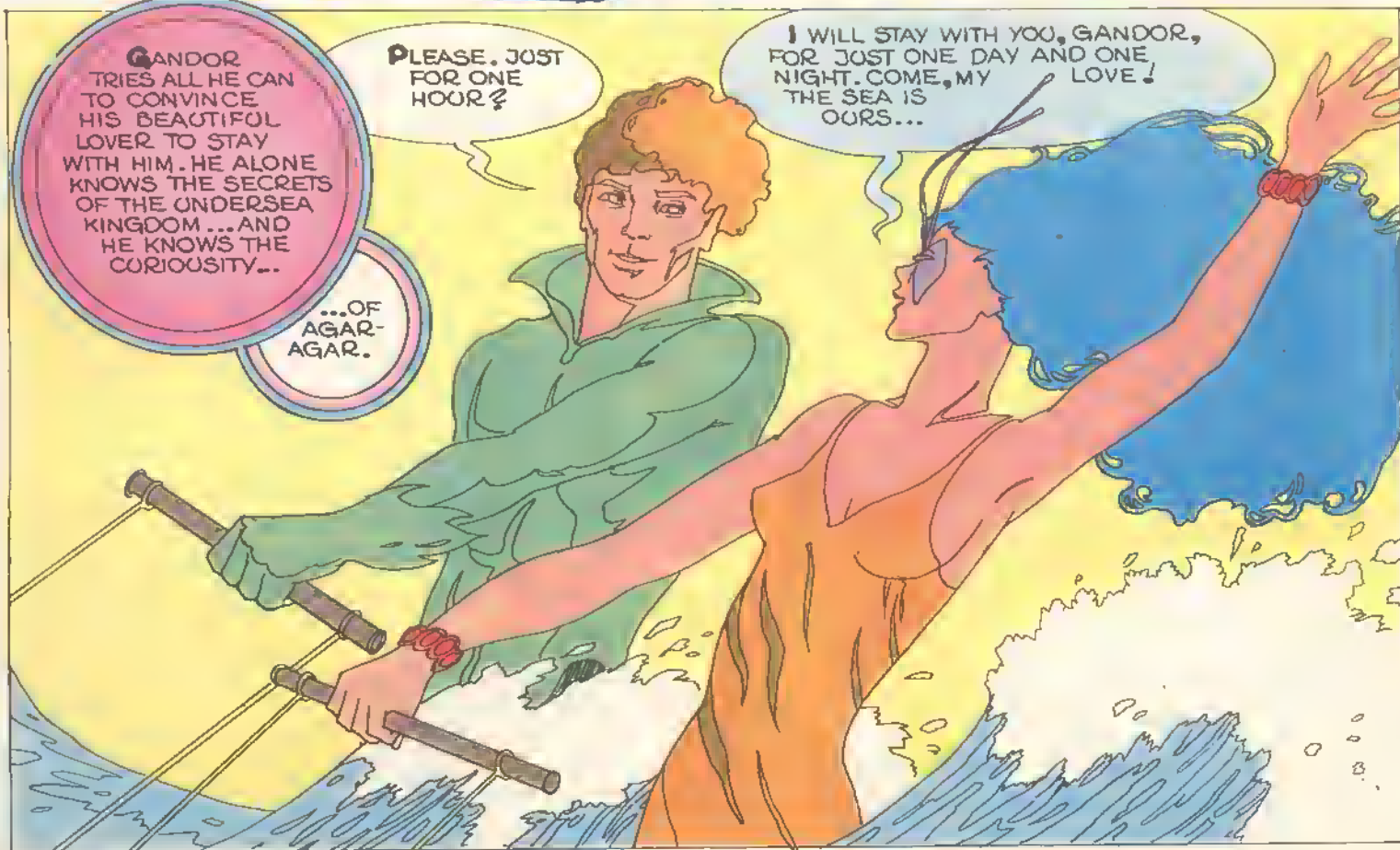
THE SUBMARINE CITY QUICKLY RETURNS TO NORMAL LIFE. FREED FOR EVER FROM THE MENACE OF DEATH BY POLLUTION, THE PEOPLE LEARN HOW TO LIVE AGAIN.



I FEEL RE-BORN. A NEW PERSON. FOR YOU, AGAR-AGAR, I SWEAR THAT I WOULD GIVE UP A THOUSAND MERMAIDS!!

STAY WITH US HERE. WE OWE EVERYTHING TO YOU.

I AM NOT A CONSTANT NYMPH. BUT, PERHAPS...



GANDOR TRIES ALL HE CAN TO CONVINCE HIS BEAUTIFUL LOVER TO STAY WITH HIM. HE ALONE KNOWS THE SECRETS OF THE UNDERSEA KINGDOM...AND HE KNOWS THE CURIOSITY...

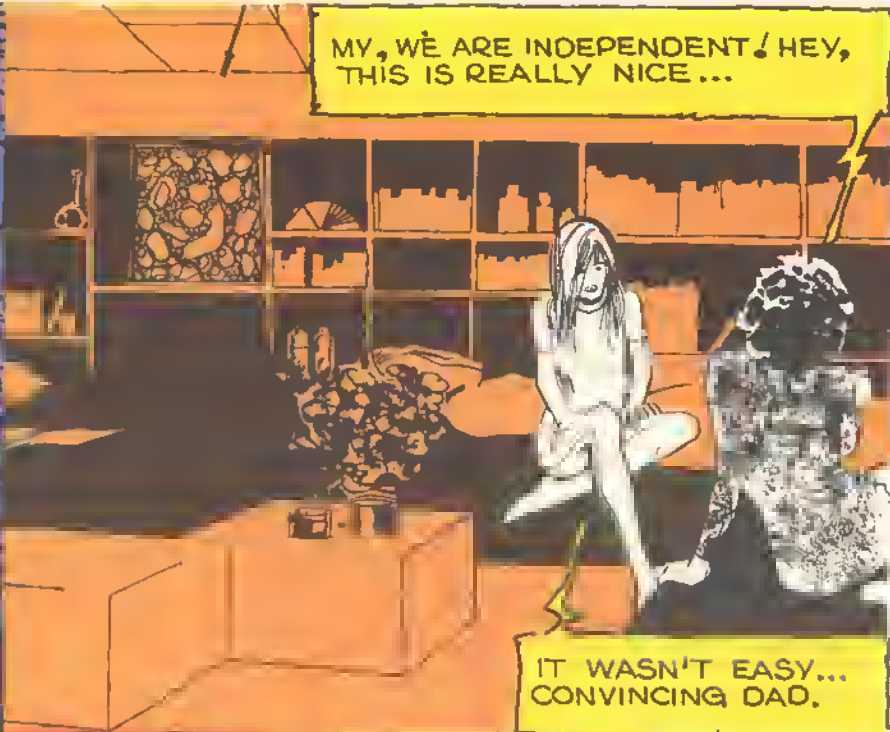
...OF AGAR-AGAR.

PLEASE. JUST FOR ONE HOUR?

I WILL STAY WITH YOU, GANDOR, FOR JUST ONE DAY AND ONE NIGHT. COME, MY LOVE! THE SEA IS OURS...

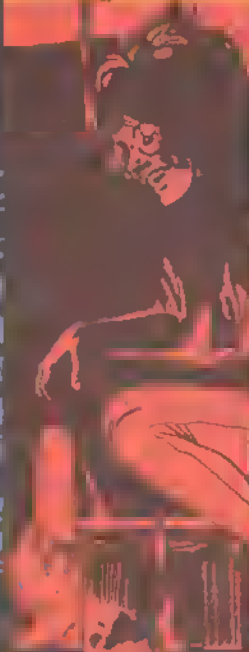
ENRIC SIO

krazy



MY, WE ARE INDEPENDENT! HEY, THIS IS REALLY NICE...

IT WASN'T EASY... CONVINCING DAD.



OOOH! NO!

SURPRISE! I'VE BROUGHT YOU THIS FOR A PRESENT..




HEY! YOU'VE REALLY TAKEN TO EACH OTHER.




WELL, THERE ARE SO MANY CATS ON THE ROOF, THAT ONE MORE...






I MUST SAY. I REALLY DON'T QUITE
SEE THIS THING YOU HAVE FOR
CATS.


ERIC
S16




MAYBE... I
DON'T KNOW
...BUT THIS
ONE IS
BEAUTIFUL.




MMM, AND
THEY REAL-
LY ARE
FAITHFUL



AREN'T YOU OVER
DOING IT A BIT?



WELL, LOVE.
I MUST GO.
I'LL PICK YOU
UP TOMORROW
AT ABOUT
ELEVEN.



MORE SO THAN
MEN, ANYWAY.



COME ON
DARLING :
LET'S GO
TO SLEEP.



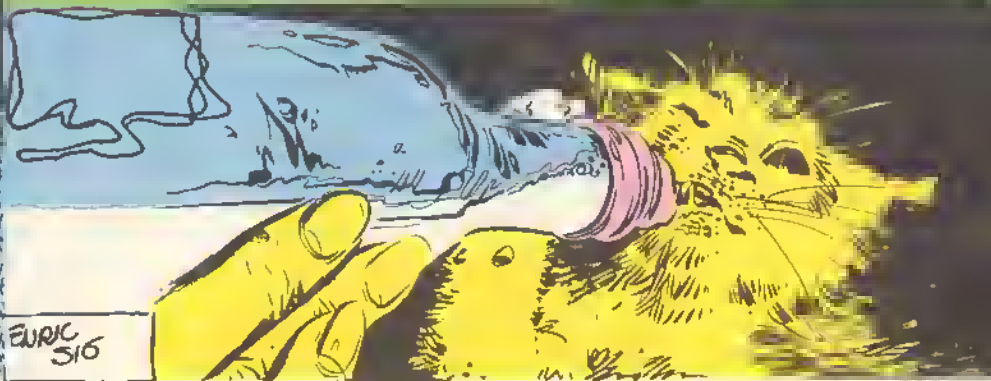
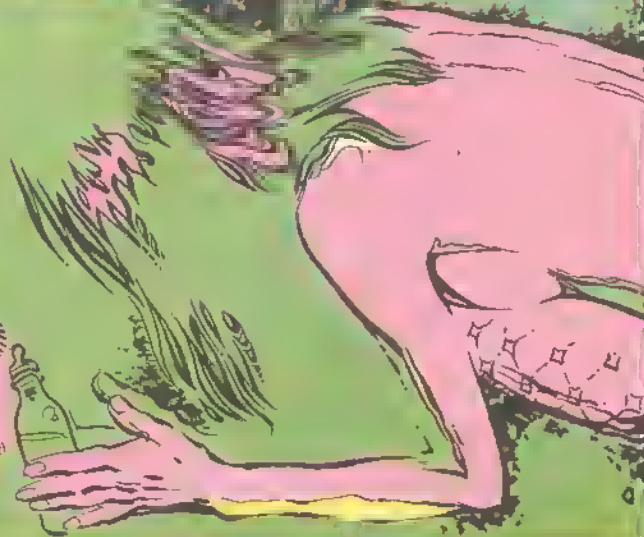
OH ! OF COURSE.
YOU HAVEN'T HAD
YOUR LITTLE SUP-
PER, HAVE YOU ?

HURRY-UP,
MUMMY. GET THE
BOTTLE
READY !



MEEOOW W

I HOPE IT'S
NOT TOO HOT
SWEETHEART.



ERIC
516

PLEASANT DREAMS,
MY LITTLE TREASURE





WOLFF

The Sorceress
of the red Mist



WOLFF FOUND HIMSELF BEFORE THE GATES OF A DESERTED CITY, RAVAGED BY WIND AND SAND. HE MOUNTED THE HORSE HE FOUND WAITING FOR HIM.

Francesco Mattina

ALONE IN THE ANTIQUE LAND OF HIS ENEMIES, WOLFF COULD ONLY GO FORWARD.



AS HE DISAPPEARED OVER THE BROW OF THE HILL, THERE WAS A STIRRING IN THE VEGETATION. CHANGING ITS COLOUR TO AVOID BEING SEEN, THE NAMELESS CREATURE BEGAN TO CREEP AFTER THE UPRIGHT FIGURE OF THE FEARLESS BARBARIAN.



YAAAAHHH!

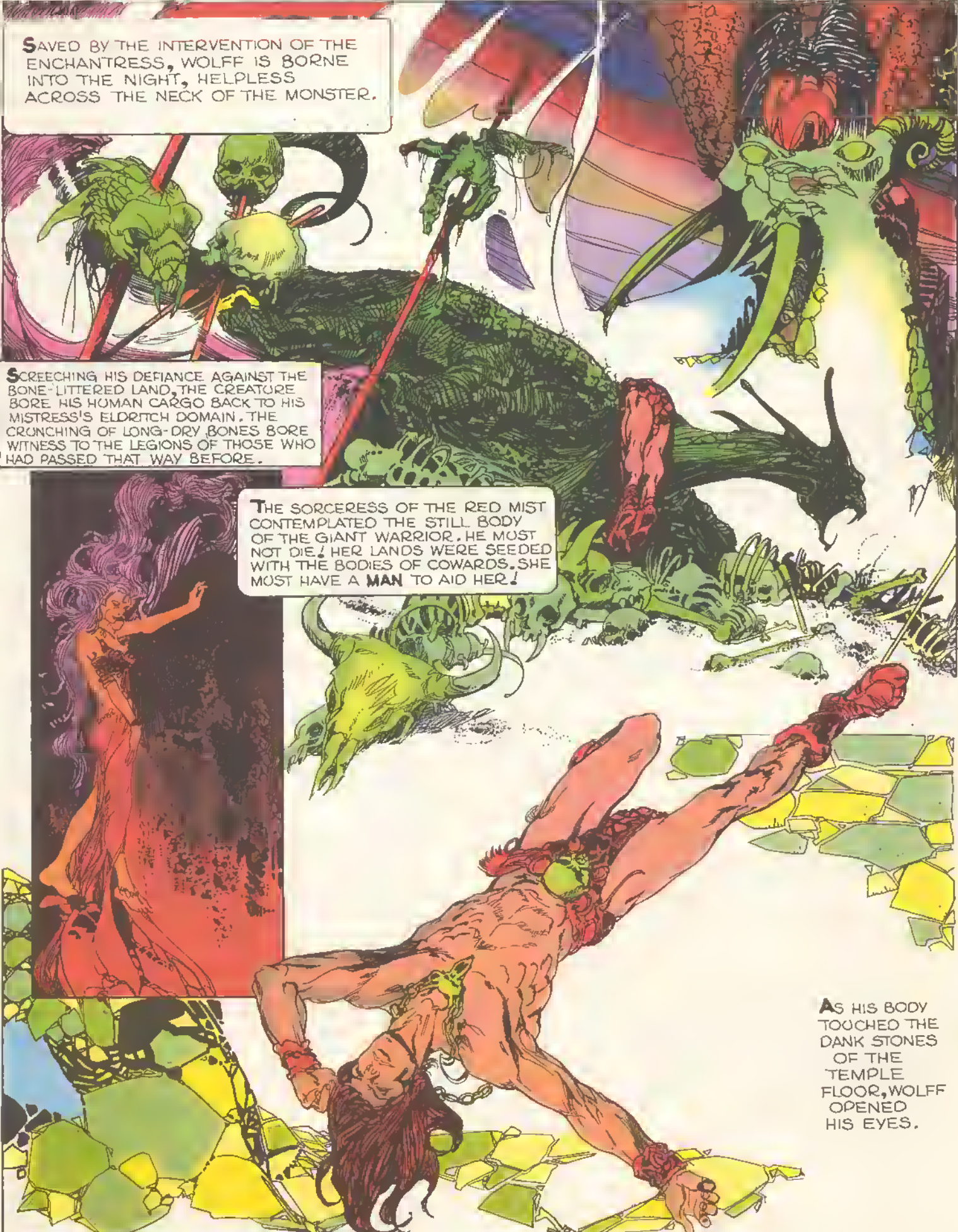


A POWER FROM THE CLOSED ROOMS OF RACE MEMORY, THE MONSTER LOCKED WOLFF'S NECK IN ITS POWERFUL TAIL AND SHOOK HIM AS A TERRIER SHAKES A RAT.

AS THE GRIP TIGHTENED AND THE BLOOD AND OXYGEN WERE CUT OFF FROM HIS BRAIN, WOLFF'S MIND BEGAN TO SLIP AWAY FROM HIM. A DREADFUL WEARINESS SPREAD THROUGH HIM AND HE SANK INTO DARKNESS. A VOICE MORMURED IN HIS EARS—THE SOFT VOICE OF THE SORCESS OF THE RED MIST.

WOLFF! MY DARLING! DON'T DIE. LIVE FOR EVER IN MY ARMS.





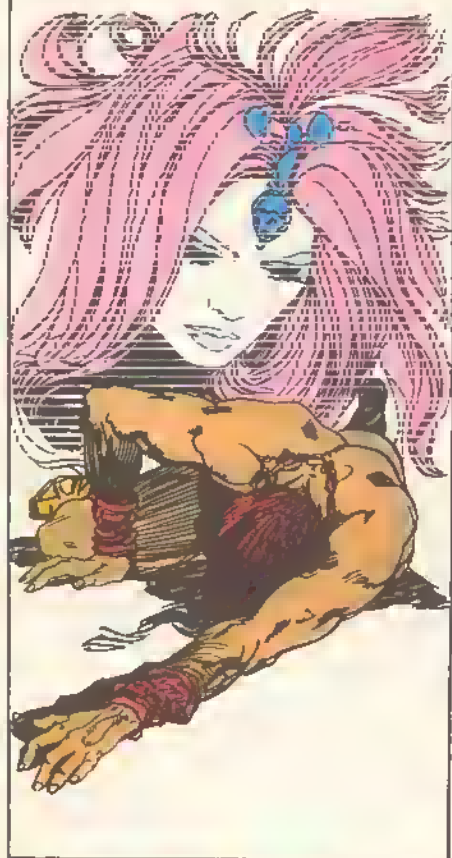
SAVED BY THE INTERVENTION OF THE ENCHANTRESS, WOLFF IS BORNE INTO THE NIGHT, HELPLESS ACROSS THE NECK OF THE MONSTER.

SCREECHING HIS DEFIANCE AGAINST THE BONE-LITTERED LAND, THE CREATURE BORE HIS HUMAN CARGO BACK TO HIS MISTRESS'S ELDritch DOMAIN. THE CRUNCHING OF LONG-DRY BONES BORE WITNESS TO THE LEGIONS OF THOSE WHO HAD PASSED THAT WAY BEFORE.

THE SORCERESS OF THE RED MIST CONTEMPLATED THE STILL BODY OF THE GIANT WARRIOR. HE MUST NOT DIE! HER LANDS WERE SEEDED WITH THE BODIES OF COWARDS. SHE MUST HAVE A **MAN** TO AID HER!

AS HIS BODY TOUCHED THE DARK STONES OF THE TEMPLE FLOOR, WOLFF OPENED HIS EYES.

WOLFF, WAKE UP! RAKAH BROUGHT YOU HERE. FOOL! TO IMAGINE THAT YOU MIGHT DEFEAT THE INVULNERABLE RAKAH. HE OBEYS ONLY ME.



OPEN YOUR EYES AGAIN. LOOK UPON ME, WOLFF. YOU ARE IN MY DEMESNE. NOW, YOU ARE IN THE POWER OF THE SORCESS.

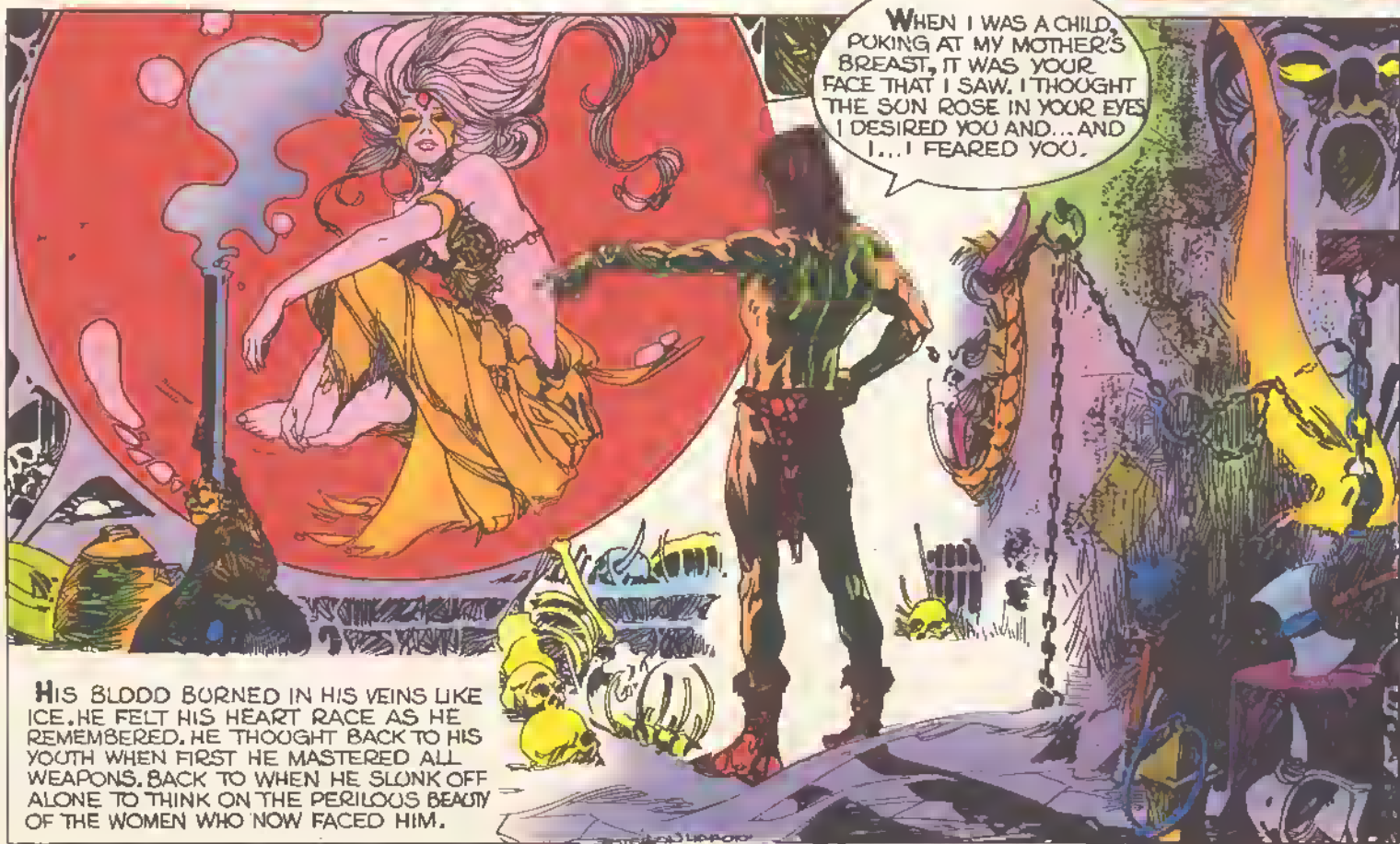


LOOK AT ME. GAZE AT MY LIPS, MOIST WITH DESIRE FOR YOU. MY ARMS REACH OUT FOR YOU. I AM VENUS. I AM IN THE SON AND THE MOON AND THE WEST WIND. I AM NOW AND ALWAYS. I OFFER YOU MY LOVE. WHAT SAY YOU?



THE LEGEND OF REP-TAH IS TRUE. MISTRESS, YOU ARE INDEED A BEAUTY AMONGST BEAUTIES!

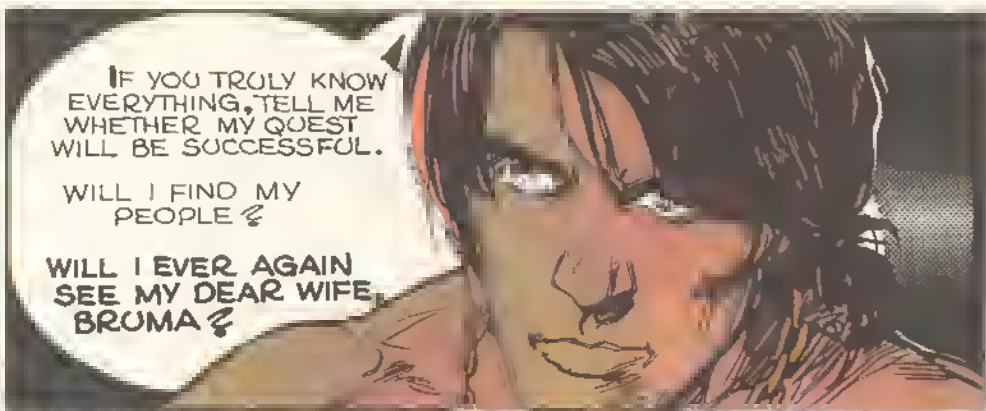
WHEN I WAS A CHILD, PUKING AT MY MOTHER'S BREAST, IT WAS YOUR FACE THAT I SAW. I THOUGHT THE SUN ROSE IN YOUR EYES I DESIRED YOU AND...AND I...I FEARED YOU.



HIS BLOOD BURNED IN HIS VEINS LIKE ICE. HE FELT HIS HEART RACE AS HE REMEMBERED. HE THOUGHT BACK TO HIS YOUTH WHEN FIRST HE MASTERED ALL WEAPONS. BACK TO WHEN HE SLUNK OFF ALONE TO THINK ON THE PERILOUS BEAUTY OF THE WOMEN WHO NOW FACED HIM.



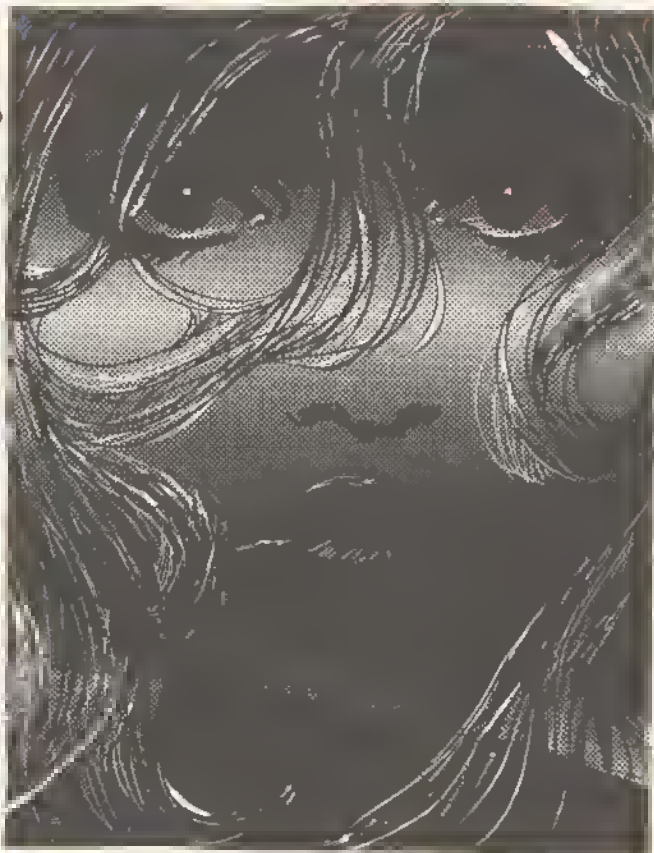
NOW SHE WAS THERE. HIS DREAM MADE FLESH. MORE WONDROUS AND MORE FEARFUL THAN IN ANY OF HIS WILDEST DREAMS. SO PERFECT!



IF YOU TRULY KNOW EVERYTHING, TELL ME WHETHER MY QUEST WILL BE SUCCESSFUL.

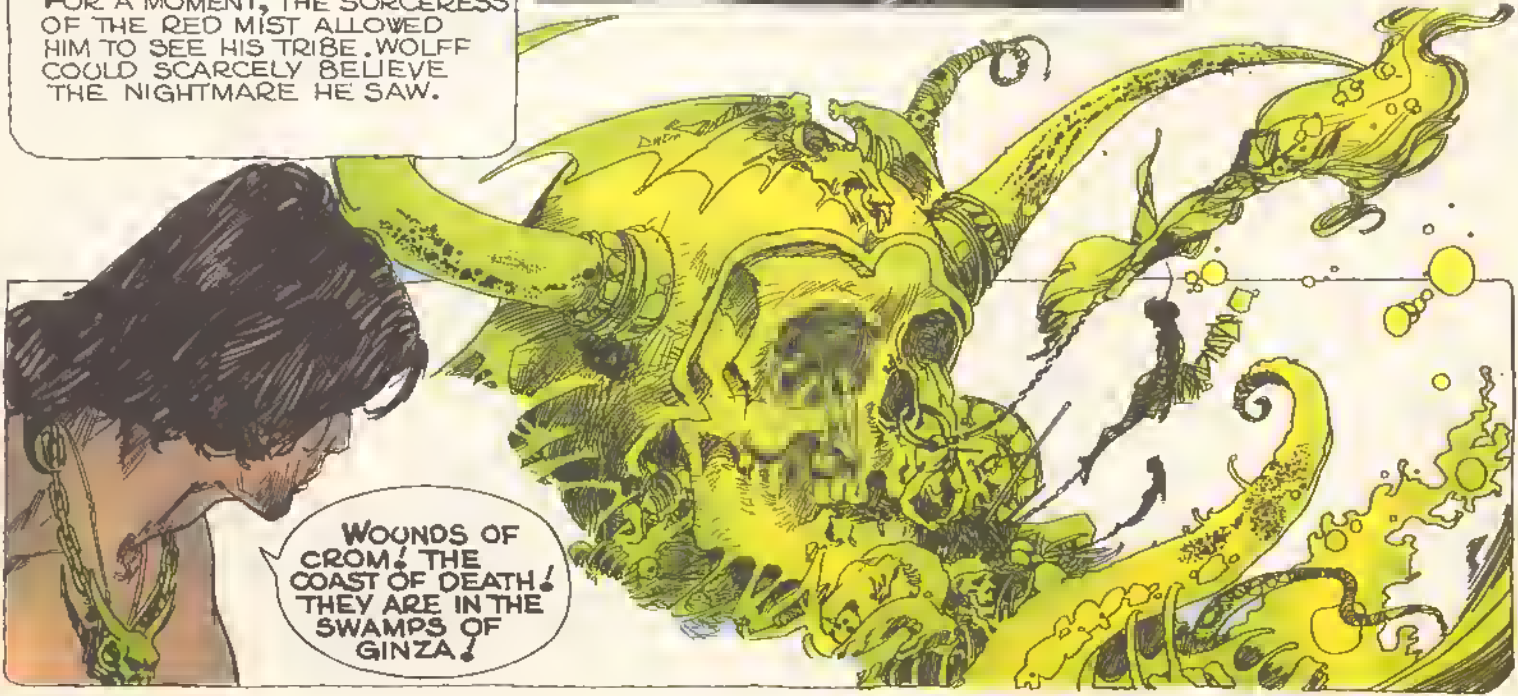
WILL I FIND MY PEOPLE?

WILL I EVER AGAIN SEE MY DEAR WIFE, BRUMA?



A MAN ALONE IS NOTHING. A MAN ALONE HAS NO VALUE. WOLFF HAD BEEN ALONE FOR TOO LONG.

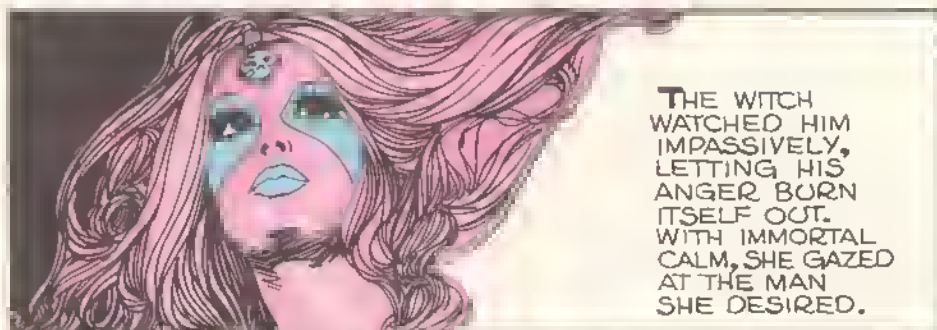
FOR A MOMENT, THE SORCESS OF THE RED MIST ALLOWED HIM TO SEE HIS TRIBE. WOLFF COULD SCARCELY BELIEVE THE NIGHTMARE HE SAW.



WOUNDS OF CROM! THE COAST OF DEATH! THEY ARE IN THE SWAMPS OF GINZA!



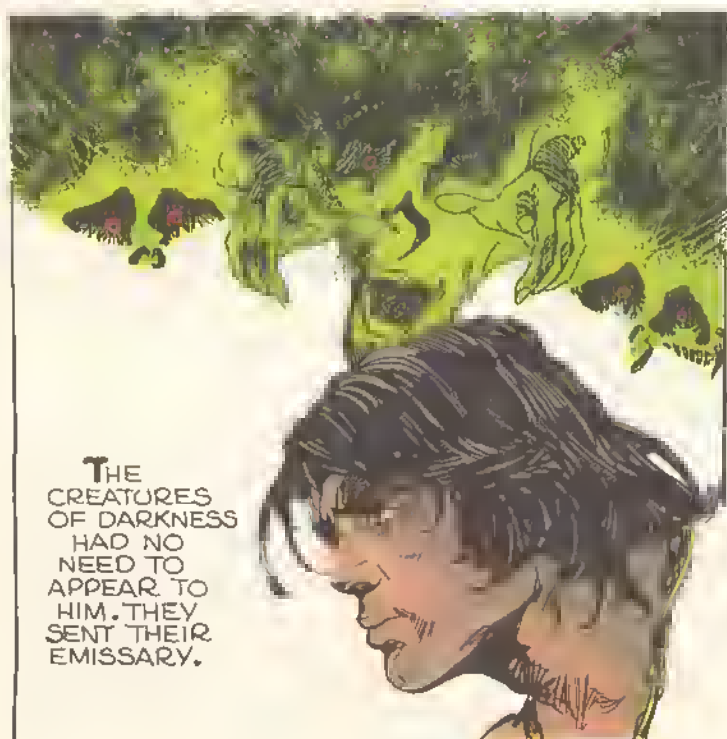
BLIND WITH RAGE, WOLFF STRUCK OUT WILDLY WITH HIS MACE.



THE WITCH WATCHED HIM IMPASSIVELY, LETTING HIS ANGER BURN ITSELF OUT. WITH IMMORTAL CALM, SHE GAZED AT THE MAN SHE DESIRED.



WOLFF SOBBED HELPLESSLY AS HIS ENEMIES MOCKED HIM.



THE CREATURES OF DARKNESS HAD NO NEED TO APPEAR TO HIM. THEY SENT THEIR EMISSARY.



WOUNDS OF SET!!
Nooooo!



A CREATURE OF
BONE AND A
SWORD OF LIVING
FIRE!

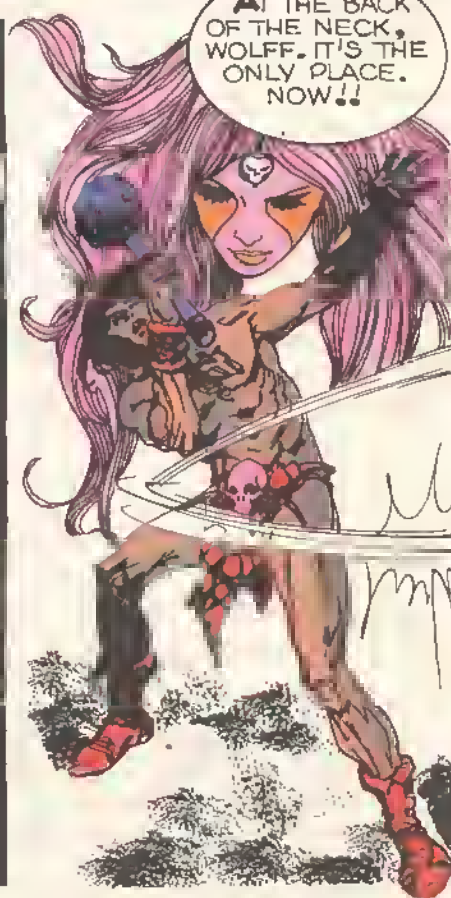


WHATEVER IT MIGHT BE, LIVING, DEAD
OR... NEITHER, AT LEAST IT WAS
VISIBLE. AT LEAST IT MOVED AND
COULD BE STRUCK. WOLFF ATTACKED
FIERCELY, PANTING AND GROWLING
DEEP IN HIS THROAT.



I HAD
EXPECTED
YOU IN SOMARRA.
BUT, NOT HERE.
AND, NOT
YET!

AT THE BACK
OF THE NECK,
WOLFF. IT'S THE
ONLY PLACE.
NOW!!





AS THE LIVING SKELETON COLLAPSED INTO DRY SHARDS OF BONE, A TINY HOMUNCULUS CREPT OUT OF THE SHATTERED SKULL.



THEY ARE THE MOST USEFUL OF THE WITCHES' CREATURES. WITH THEM, THEY CAN MAKE EVEN THE DEAD OBEY.

I THOUGHT I WAS FIGHTING OLD MAN DEATH HIMSELF. NOT THAT PONY MANIKIN!

AS A CHILL WIND TUMBLED AWAY THE DUSTY REMAINS OF THE LIVING SKELETON, WOLFF GAZED AGAIN ON THE FACE OF THE SORCERESS. IN THE MISTY CRYSTAL VAPOUR, HER FACE APPEARED EVEN MORE SERENE AND UNWORLDLY.

PLEASE, IS THERE NO WAY A MORTAL CAN COME INTO YOUR WORLD?

WOLFF, MY DEARLY BELOVED. THERE IS NOW NOTHING THAT CAN STAND AGAINST US OR BETWEEN US. COME MY LOVE! COME!!

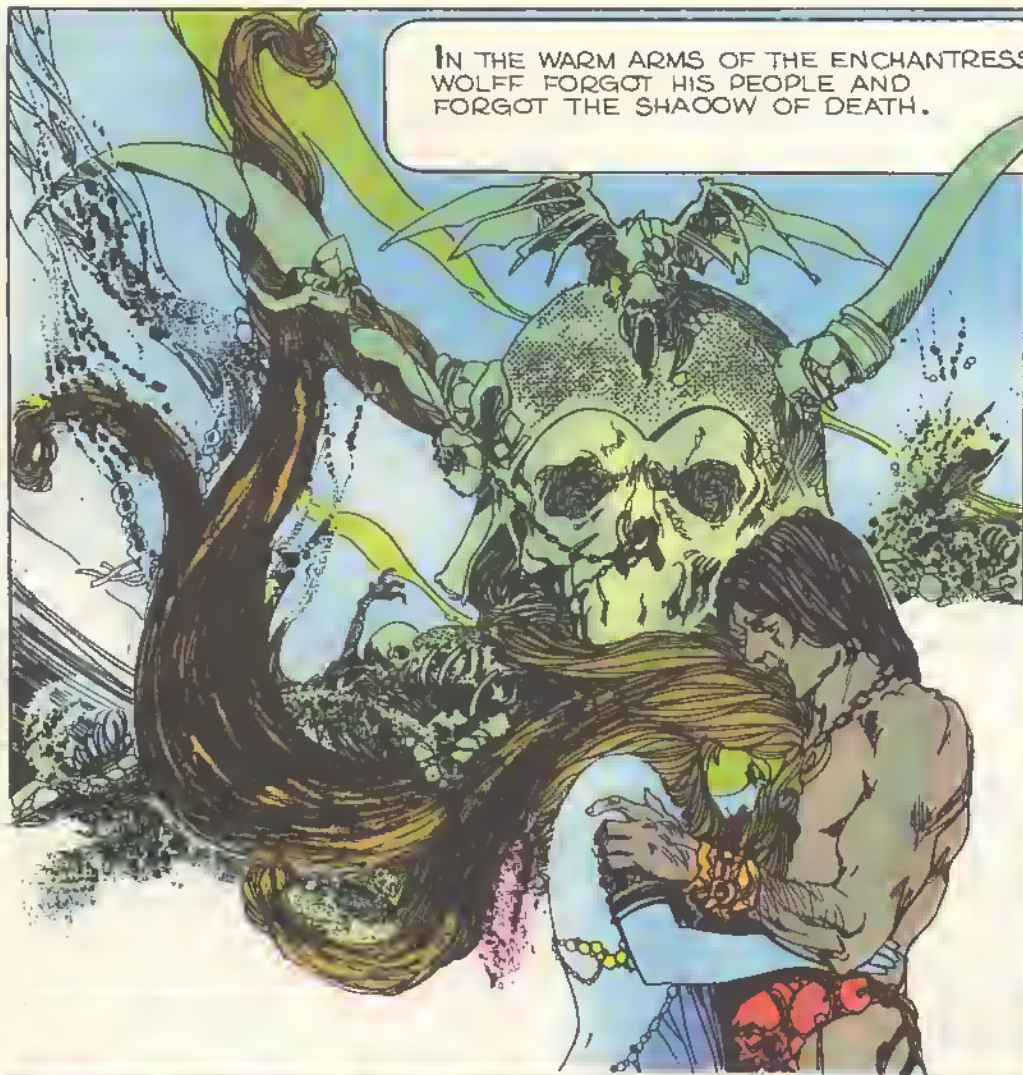
NOW THE CURSE OF TIME HAD BEEN BROKEN BY ONE MAN'S COURAGE, SHE WAS NO LONGER ISOLATED IN HER OWN LONELY, COLD WORLD.

MISTRESS, I SEE YOU, AND YET, I STILL CANNOT BELIEVE THAT THE GREAT ENCHANTRESS IS MORE THAN JUST A SHADOW OF FEAR AT THE CORNER OF MEN'S MINDS.

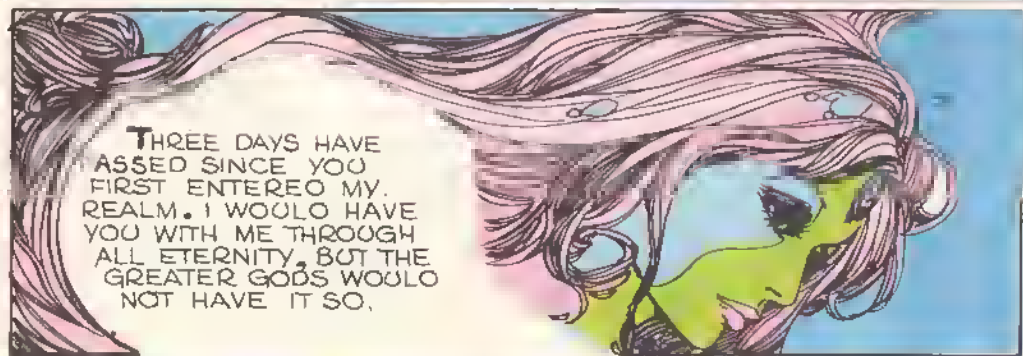
I AM A WOMAN. CAN YOU NOT FEEL MY HAND ON YOUR BODY? YOU ARE NOT DREAMING, WOLFF.

A HEARTBEAT! I CAN FEEL YOU TREMBLING IN MY ARMS. MY DEAREST, I KNEW, ALWAYS KNEW, THAT SOME DAY, SOME... NOW!

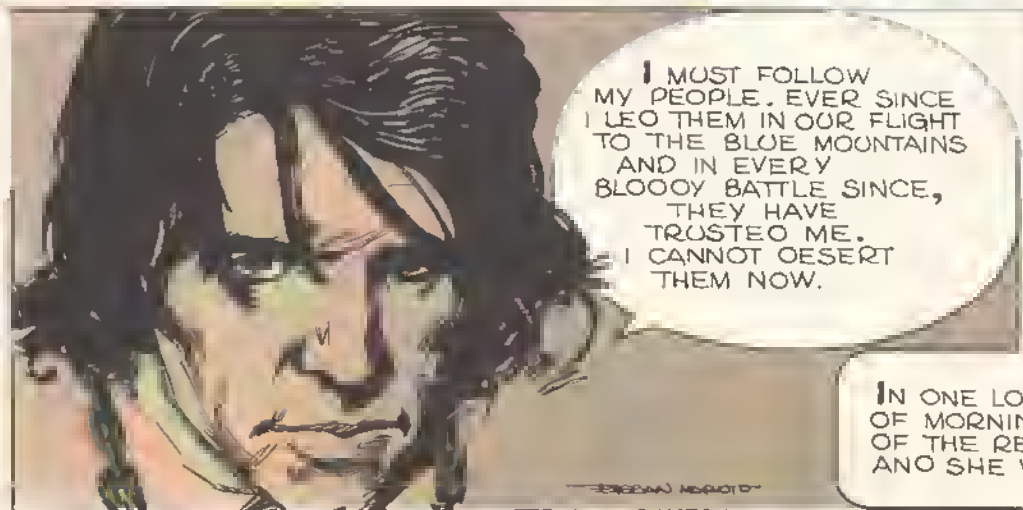
IN THE WARM ARMS OF THE ENCHANTRESS,
WOLFF FORGOT HIS PEOPLE AND
FORGOT THE SHADOW OF DEATH.



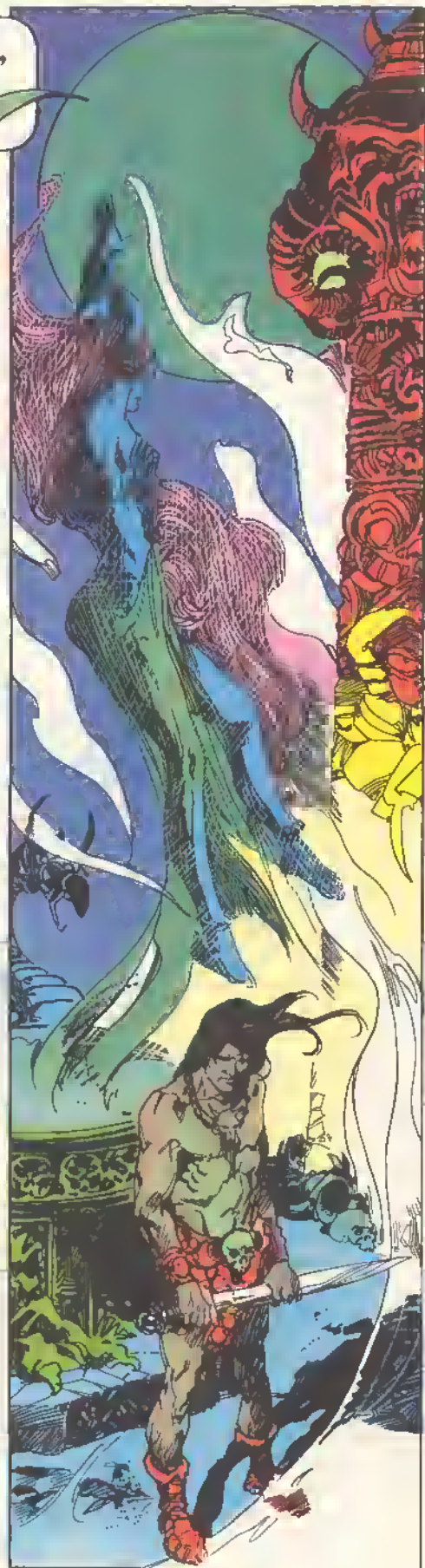
THREE DAYS HAVE
PASSED SINCE YOU
FIRST ENTERED MY
REALM. I WOULD HAVE
YOU WITH ME THROUGH
ALL ETERNITY, BUT THE
GREATER GODS WOULD
NOT HAVE IT SO.



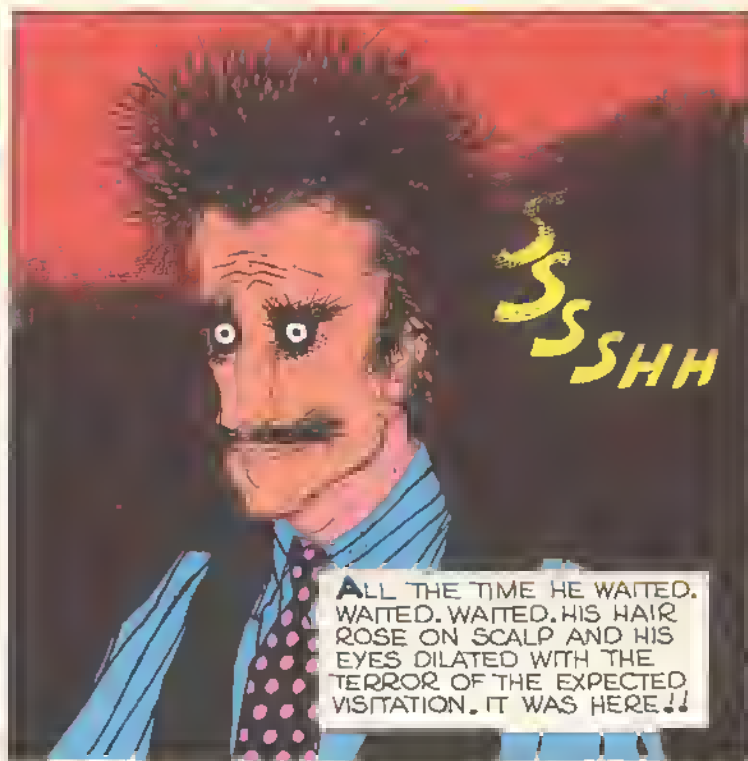
I MUST FOLLOW
MY PEOPLE. EVER SINCE
I LED THEM IN OUR FLIGHT
TO THE BLUE MOUNTAINS
AND IN EVERY
BLOODY BATTLE SINCE,
THEY HAVE
TRUSTED ME.
I CANNOT DESERT
THEM NOW.



IN ONE LOST MOMENT, THE COOL BREEZE
OF MORNING PLUCKED AT THE EDGES
OF THE RED MIST. AND IT WAS GONE.
AND SHE WAS GONE. GONE.



NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, AS PART OF AN UNALTERABLE ROUTINE, JEREMY HARKNETT WOULD READ JUST FOUR PAGES OF A BOOK, BEFORE RETIRING TO HIS BED. ANY BOOK.

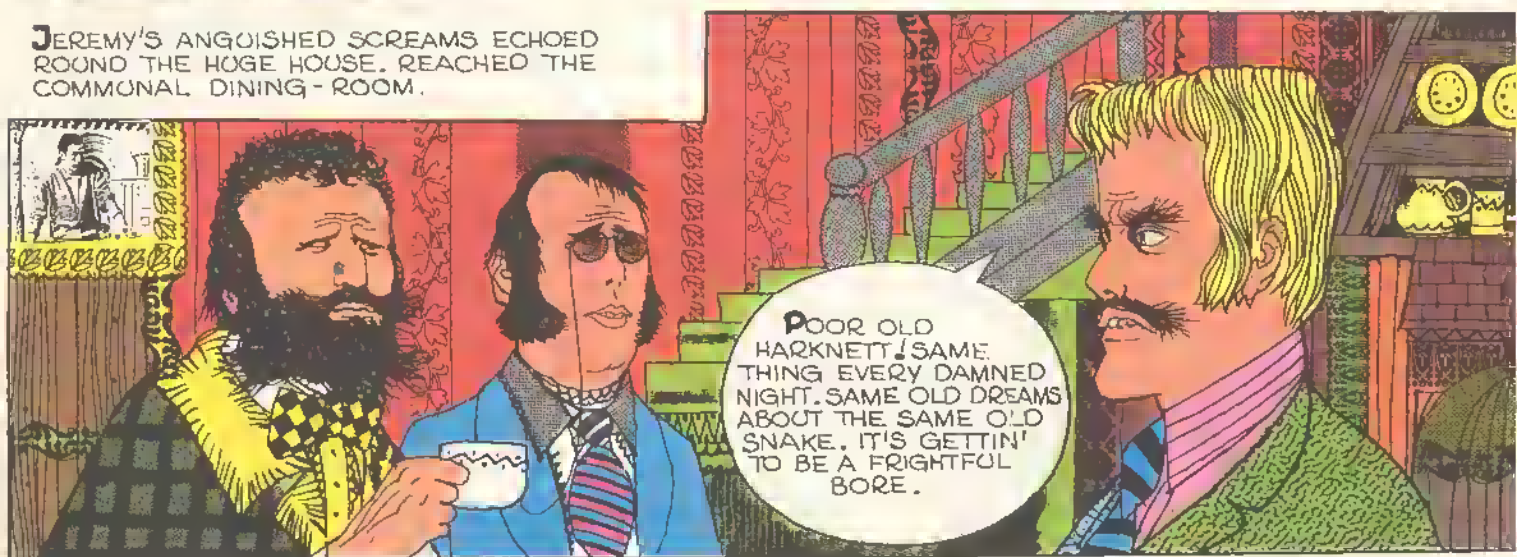


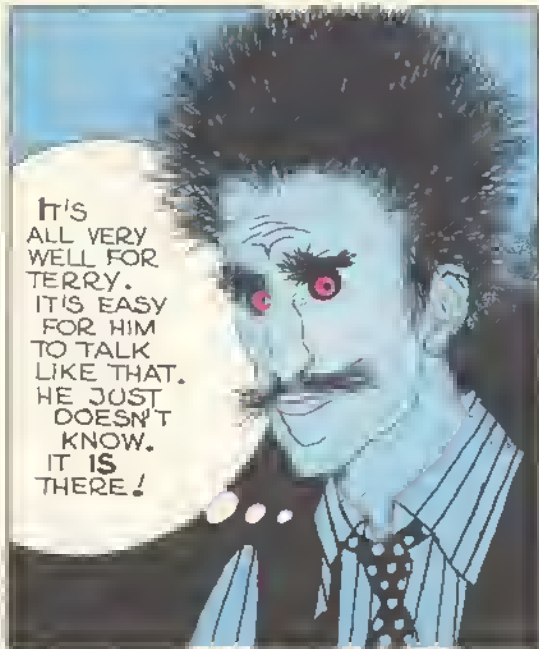
THE SNAKE





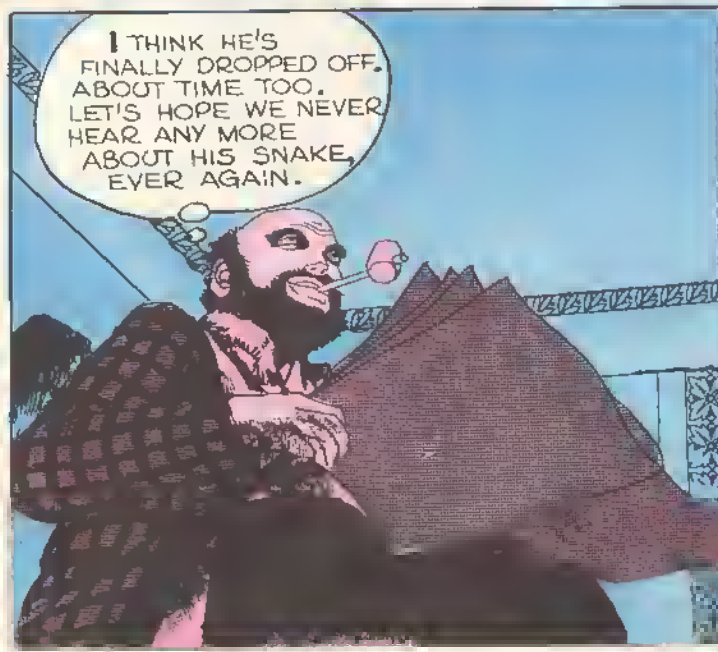
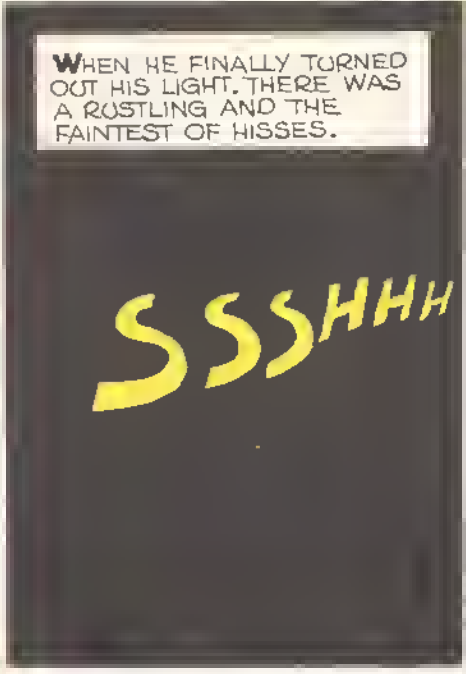
JEREMY'S ANGUISHED SCREAMS ECHOED ROUND THE HUGE HOUSE. REACHED THE COMMUNAL DINING-ROOM.





THE NIGHT ISN'T EVEN OVER WHEN HIS FRIENDS RETURN AGAIN TO TRY AND QUIETEN HIM.







THE FRIENDS OF JEREMY HARKNETT WERE, OF COURSE, RIGHT. THERE AREN'T ANY SNAKES IN LONDON FLATS. THE ROOMS ARE TOTALLY INNOCUOUS. EVEN DULL. SAME OLD CHAIRS, BEDS, WARDROBES, PICTURES, CARPETS AND... CURTAINS. YOU ONLY FIND SNAKES IN MALAYA, OR AFRICA, PERHAPS IN THE DARK VALLEYS OF THE AMAZON. BUT, NOT IN LONDON. NOT IN THE CHINTZY

CHEERINESS OF MRS. NEWMAN'S DEAN STREET APARTMENT. NEVER. ALL HIS FRIENDS SAID SO: CECIL, TONY, ROGER AND CHRISTOPHER: THEY ALL SAID SO. AND THEY WERE NEVER WRONG!! NOT IN MRS. NEWMAN'S. SHE WAS TOO HOUSE-PROUD. TOO CAREFUL OF HER ROOMS: THE FURNITURE, THE CARPETS, THE CURTAINS. SLEEP WELL JEREMY HARKNETT. NOW YOUR FRIENDS HAVE SOMETHING TO EXPIATE - A PETTINESS.

Eloise

SIX MONTHS, MY DARLING. THEY LIED WHEN THEY SAID TIME WOULD EASE MY PAIN.

I HAVEN'T GOT ANYTHING WITHOUT YOU

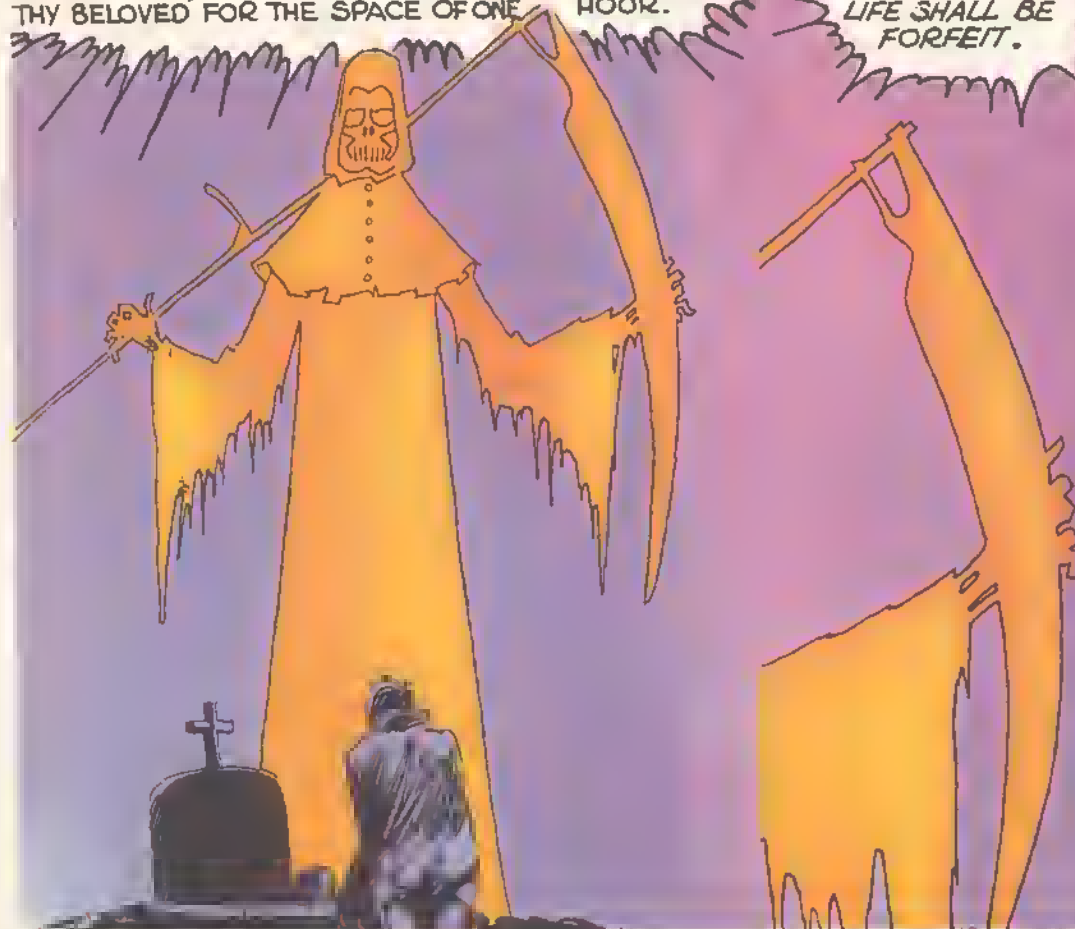
ELOISE, MY LOVE...

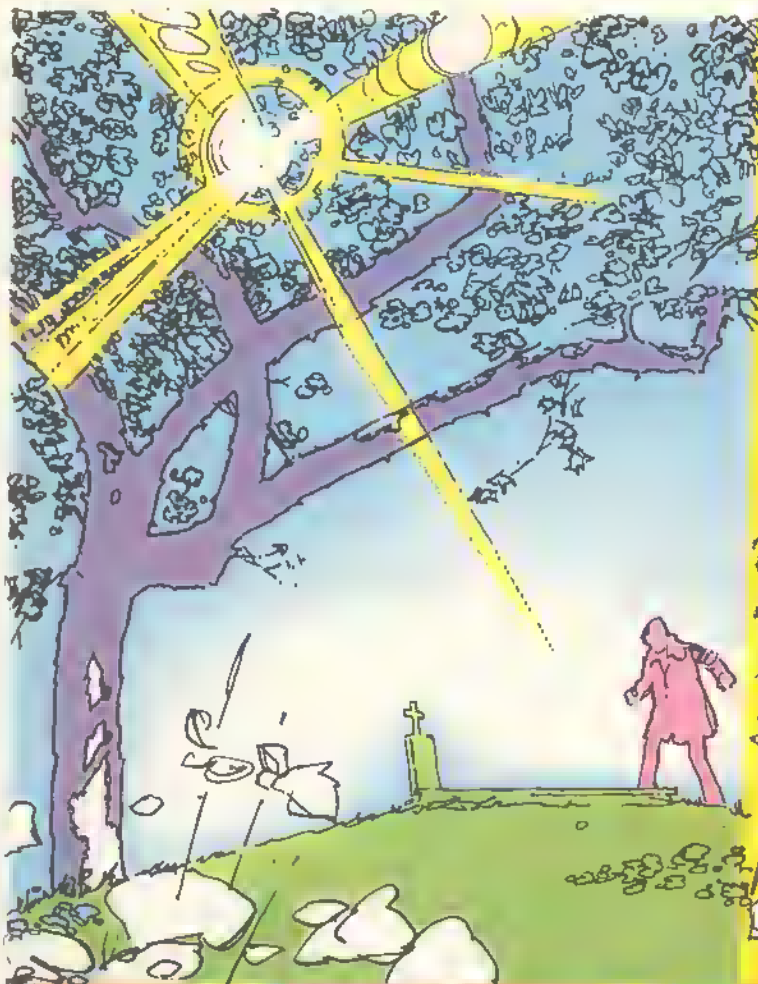
I WOULD GIVE MY LIFE TO BE WITH YOU AGAIN.

AN HOUR. THAT'S ALL ONE HOUR LIKE IT WAS.

AS THY WILL, SO MOTE IT BE. THOU SHALT LIVE WITH THY BELOVED FOR THE SPACE OF ONE HOUR.

IN RETURN...THY LIFE SHALL BE FORFEIT.

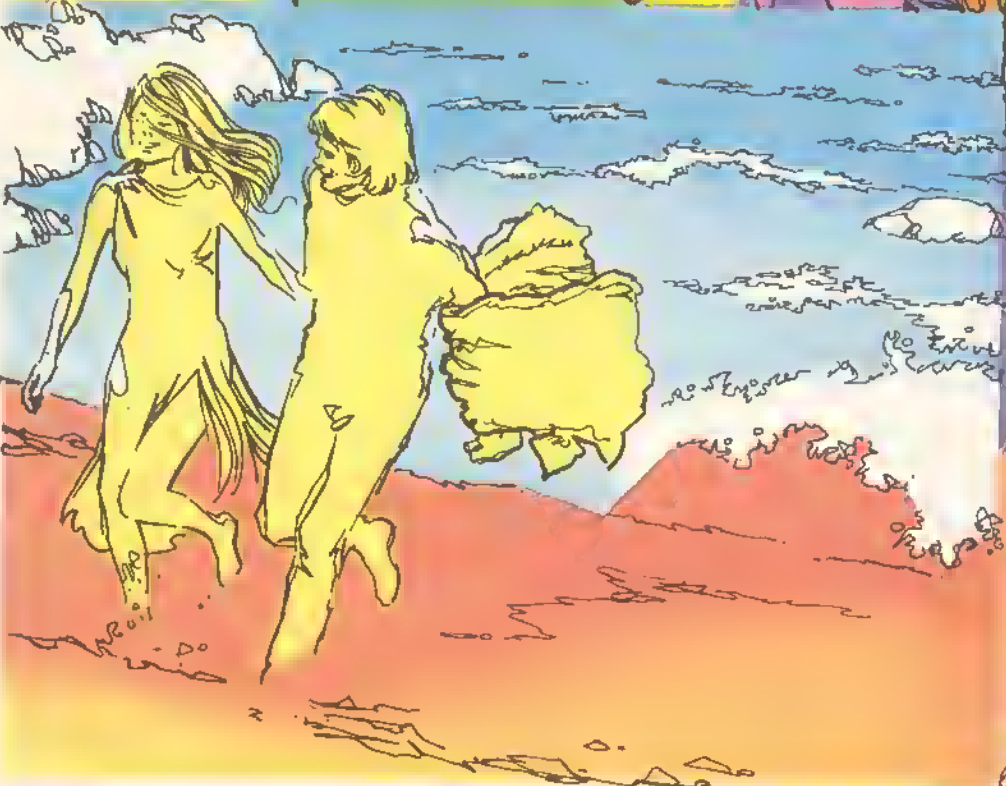
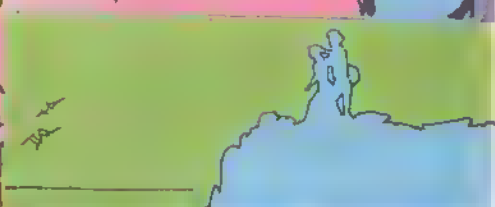
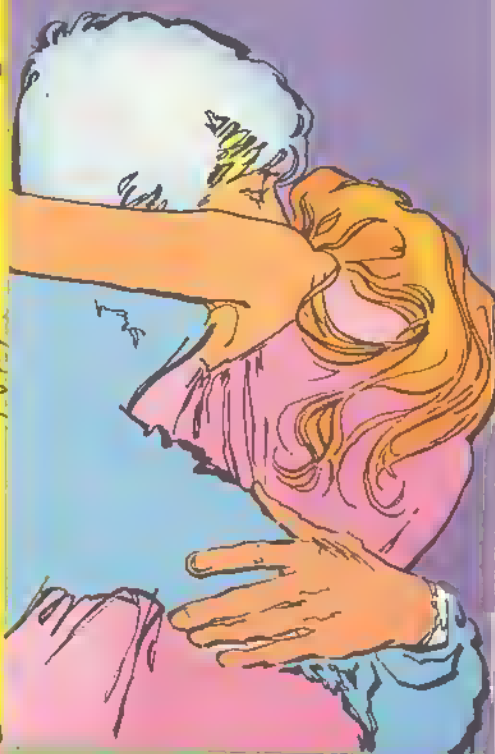




PETER! MY DARLING.

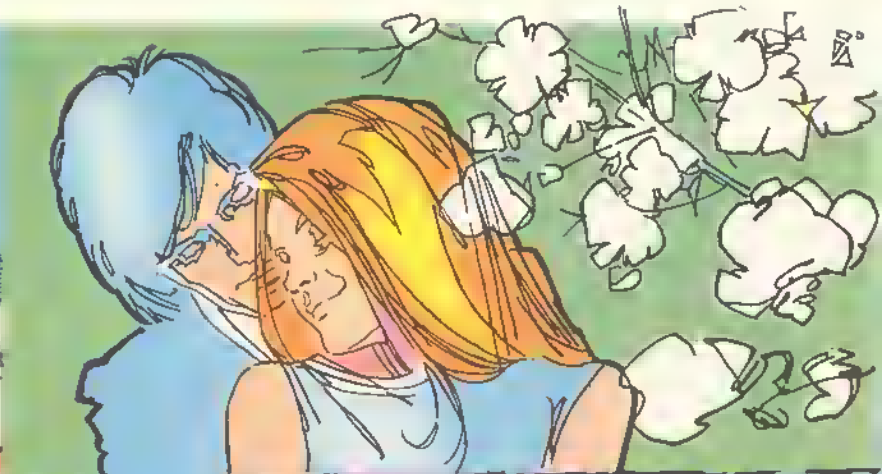
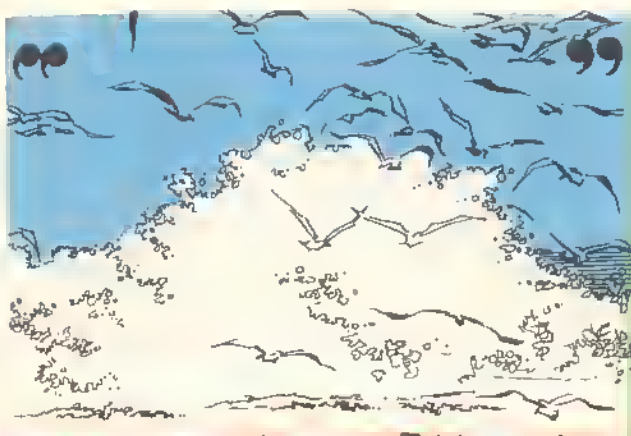


ELOISE! IT'S TOO MUCH. I CAN'T BELIEVE IT.

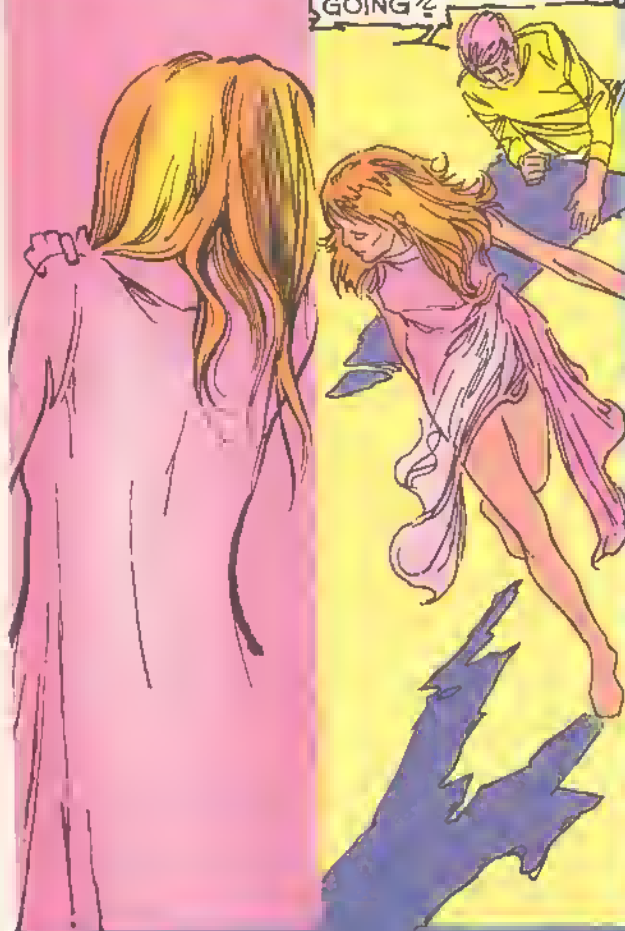


DON'T EVEN TRY TO TALK, MY DEAREST. TO SEE YOU AND HOLD YOU. YOUR HAIR, YOUR EYES, YOUR BODY. OH, MY SWEETEST LOVE.

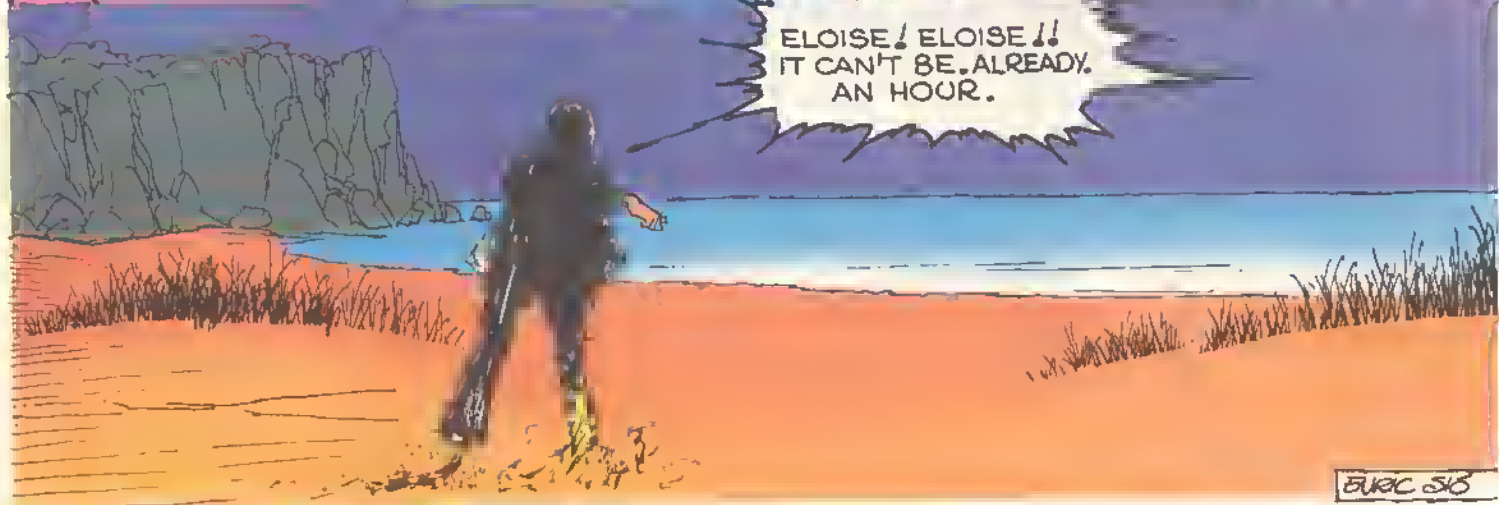




MY LOVE, WHERE ARE YOU
GOING?



ELOISE! ELOISE!!
IT CAN'T BE, ALREADY.
AN HOUR.



ERIC SIB

NO. NOTHING HAS CHANGED.
GOD, IT'S WORSE.

MAYBE I'M GOING MAD.
MAYBE IT NEVER HAPPENED.

IT DOESN'T MATTER. I'M
STILL ALONE. I'VE
LOST HER FOR
EVER.

THERE'S ONLY DEATH.
MAYBE IT WASN'T A DREAM.
MAYBE HE'LL CLAIM ME.

NOOOOOO!!

I CAN'T FACE
ANYTHING
ANYMORE!

THOU ART DISTRAUGHT BECAUSE
THOU HAST LOST THY LOVE AND THOU
MUST DIE. THOU ART SO FILLED
WITH FEAR THAT THOU WOULDST
RATHER END THY TORTURE BY
CASTING THYSELF TO THY DEATH.
O FOOL! DEATH IS AN
INFINITY WORSE THAN
THE SIMPLE RELEASE
OF ENDING.

THOU WILT NOT FALL. THOU
SHALT SEE THESE ROCKS
THROUGH AN ENDLESS ETER-
NITY BUT THEY SHALL NEVER
BROISE THY FLESH.

AWE. THOU WILT TRY. BUT
IT IS VAIN.

THOU WILT TRY TO SHUT OUT THIS LANDSCAPE
THAT SURROUNDS THEE. THOU CANST NOT. FOR
EVER. THERE WILL BE NO CHANGE IN THESE ROCKS
OR IN THEE. THE TIME WILL COME TO THEE WHEN
IT WILL ALL BECOME NECESSARY. AT THAT MOMENT
THOU WILT COMPREHEND THE MAJESTY OF
ETERNITY.

THEN THERE WILL BE DARK. THOU WILT
WISH TO LOSE ALL THY SENSES RATHER
THAN ENDURE. BUT, THOU WILT EN-
DURE. FOR THERE WILL BE NO
CHOICE.

FOR EVER, THOU WILT FEEL DESOLATION.
THOU WILT BE ALONE. ONE LAST THOUGHT.
I WILL NOT EVEN GIVE THEE THE
PLEASURE OF GOING MAD. FARE
THEE WELL.

EEEEEE!!

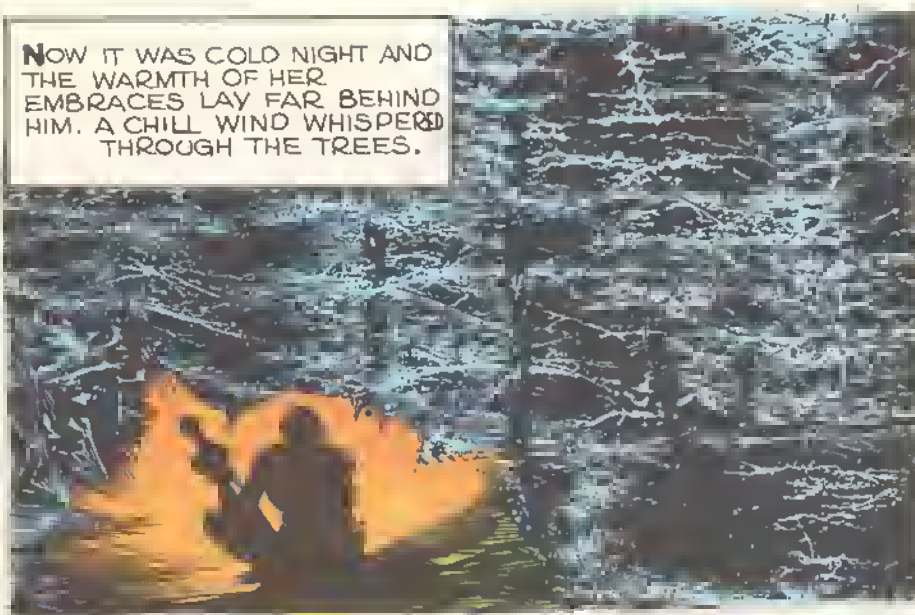
WOLFF

The Night of the Werewolf

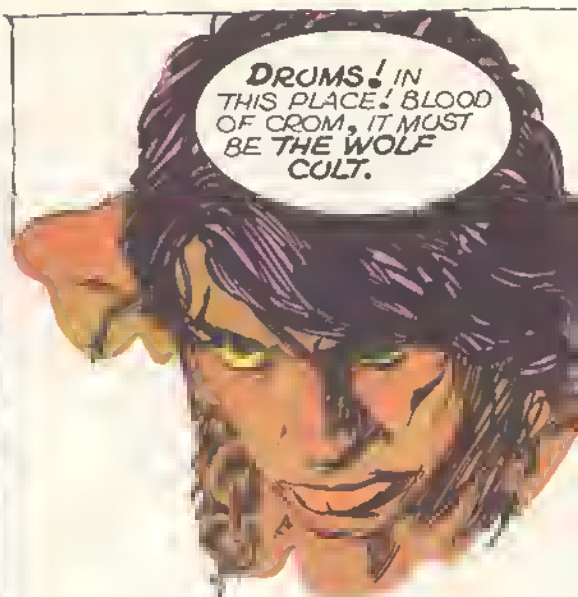
THE SORCERESS HAD DISAPPEARED BACK INTO THE RED MIST WHICH HAD GIVEN HER LIFE. IN THE BLASPHEMOUS MANUSCRIPT OF RED-TAH IT IS SAID OF HER: "SHE LIVES IN THE PLAINS OF THE WITCHES AND IS A WOMAN OF UNSURPASSED BEAUTY, BEING BOTH HONEY AND FIRE. FROM HER DEMESNE HAS NO TRAVELLER RETURNED. THOSE WHO HOPED TO SEE THE SUN RISE IN HER ARMS ARE BUT DUST AND BONES BENEATH THE SOLES OF HER FEET." WOLFF, WARRIOR AND LEADER OF MEN HAD SEEN THREE DAWNS WITH HER, AND YET LIVED.



NOW IT WAS COLD NIGHT AND THE WARMTH OF HER EMBRACES LAY FAR BEHIND HIM. A CHILL WIND WHISPERED THROUGH THE TREES.



DRUMS! IN THIS PLACE! BLOOD OF CROM, IT MUST BE THE WOLF CULT.



THE BOOK OF LONG-DEAD REP-TAH MENTIONED THE FOUL CULT OF WOLVES AS AN ABERRATION OF A DISTANT PEOPLE, AWFUL BEYOND HUMAN THOUGHT.

A SCREAM! I HEARD THE CRY OF A WOUNDED DEER; NOW THERE IS NOTHING.

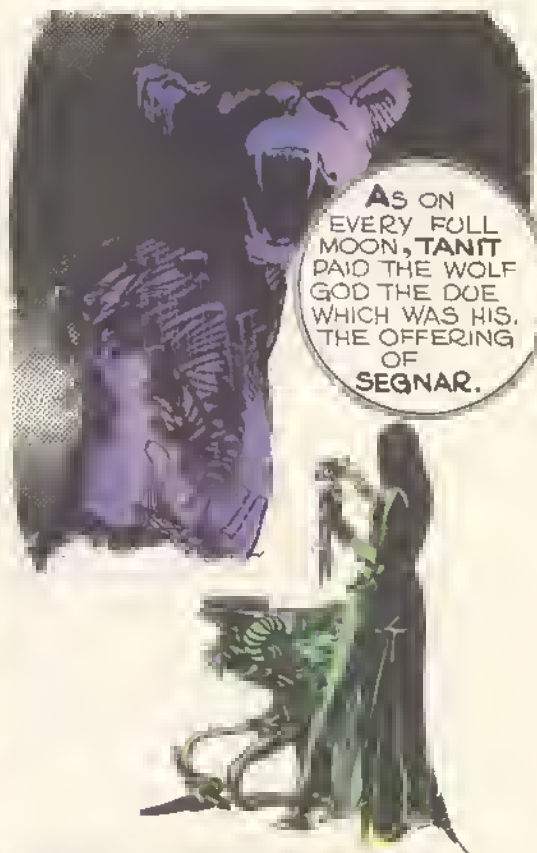
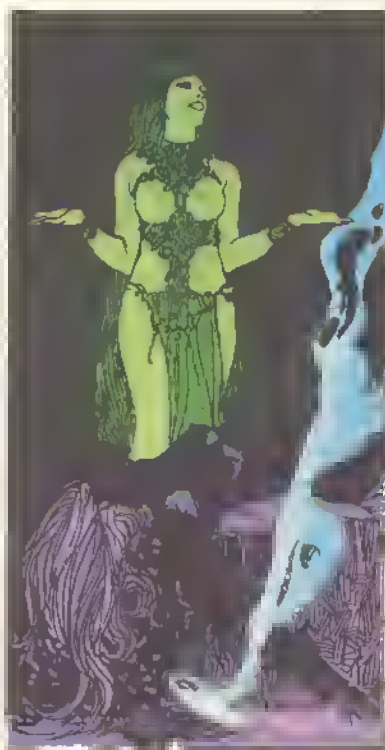


TANIT, HIGH-PRIESTESS OF THE CULT, RAISED THE DAGGER HIGH AND WAITED FOR THE MOON TO UNVEIL HERSELF.





AS IT ROSE, THE BEAMS SOFTENED FOR A TRANSIENT MOMENT THE CRUEL LINES OF HER FACE. THEN THE KNIFE SWEEPED DOWN AND THERE WAS SILENCE.



AS ON EVERY FULL MOON, TANIT PAID THE WOLF GOD THE DUE WHICH WAS HIS, THE OFFERING OF SEGNAR.



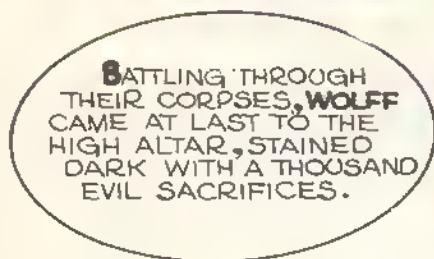
A CARELESS STEP AND MY HEART WILL ALSO SERVE AS A SMOKING SACRIFICE TO THESE PAGAN GHOULS. I WOULD KEEP MY HEART FREE WITHIN ME.

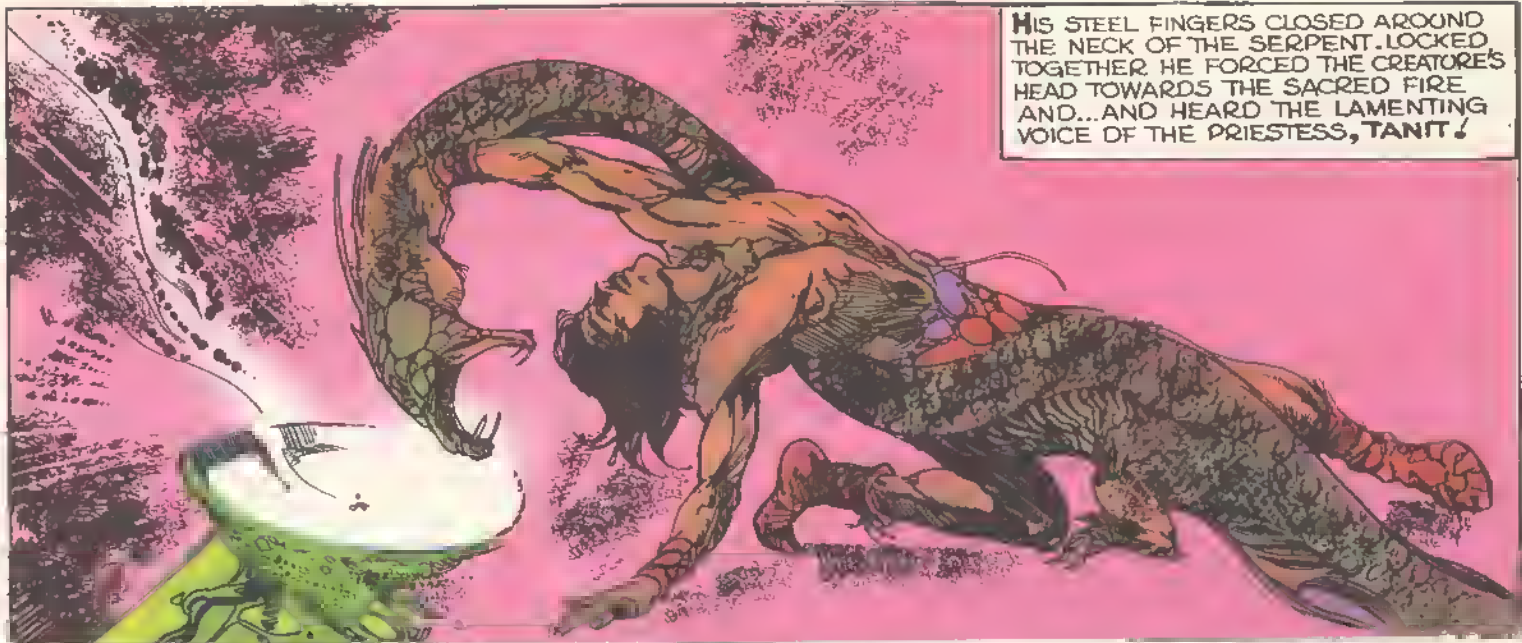
HE COULD NOT TEAR HIS EYES AWAY AS THE WOLF MEN CELEBRATED THEIR HIDEOUS RITUAL.



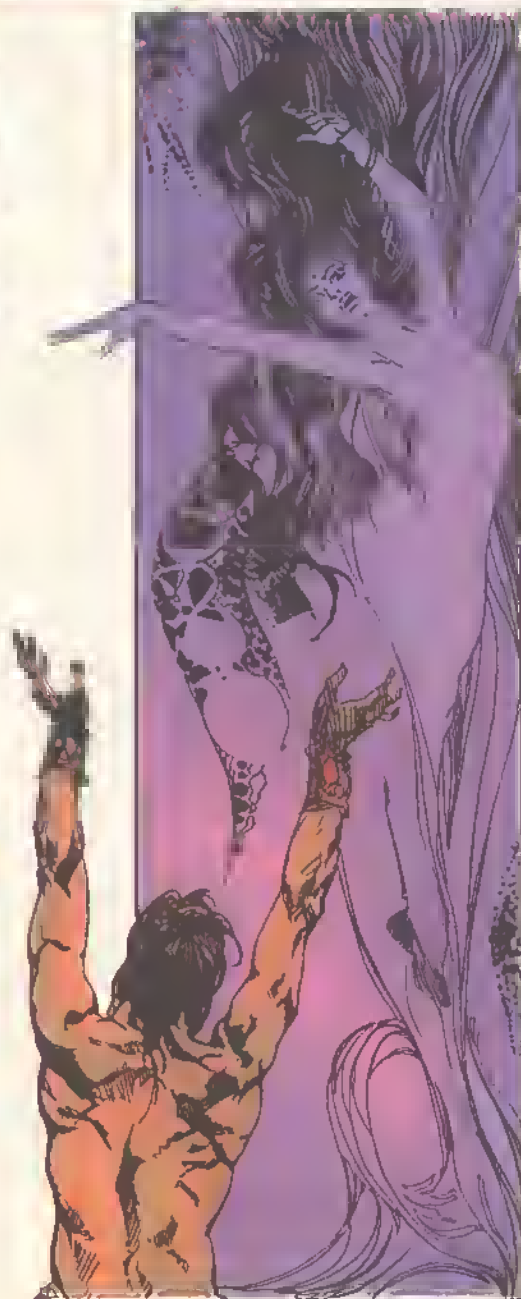
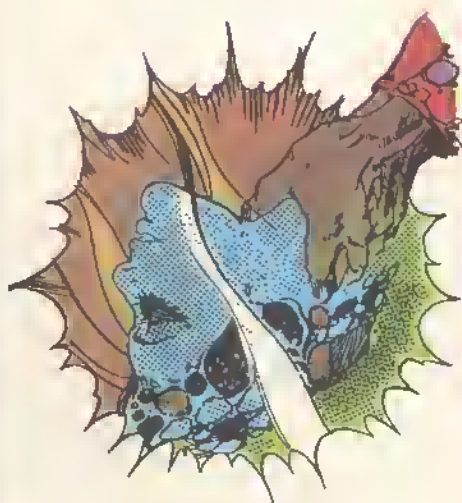
I SENSE AN OUTSIDER!!

COME THEN, BEASTS! SEE WHETHER THE TASTE OF GOOD CLEAN STEEL WILL COOL YOUR VENOM!



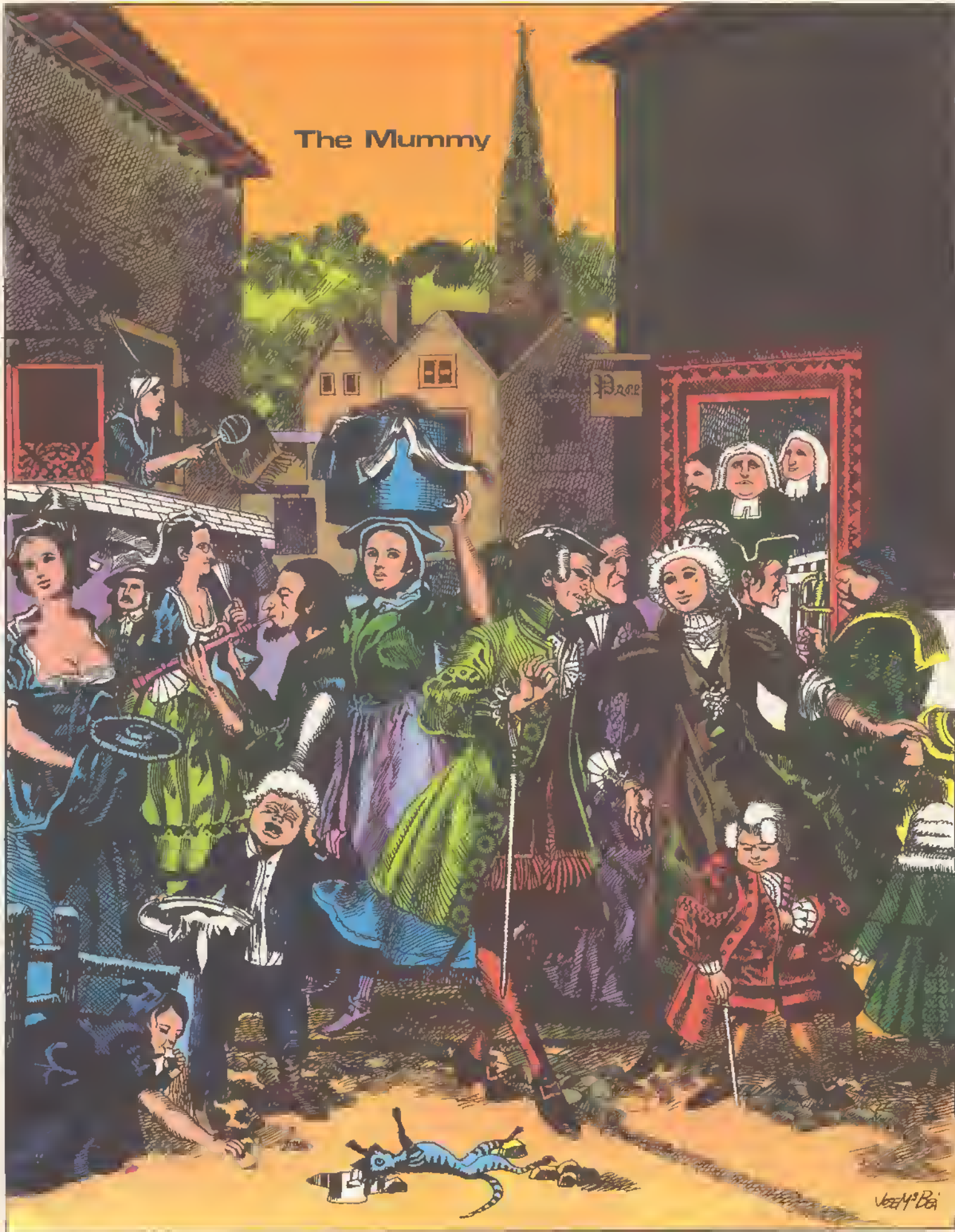


HIS STEEL FINGERS CLOSED AROUND THE NECK OF THE SERPENT. LOCKED TOGETHER HE FORCED THE CREATURE'S HEAD TOWARDS THE SACRED FIRE AND...AND HEARD THE LAMENTING VOICE OF THE PRIESTESS, TANIT!



THE SECOND'S HESITATION WAS FATAL FOR WOLFF. HE GROWLED AS HIS ENEMY SLIPPED AWAY. HE DID NOT YET REALISE THAT TANIT WAS REVENGED. HE WAS A WOLFMAN!!

The Mummy





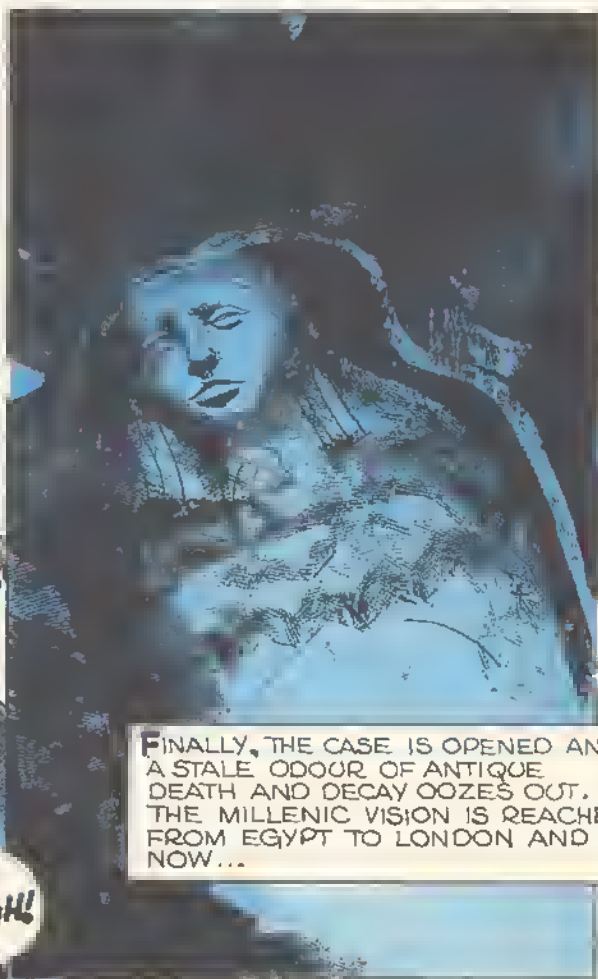
LONDON. 1750.

THE HUNCHBACK, CORNELIUS, LOOKED FEARFULLY AT HIS MASTER, THE TORCH TREMBLING IN HIS DEFORMED HANDS.

FOR ALL HIS EFFORTS, HE WAS BARELY ABLE TO MOVE THE GIANT SLAB FROM THE SARCOPHAGUS. HIS MASTER, THE SATANIC LORD HARRINGTON, BECOMES IMPATIENT WITH HIS TARDINESS.



FINALLY, THE CASE IS OPENED AND A STALE ODOUR OF ANTIQUE DEATH AND DECAY OOZES OUT. THE MILLENNIC VISION IS REACHED, FROM EGYPT TO LONDON AND NOW...



THE EONS OF TIME DO NOT SEEM TO HAVE AFFECTED THE MUMMY OF NEFER, NATURAL SON OF CLEOPATRA AND MARK ANTONY.



QUICKLY, FOOL. ON YOUR SHOULDER WITH IT AND LET'S AWAY FROM THIS ACCURSED



THE FADED CEREMENTS ARE STILL INTACT!

UNSEEN BY ANY MORTAL MAN, THE EVIL RESURRECTIONISTS STEAL THROUGH THE MIST TO THE WAITING CARRIAGE.



THE VOYAGE OF NEFER HAS ENDED. CONCEIVED IN SWELTERING LUST, REJECTED BY HIS FATHER, VICTIM OF THE VENGEANCE AND HATRED OF HIS MOTHER, CLEOPATRA, IGNORED TOTALLY BY HISTORIANS, HE NOW COMES TO HIS LAST DESTINY.



THE NEXT DAY, LONDON IS ABOZZ WITH TALK OF THE MACABRE ROBBERY.



BUT, MY DEAR LADY FAWBERT, HOW CAN THEY POSSIBLY BE INTERESTED IN A ROTTING OLD BODY OF SOME EGYPTIAN PRINCELING. THEY LEFT THE GOLD SAR-COPHAGUS BEHIND!

TRULY, LORD VICTOR, I CAN THINK OF MANY USES WHICH I MIGHT FIND FOR A LIVING BODY, BUT, A DEAD ONE! UGH!



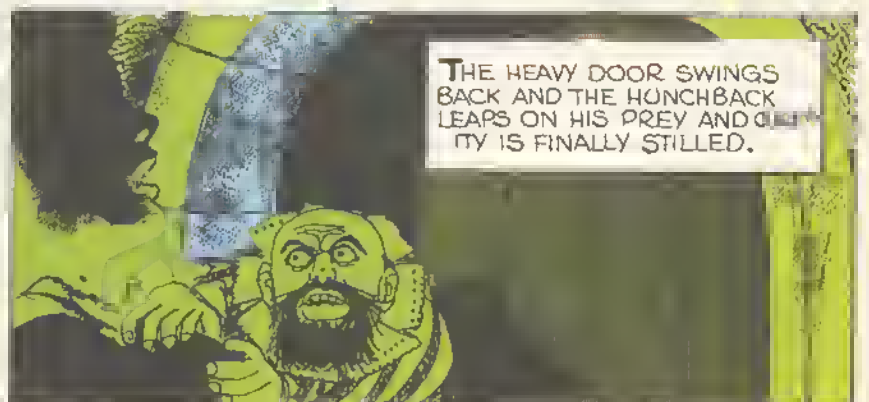
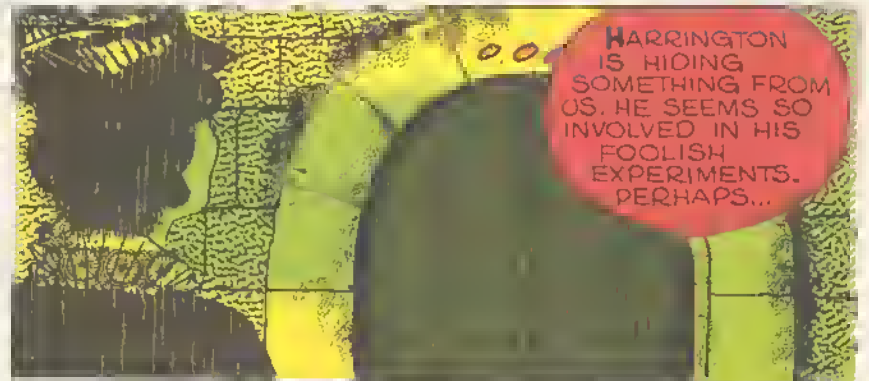
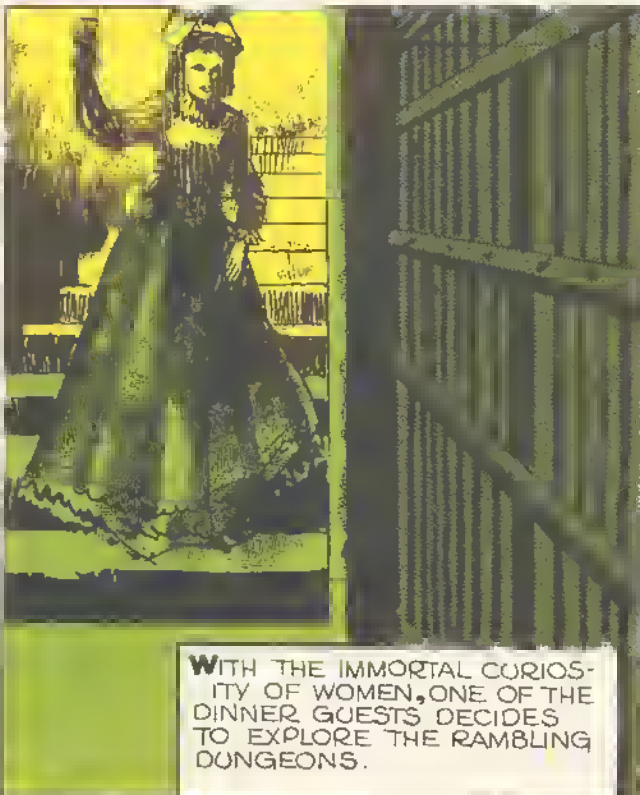
WHEN A BODY HAS BEEN EMBALMED BY THE EGYPTIANS, IT IS PERFECTLY PRESERVED. CERTAIN ORGANIC SUBSTANCES ACTUALLY CONTROLLED THE CHEMICAL PROCESSES OF DEATH.

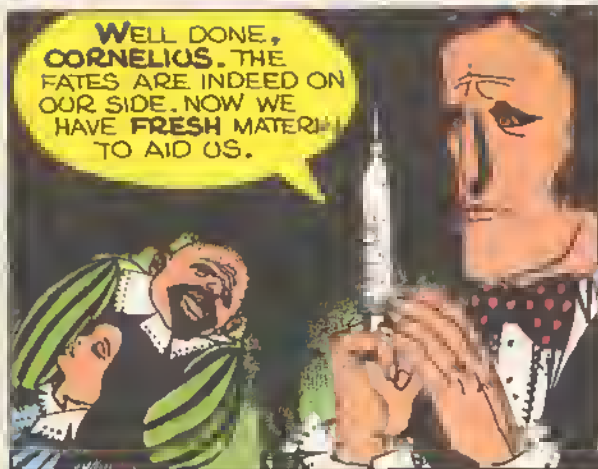




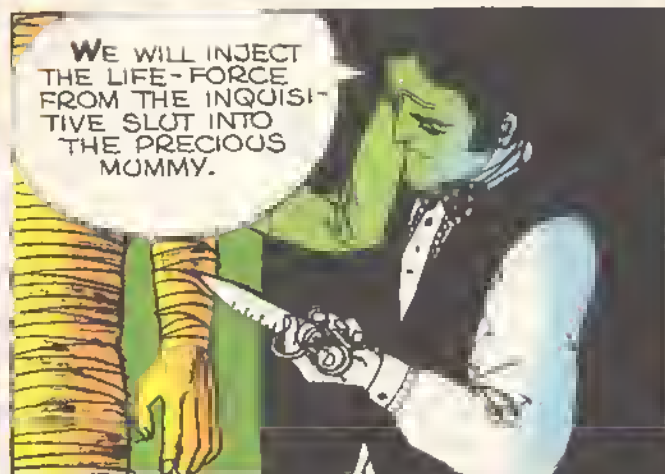
AT FIRST I
INJECTED DRUGS
INTO THE BLOOD
TO TRY AND
INDUCE A FORM
OF NATURAL
HIBERNATION.
ALTHOUGH THE
TISSUE WAS
KEPT ALIVE,
THE BODY
DIED.



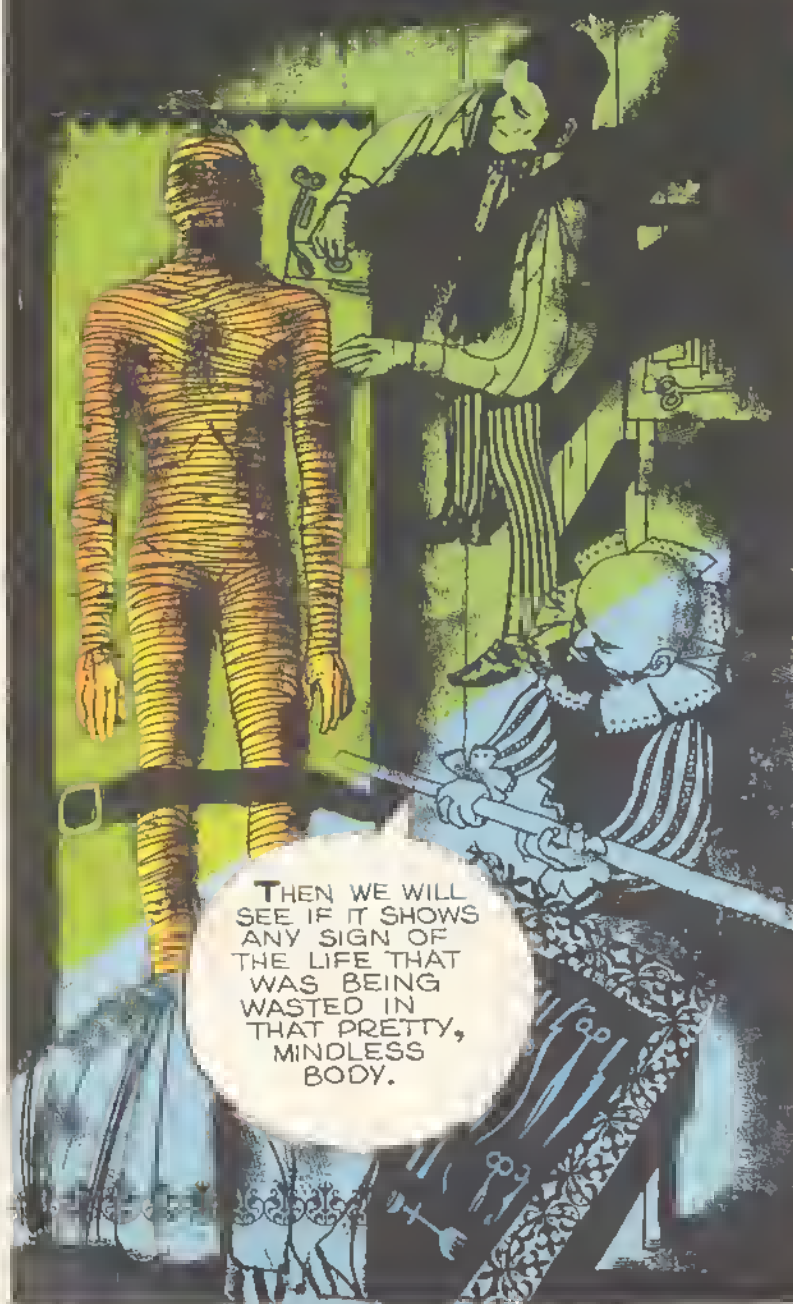




WELL DONE, CORNELIUS. THE FATES ARE INDEED ON OUR SIDE. NOW WE HAVE FRESH MATERIAL TO AID US.



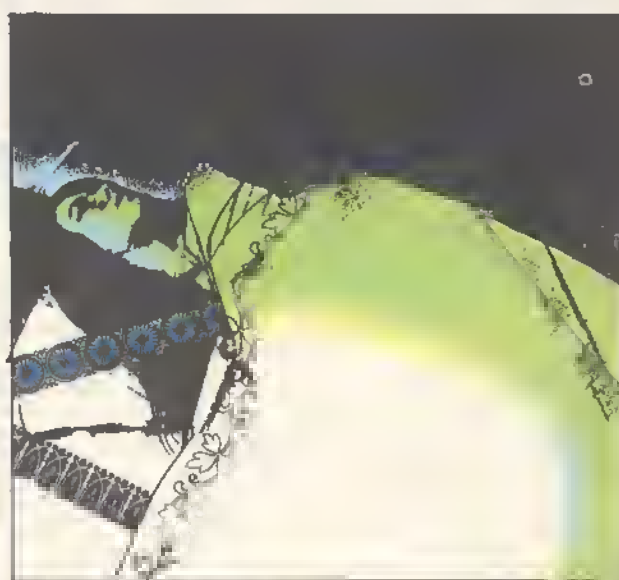
WE WILL INJECT THE LIFE-FORCE FROM THE INQUISITIVE SLOT INTO THE PRECIOUS MUMMY.



THEN WE WILL SEE IF IT SHOWS ANY SIGN OF THE LIFE THAT WAS BEING WASTED IN THAT PRETTY, MINDLESS BODY.



KEEP HER BODY SAFE. IF THIS EXPERIMENT WORKS, THEN I MAY BE ABLE TO ATTEMPT THE REVERSE PROCESS.



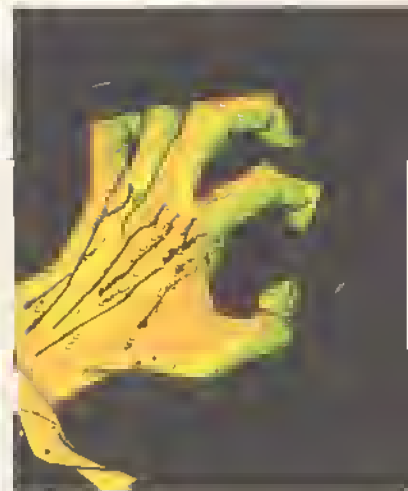
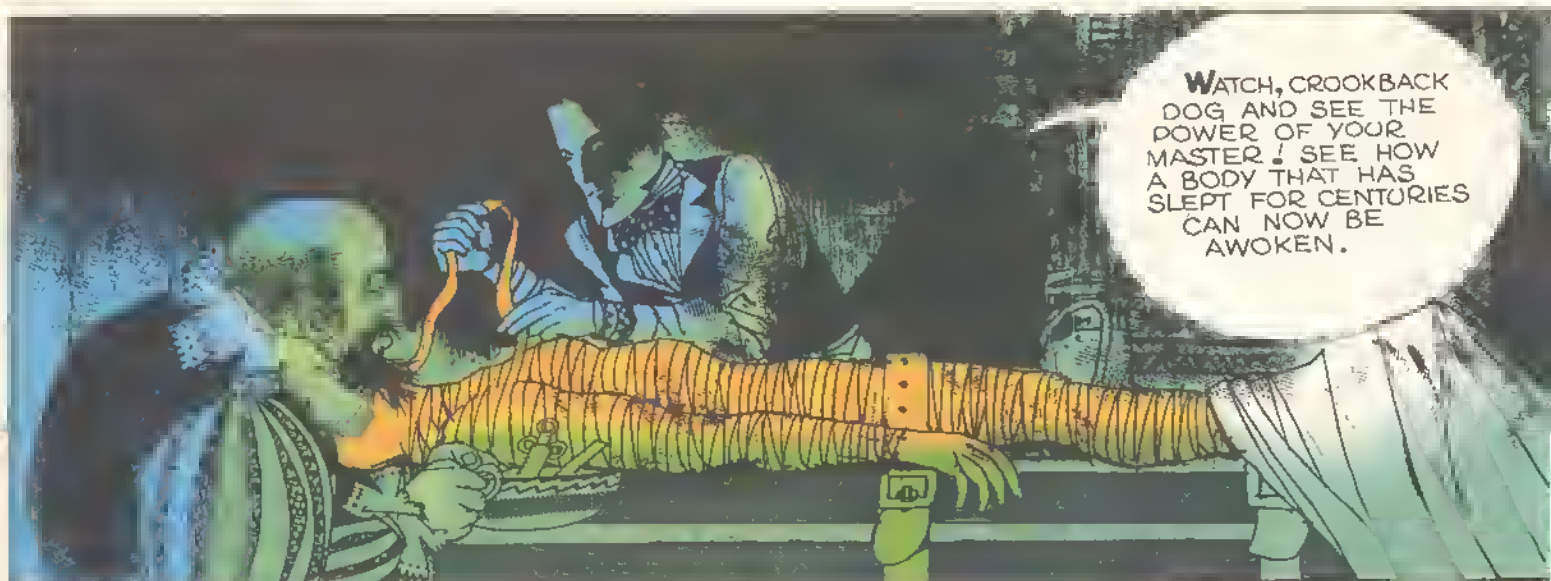
SOON MY CREATURES
WILL WALK ABROAD
THROUGH THE WORLD
AND ALL MEN WILL
SEE AND ACKNOWLEDGE
MY GENIUS. I WILL
BE MASTER OF BOTH
THE LIVING AND THE
DEAD.



I WILL BE CAREFUL WHO I
CHOOSE FOR MY SERVANTS.
ONLY THE MOST WORTHY WILL
BE ALLOWED THE HONOUR
OF SERVING ME THROUGH
ETERNITY.

IF I WISHED, I... I COULD
EVEN CONQUER THE WORLD.
HOW COULD THEY STAND
AGAINST MY ARMY?
AN ARMY THAT COULD
NOT BE KILLED!





LORD HARRINGTON HAD SUCCEEDED IN RETURNING LIFE TO THE MUMMY, AND NOW HE WAS FINDING THE REWARD. NO MORTAL FORCE COULD NOW PREVENT WHAT HE HAD BEGUN. SO SAD THAT HE COULD ENJOY HIS TRIUMPH FOR SO BRIEF A TIME!





ENRIC SIO

ALICE

DAMN THAT FLOOR!
ALWAYS CRACKING
AND CREAKING.

CRACK

CRACK

WHAT WAS THAT? IT
SOUNDED LIKE SOMETHING
FALLING.

CRACK!

CRACK



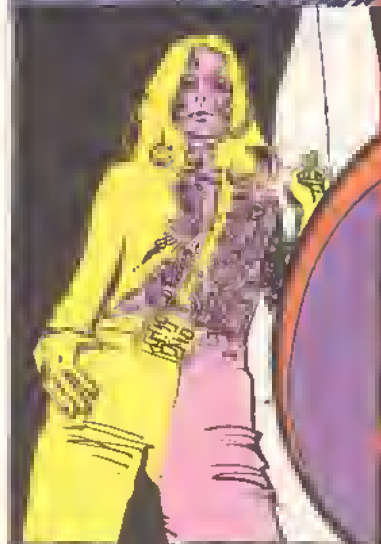
CRACK

CRACK!

CRASH!

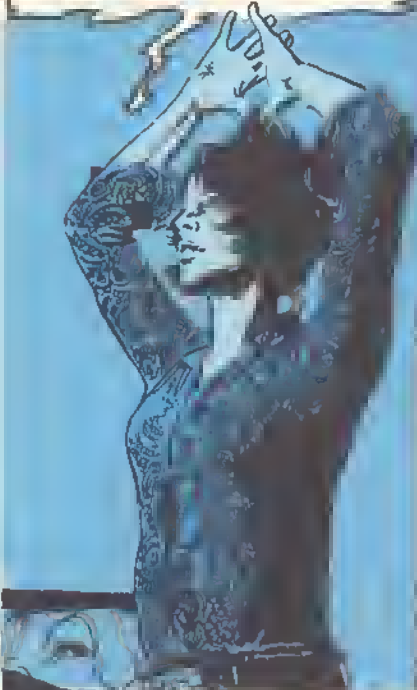


HOW COULD THAT POSSIBLY HAVE
FALLEN UNLESS...I'M
BEGINNING TO GET SCARED.



CRACK

GOD, I REALLY MUST
PULL MYSELF TOGETHER.



ERIC
SID

CRACK!



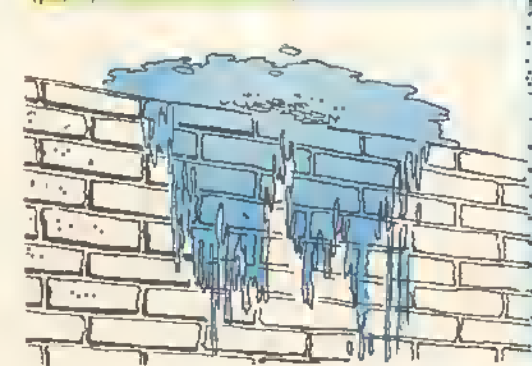
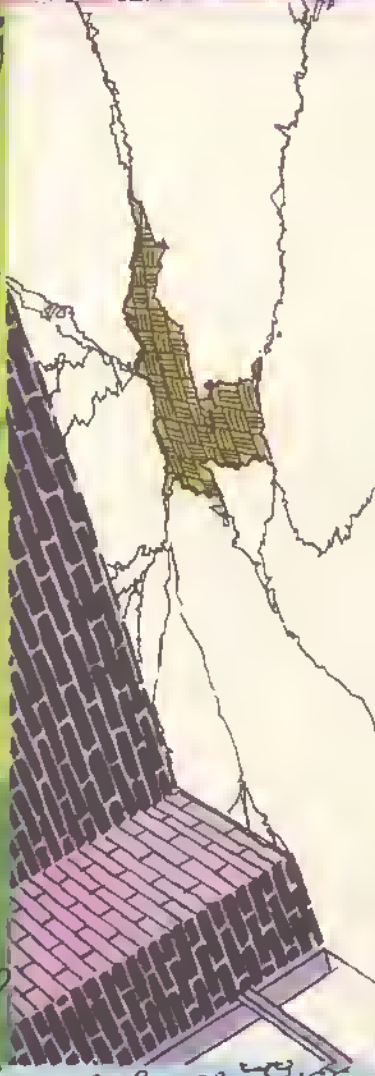
CLICK

SWISSHHH



SPLASH







OUR SECRET
PALACE,
JEAN.



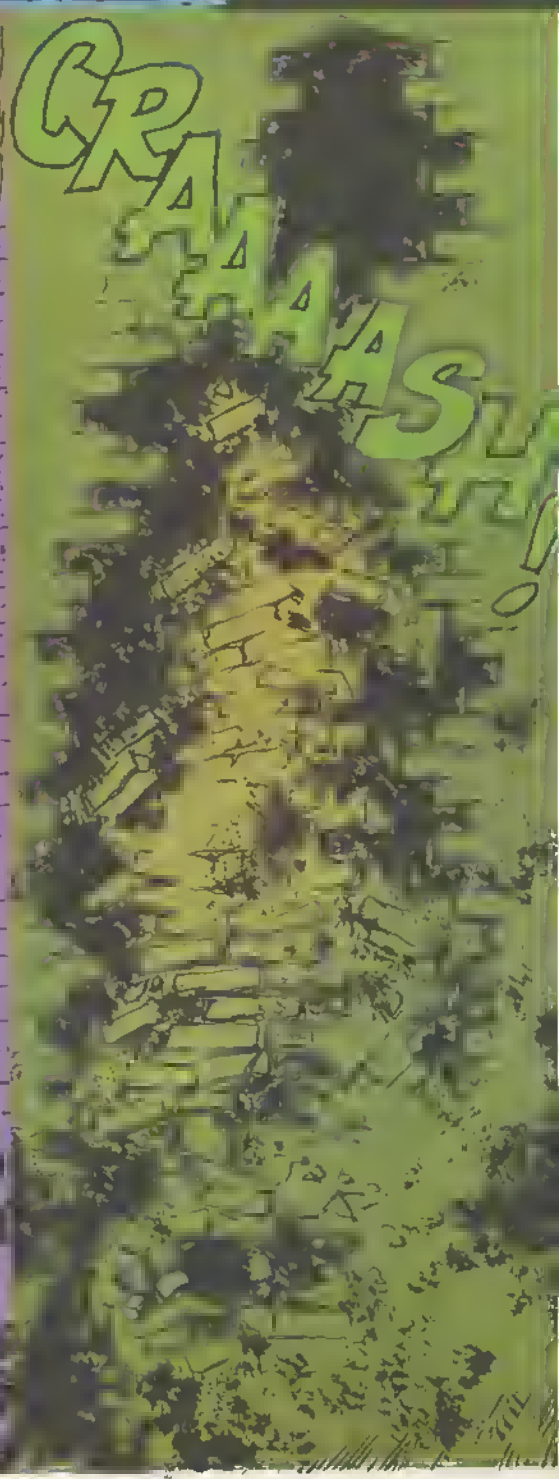
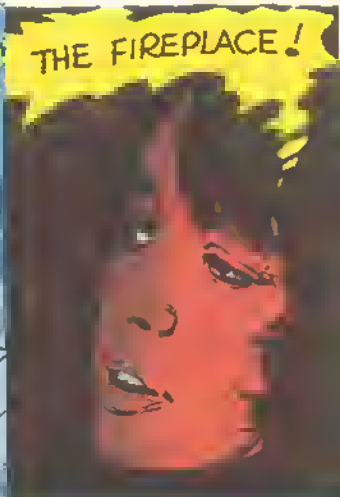
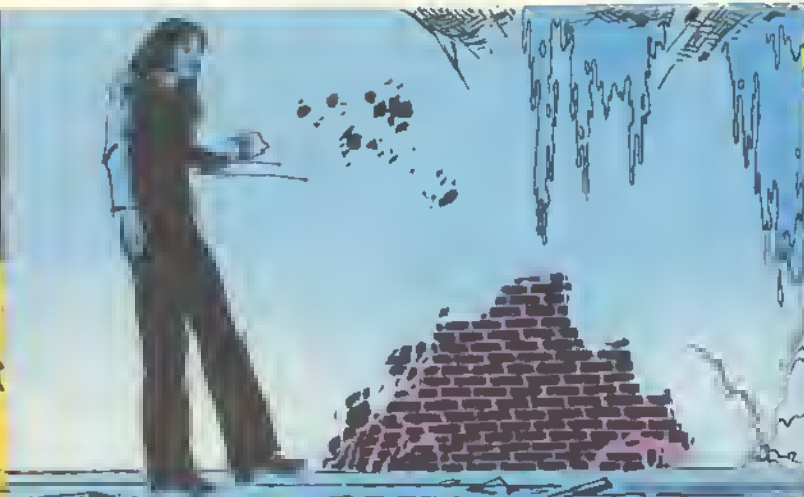
JEAN, MY LOVE.
ALICE IS AFRAID.

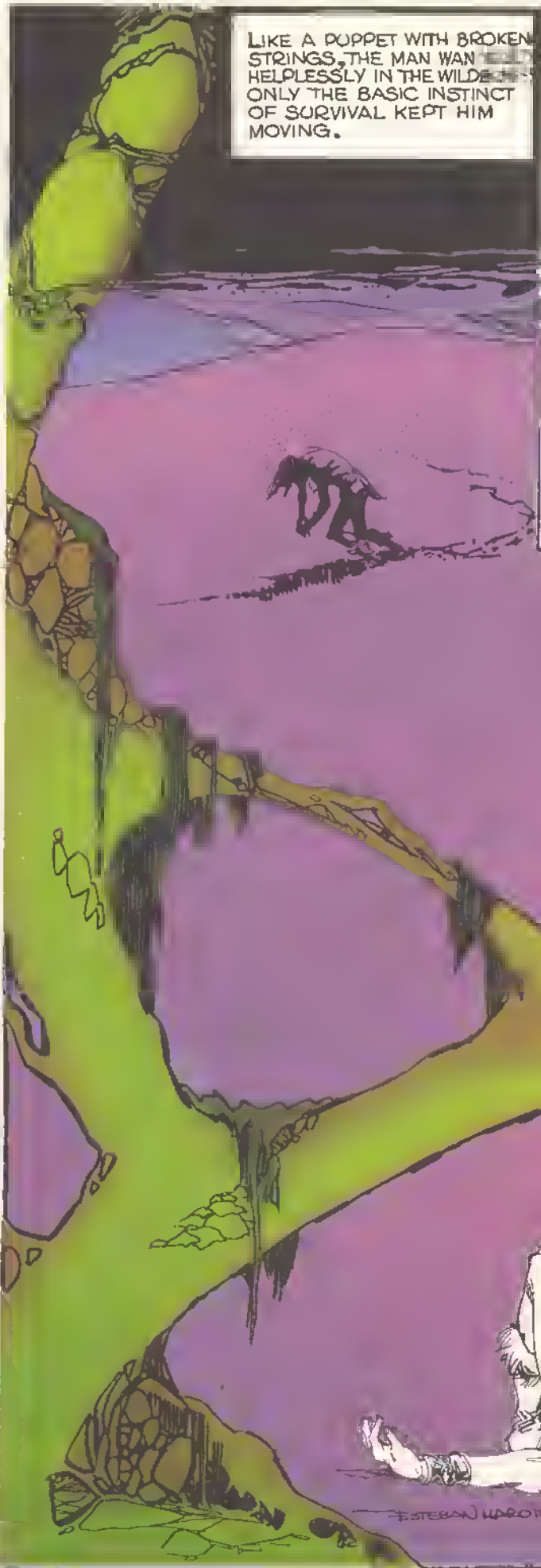


JEAN, ALICE LIKES
BEING AFRAID. LIKES
IT.



SNIFF

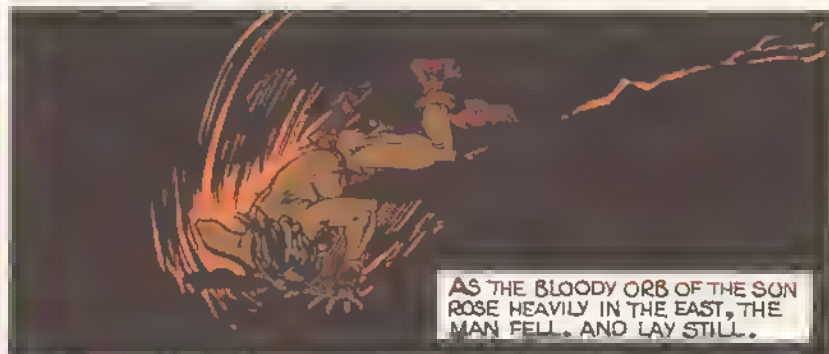




LIKE A PUPPET WITH BROKEN STRINGS, THE MAN WAN HELPLESSLY IN THE WILDERNESS. ONLY THE BASIC INSTINCT OF SURVIVAL KEPT HIM MOVING.

WOLFF

The Lady of the Wolves



THE NIGHT OF THE FULL MOON WAS OVER. SLOWLY, THE FEATURES OF THE UNCONSCIOUS MAN BECAME HUMAN AGAIN. FREED FROM THE SPELL OF THE MISTRESS OF NIGHT, WOLFF WAS NO LONGER A LYCANTHROPE - A WEREWOLF. BUT, FOR HOW LONG?

ESTEBAN HAROLD

IN ONE OF THE MOST AMBIGUOUS PASSAGES OF THE LOST MANUSCRIPT OF THE DAMNED NECROMANCER, REP-TAH, IT IS WRITTEN: "SEGNAR, FATHER OF ALL WOLVES, WHOSE FOLLOWERS OFFER SMOKING HUMAN HEARTS AS TOKEN OF FEALTY, HAD A DAUGHTER BORN OF HIS UNHOLY UNION WITH THE SHEWOLF LAMIA. THE CHILD DISAPPEARED ON THE FIRST DAY AFTER THE "DAY OF DOOM" AND HAS SINCE BEEN BELIEVED TO BE DEAD. THE NAME OF THE GIRL WAS RULAH."

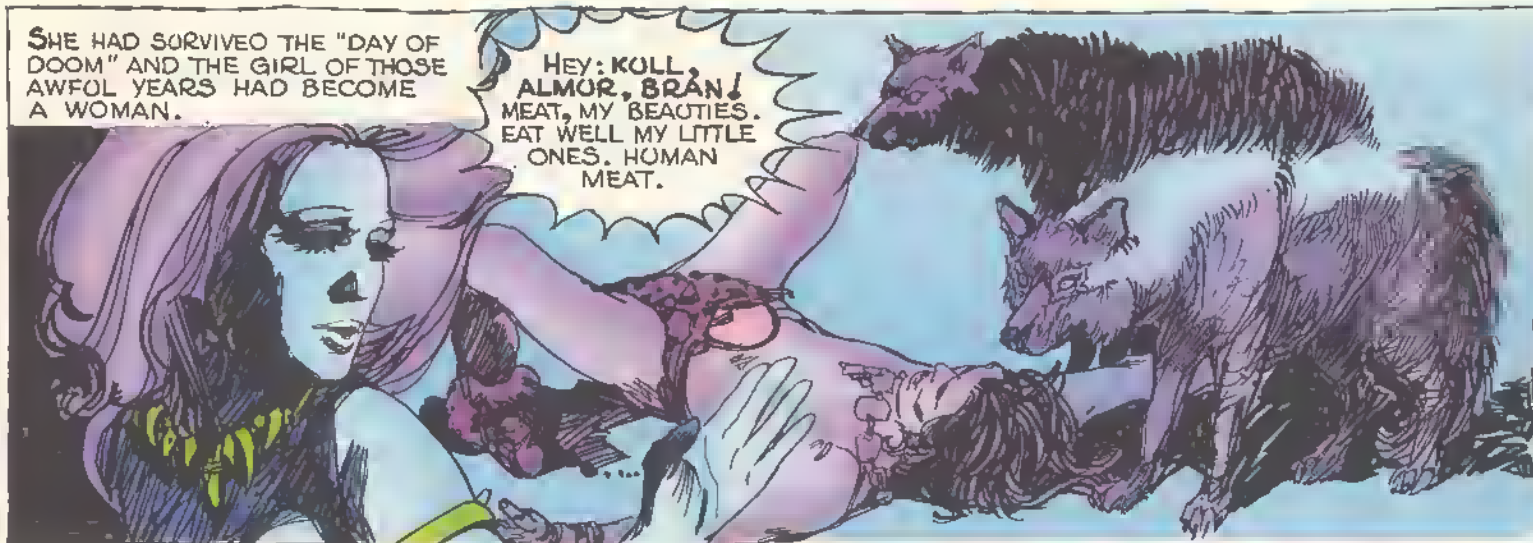
RULAH!!

THE LONG-LOST DAUGHTER OF SEGNAR. WOLFF SHODDERED AS HIS MIND REALISED HE HAD SEEN A LEGEND BECOME INCARNATE.



SHE HAD SURVIVED THE "DAY OF DOOM" AND THE GIRL OF THOSE AWFUL YEARS HAD BECOME A WOMAN.

HEY: KULL, ALMOR, BRAN! MEAT, MY BEAUTIES. EAT WELL MY LITTLE ONES. HUMAN MEAT.



RULAH LOOKED DOWN UPON THE HELPLESS FIGURE AT HER FEET, KNOWING IT TO BE A MAN. A MAN LIKE THE OTHERS SHE REMEMBERED.



NONE OF THE WOLVES WOULD TOUCH THE BODY. INTRIGUED BY THIS UNPRECEDENTED ACTION, RULAH BORE HIM TO HER DEN.

WHERE AM I? IN CROM'S NAME, WOMAN; WHO ARE YOU?



I KNOW THAT MY NAME WAS ONCE RULAH. NOW I AM JUST CALLED OUR LADY OF THE WOLVES. I HAVE HAD NONE OTHER BUT THEY AS MY COMPANIONS FOR FIFTEEN YEARS.

WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL, THERE WERE MANY MEN LIKE YOU. THEY TALKED MUCH AND MANY WERE FAT AND WITHOUT HAIR. THEN THERE WAS A GREAT REDNESS AND I WOKE ALONE.



RULAH, THE LADY OF THE WOLVES, HAD THOUGHT OF NOTHING DURING THAT LONG TIME BUT THE NEED FOR FOOD, THE DESIRE TO KEEP HERSELF AND HER COMPANIONS FROM DEATH.

YOU ARE A MAN, SOMETHING LIKE THOSE I REMEMBER. BUT, YOU ARE NEITHER BALD NOR FAT. WHY WOULD MY WOLVES NOT EAT YOU? WHY MUST I GAZE AT YOU IN THIS WAY?

I CAN TELL YOU ABOUT ME... ABOUT LIFE... ABOUT LOVE... ABOUT EVERYTHING. DON'T BE AFRAID. TRUST ME.

IN THE WARM, SOFT DARKNESS OF RULAH'S BED-CHAMBER, THE DAYS AND NIGHTS HAD RUN INTO EACH OTHER AND THEY HAD LIVED OUTSIDE TIME.

TONIGHT IS THE NIGHT WHEN... WHEN... NO, I CANNOT TELL YOU. BUT, YOU MUST LEAVE. FLEE THIS PLACE!

MY DARLING, IN THE TIME YOU HAVE BEEN WITH ME I HAVE LEARNED TO LIVE. DON'T EVER LEAVE ME. BUT... NO... YOU MUST GO. I HAD FORGOTTEN. TONIGHT IS...

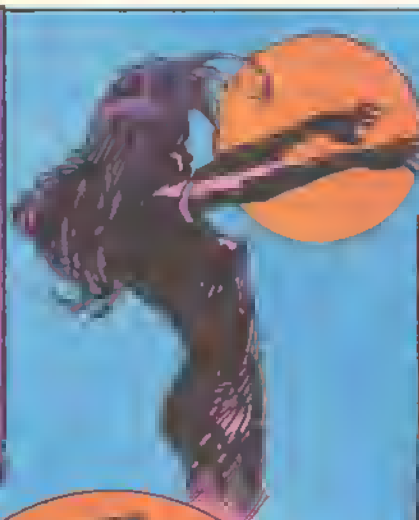
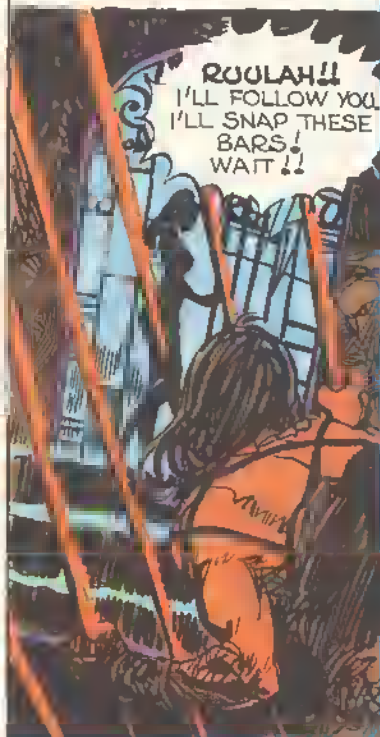
WHAT...? WHAT IS THIS? WHY? RULAH! TELL ME!

WAS IT POSSIBLE SHE COULD BE SO IN LOVE AND YET STILL WANT TO REJECT THE MAN SHE LOVED? WHY WAS RULAH SO FEARFUL FOR WOLFF'S LIFE IF HE STAYED? WHAT DID THE NIGHT MEAN?

WHEN WOLFF WOKE FROM HIS SUDDEN SLEEP, HE FOUND HIMSELF CAGED BY THE WOMAN HE HAD LOVED.

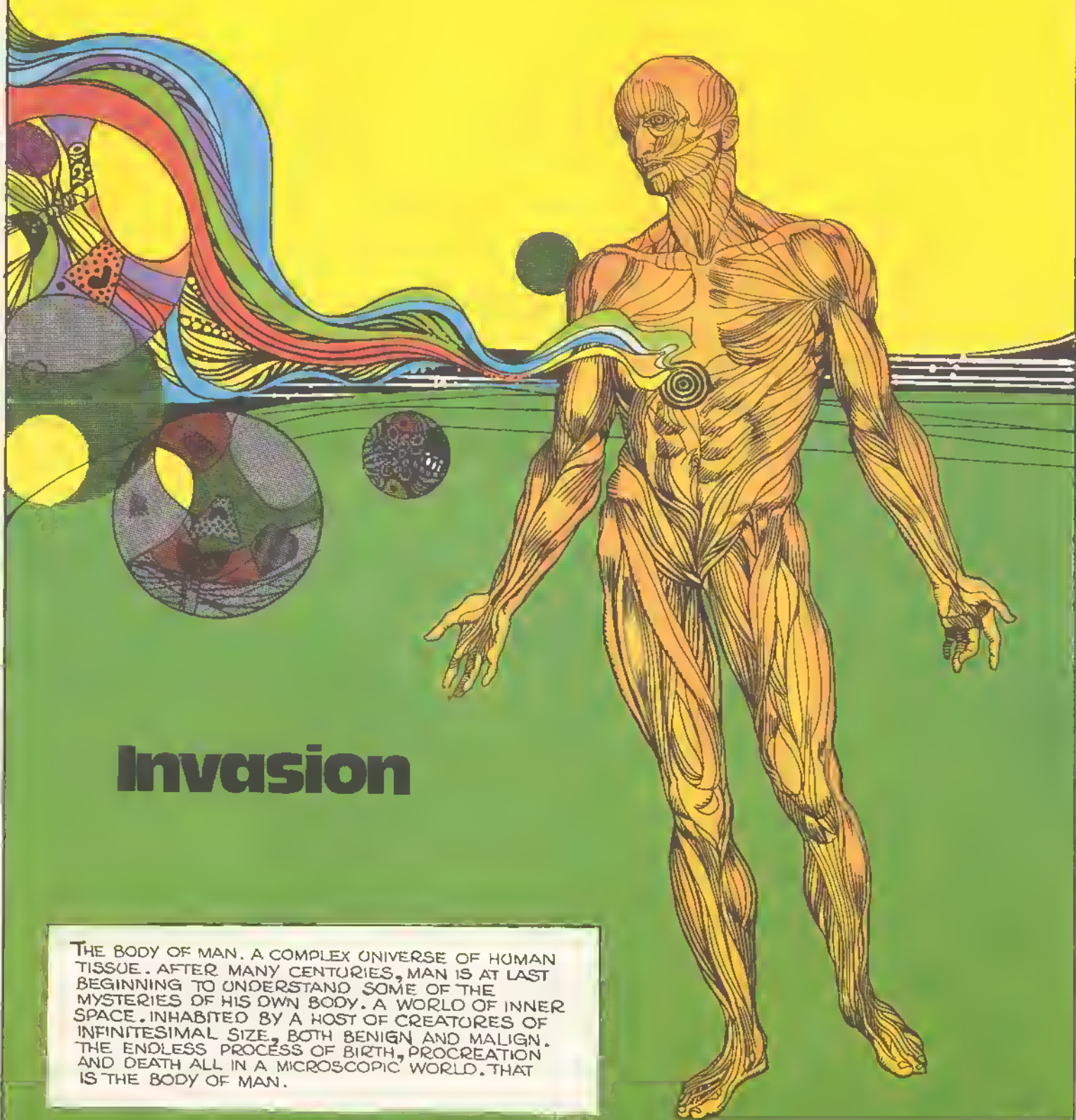
ASK ME NOTHING, BELOVED. FOR TONIGHT, IT IS BETTER THAT YOU DO NOT SEE ME. AT LEAST FOR THIS ONE NIGHT WHEN THE MOON...

IGNORING THE CRIES OF THE IMPRISONED WARRIOR, THE WEeping **RULAH** WENT WITH HER BEASTS INTO THE COLD LIGHT OF THE FULL MOON.



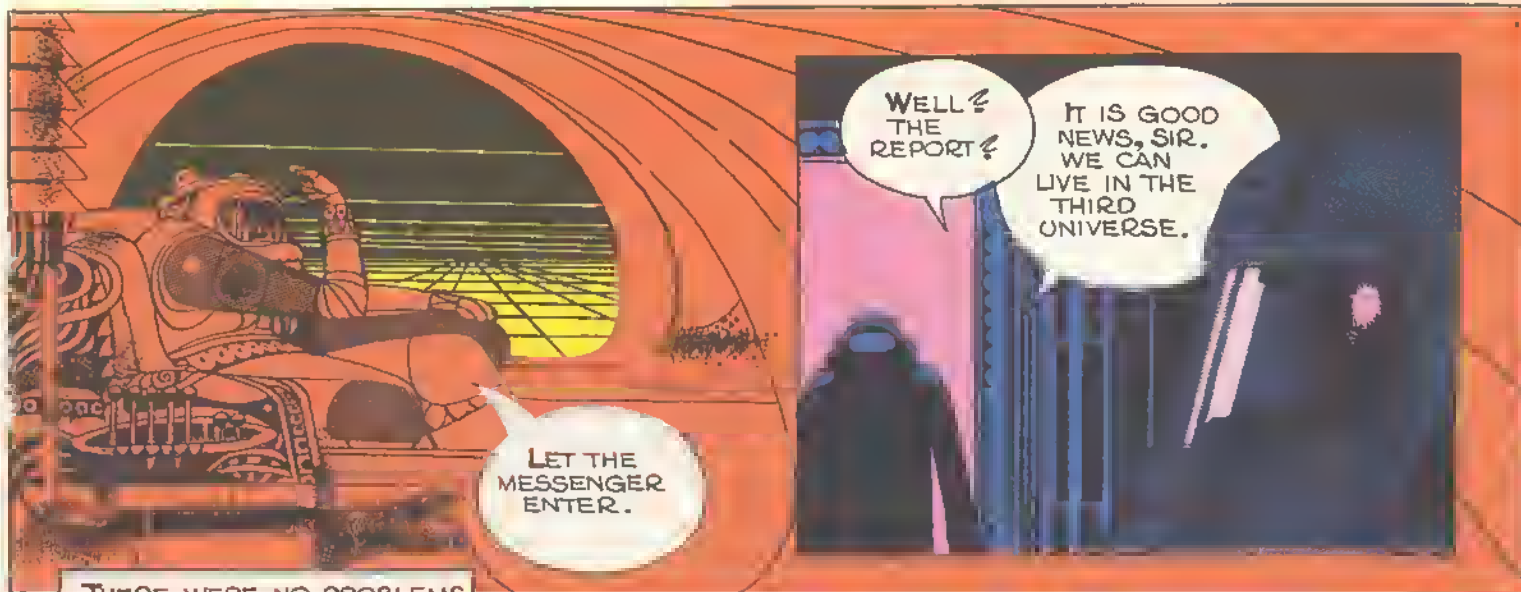
THE FIGHT WAS SAVAGE AND BLOODY. SUDDENLY, **RULAH** REALISED THAT HER ANTAGONIST WAS **WOLF**, HIMSELF CHANGED BY THE MOON INTO A CRUEL, VULPINE FIGURE. IT MATTERED NOT, THE RITUAL OF THE FIGHT MERGED INTO THE RITUAL OF LOVEMAKING. THE PACK OF WOLVES WATCHED SILENTLY AS THEIR MISTRESS JOINED HERSELF TO THE MAN SHE LOVED. THE NIGHT WAS ENDLESS!



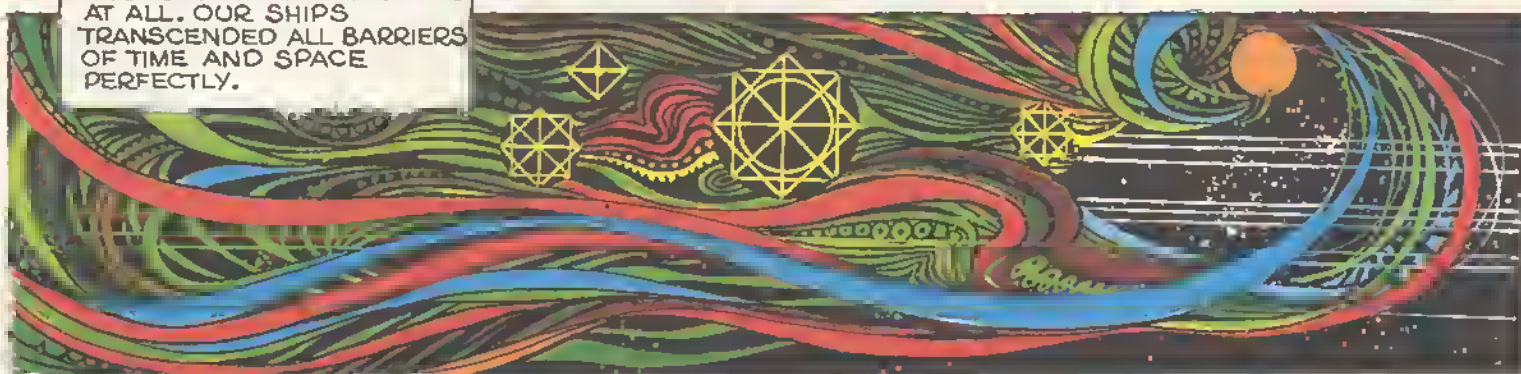


Invasion

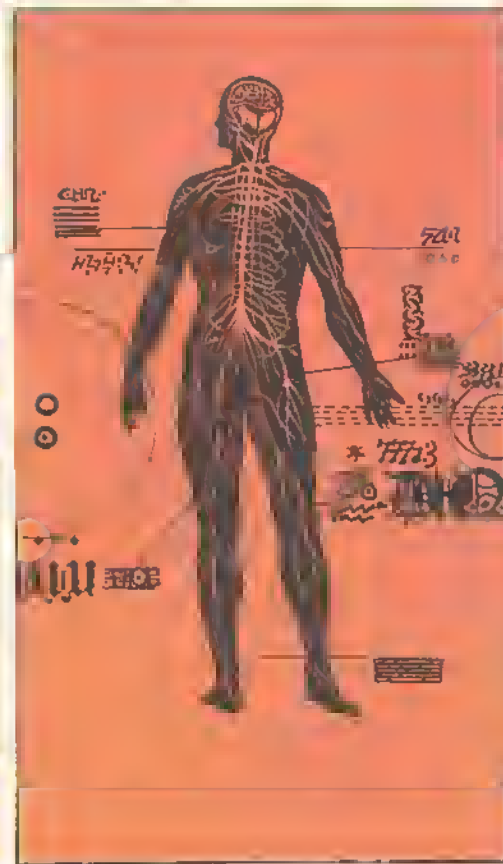
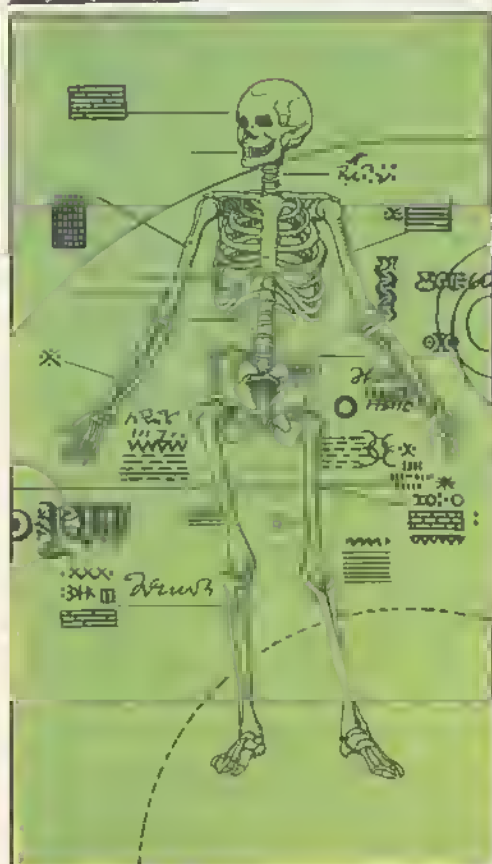
THE BODY OF MAN, A COMPLEX UNIVERSE OF HUMAN TISSUE. AFTER MANY CENTURIES, MAN IS AT LAST BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND SOME OF THE MYSTERIES OF HIS OWN BODY. A WORLD OF INNER SPACE, INHABITED BY A HOST OF CREATURES OF INFINITESIMAL SIZE, BOTH BENIGN AND MALIGN. THE ENDLESS PROCESS OF BIRTH, PROCREATION AND DEATH ALL IN A MICROSCOPIC WORLD, THAT IS THE BODY OF MAN.



THERE WERE NO PROBLEMS AT ALL. OUR SHIPS TRANSCENDED ALL BARRIERS OF TIME AND SPACE PERFECTLY.



THE INHABITANTS OF THIS UNIVERSE ARE PHYSICAL GIANTS, BUT THEY APPEAR DEVOID OF INTELLIGENCE. WE WERE UNABLE TO COMMUNICATE WITH THEM. AS YOU CAN SEE, THEY HAVE A SUPREMELY SOPHISTICATED ORGANIC SYSTEM, IDEAL FOR OUR LIFE-SUPPORT METHODS.



I ORDERED SOME OF OUR
SCOUT UNITS TO PENETRATE
INTO THEIR UNIVERSE.



ONCE WE HAD DISPOSED OF OUR ENEMIES,
I GAVE THE ORDERS FOR THE REST OF
OUR SHIPS TO BE ABANDONEO AND
THE EXPEITION TO BEGIN TO SPREAD
OUR CULTURE THROUGH THE NEW
UNIVERSE.

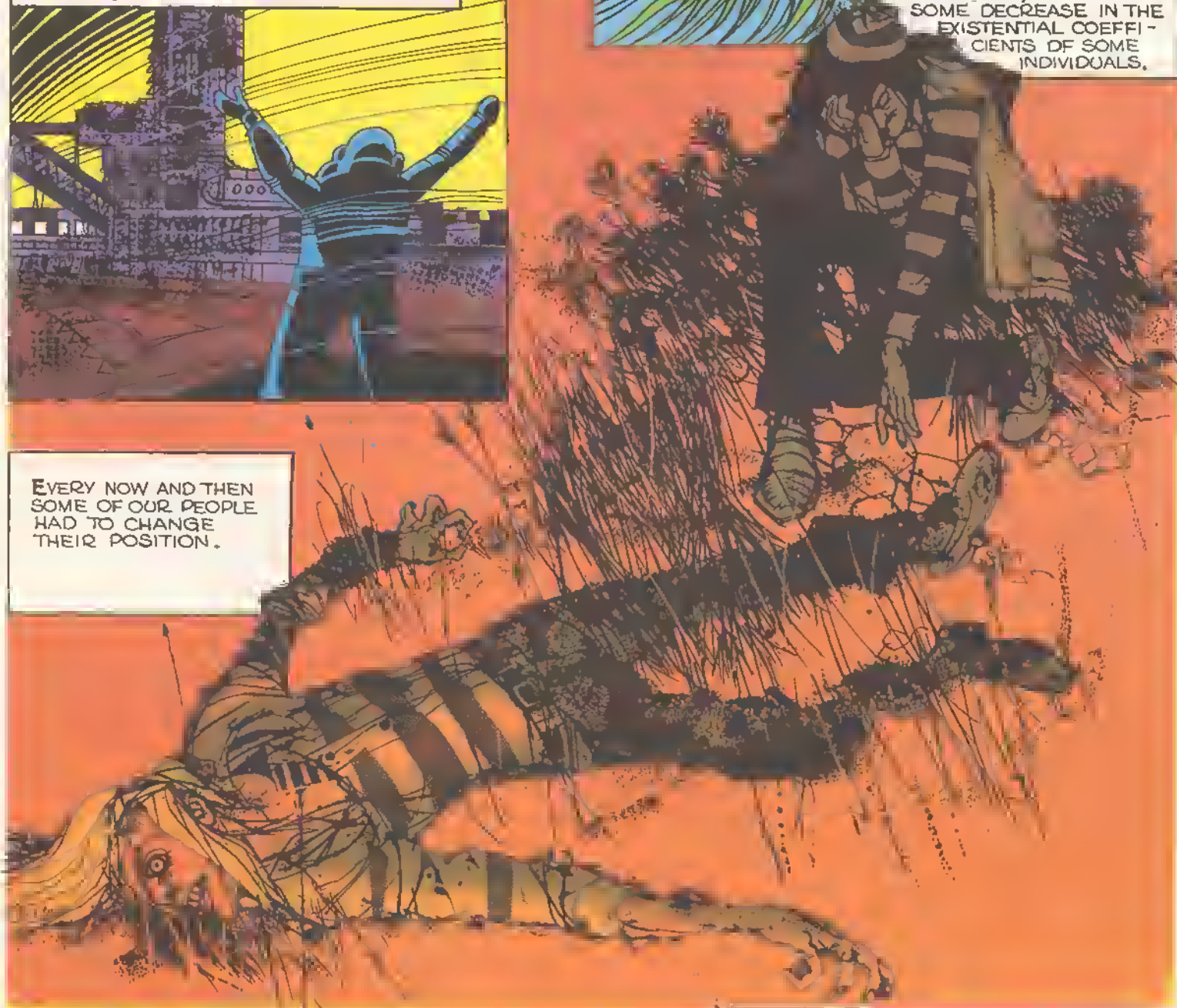


EVERY NOW AND THEN
SOME OF OUR PEOPLE
HAD TO CHANGE
THEIR POSITION.

THERE WAS BUT LITTLE RESISTANCE FROM THE
INHABITANTS. SOME SMALL CELLS OF PRIMARY
VALUE OPPOSED OUR ATTACK. THEY WERE EASY
TO DEAL WITH.



NEVERTHELESS, WE NOTICED
SOME DECREASE IN THE
EXISTENTIAL COEFFI-
CIENTS OF SOME
INDIVIDUALS.



IN A SMALL NUMBER OF SEVERE CASES, A FEW UNITS WERE TRAPPED.



WHEN THE FAILURE OF THEIR ENVIRONMENTS WAS SUDDEN THERE PROVED TO BE INSUFFICIENT WARNING FOR THEM TO MOVE.



WE MADE EVERY EFFORT TO ESTABLISH TELEPATHIC COMMUNICATION WITH SOME OF THE GIANTS, BUT THEY WERE TOO STUPID.

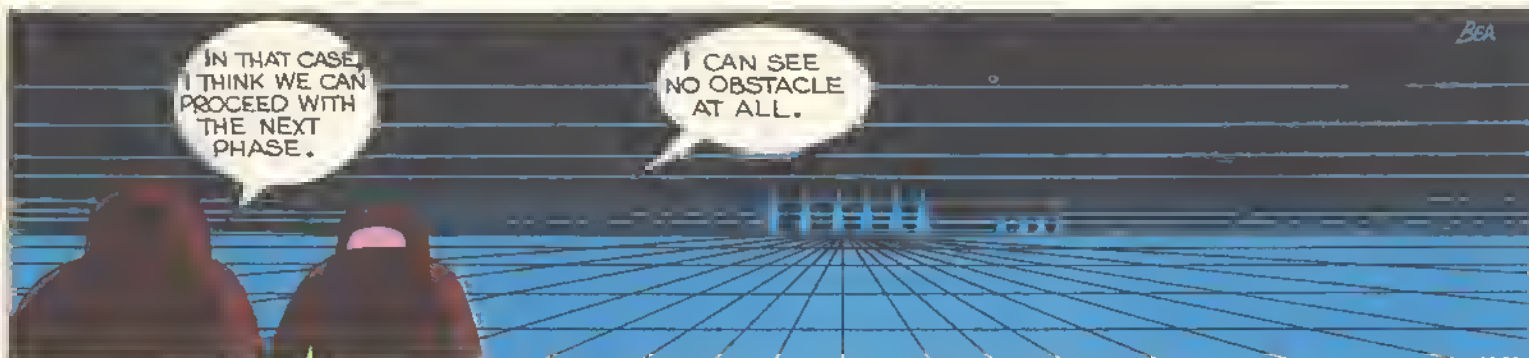


THEY SEEMED TO BE AWARE OF US, BUT THEY DID NOT SEEM TO MAKE ANY EFFORT TO GET INTO CEREBRAL CONTACT WITH US.



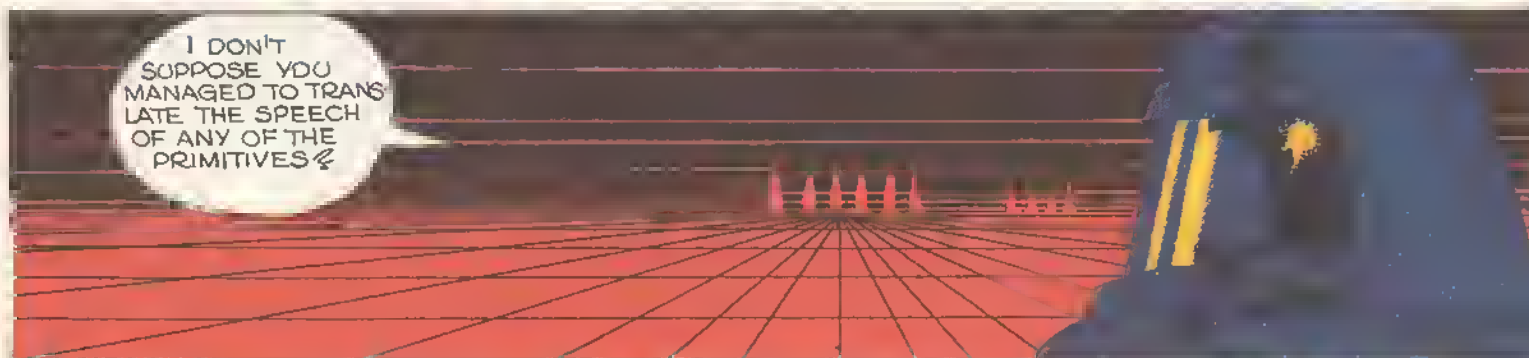
THERE IS NO OTHER DANGER FOR US?

NO. OUR FIRST EXPEDITION HAS FOUND NO MAJOR PROBLEMS.



IN THAT CASE,
I THINK WE CAN
PROCEED WITH
THE NEXT
PHASE.

I CAN SEE
NO OBSTACLE
AT ALL.



I DON'T
SUPPOSE YOU
MANAGED TO TRANS
LATE THE SPEECH
OF ANY OF THE
PRIMITIVES?



FOR A MOMENT, THE QUESTION
HANGS LIMPIDLY IN THE CABIN
OF THE ALIEN SHIP.



YEEES...THERE
IS ONE THING. IT
APPEARS THAT
THEY HAVE A NAME
FOR US. THEY
CALL US
CANCER!



The Viyi

THE VIYI IS A MAGNIFICENT CREATION OF POPULAR FOLK-LORE. THE COSSACKS GIVE THIS NAME TO THE KING OF THE UNDERWORLD, WHOSE EYES CAN PIERCE EVEN THE DEEPEST GLOOM OF THE DARKEST GRAVE.



WAS IT YOU WHO
SENT FOR ME?
WHO IS IT THAT
NEEDS MY
SERVICES?
IS IT YOU?



WRAPPED
IN A MUSTY
SILENCE,
THE TWO
MEN
CONTINUE
TO THE
PLACE OF
DEATH.



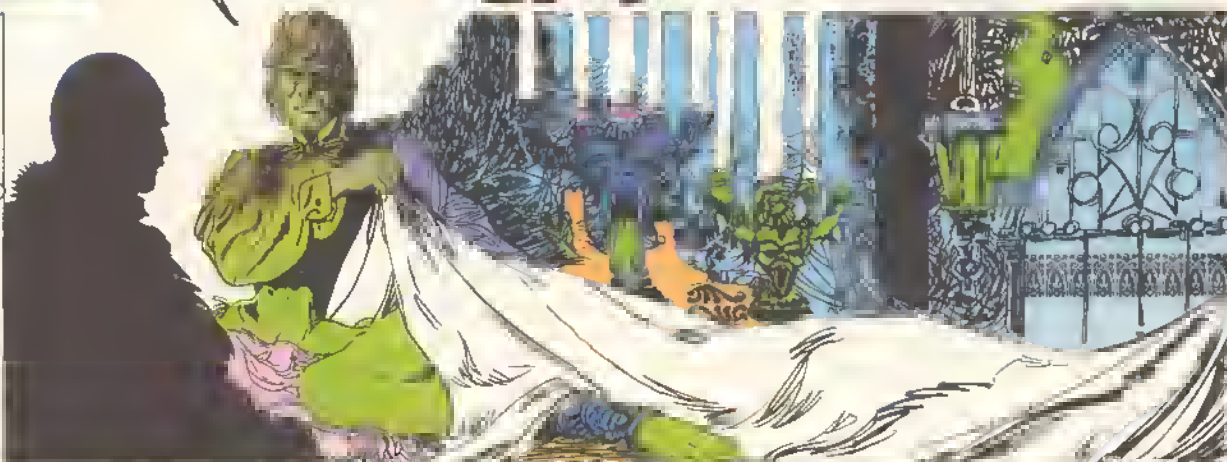
KEEP CLOSE.
SHE TOLD ME TO DO
IT THIS WAY. SHE SAID:
"FATHER, DON'T LET THEM
PUT ME IN THE GROUND
WITH PRAYERS. GET AN
EMBALMER."

THE WORDS HUNG LIMPLY IN THE AIR.
SOMETHING SLUMBERED IN THE CRYPT,
WHILE THE RATS DREAMED OF A
FEAST OF ROTTING FLESH.

WHAT BEAUTY!
WHEN I HAVE
FINISHED, THE WORLD
WILL WONDER AT HER.
THEY WILL WAIT
FOR HER TO
WAKE.



A SHUDDER RAN
THROUGH HIS
VEINS. THE BODY
BEFORE HIM WAS
THAT OF A WOMAN
OF UNEARTHLY
BEAUTY. SHE RESTED
AS IF SHE WERE
STILL ALIVE.
BUT, SOMETHING
IN HER FACE
WAS OUT OF
PLACE, AS
THOUGH
SOMEONE HAD
GIGGLED AT A
FUNERAL.

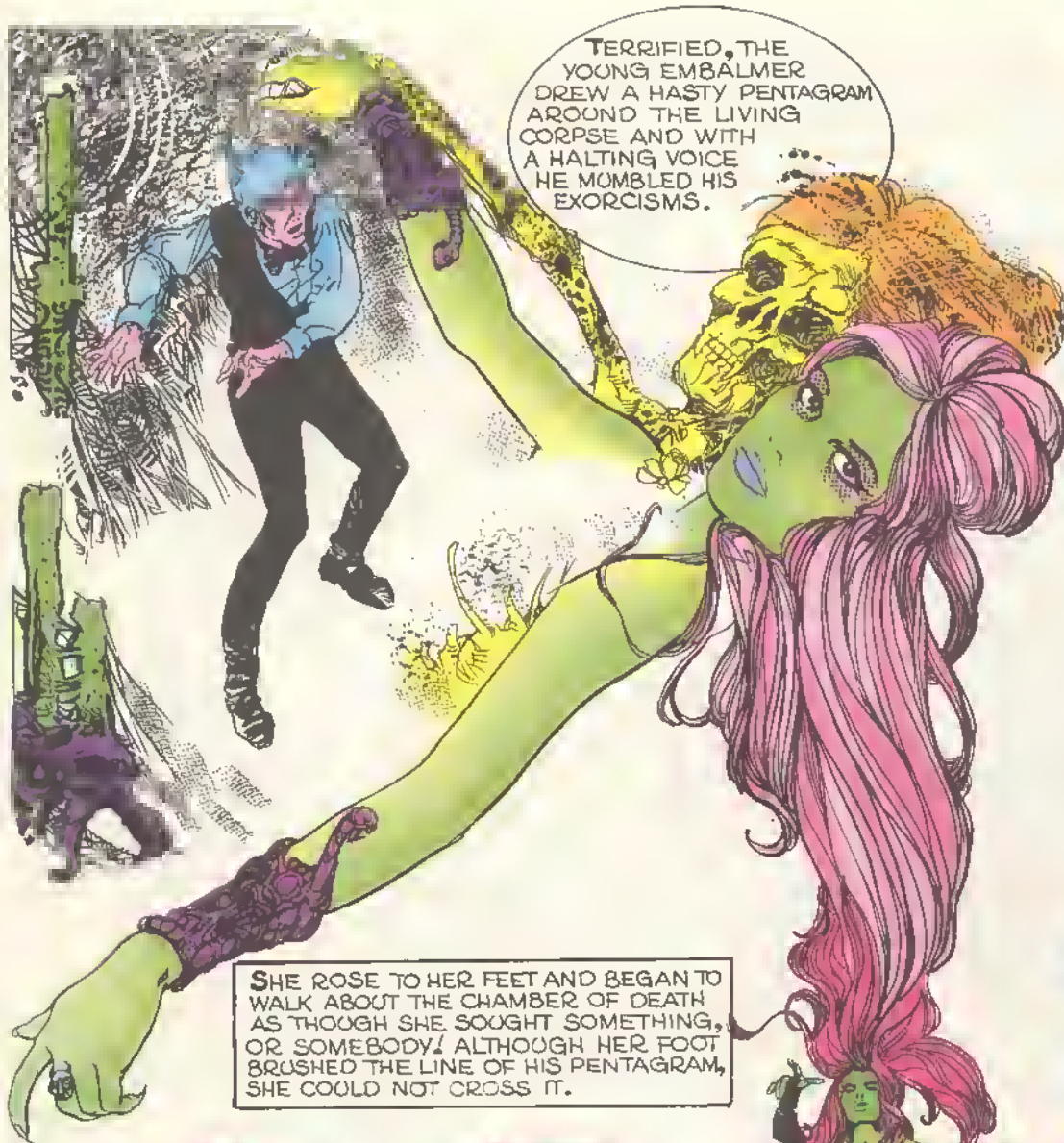


WHEN THE FATHER HAD LEFT HIM, HE BEGAN HIS WORK. THE GIRL WAS SO LOVELY, THAT HE FOUND IT INDESCRIBABLY DIFFICULT TO CONCENTRATE. HE COULD NOT SHAKE OFF THE UNEASY FEELING THAT SHE WAS NOT DEAD, AND THAT SHE WATCHED HIM FROM BEHIND LOWERED LIDS.

WHAT WAS THERE TO FEAR? WAS HE NOT A COSSACK, AND WERE THE COSSACKS NOT THE BRAVEST OF MORTAL MEN? BUT WHAT IF SHE IS NOT MORTAL? WHAT IF SHE... THE DEAD GIRL SLOWLY OPENED HER EYES.

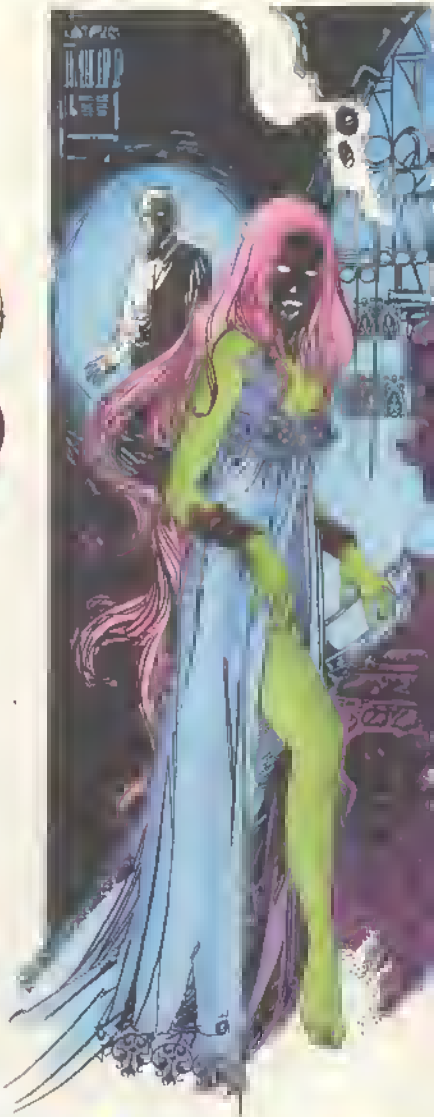
JESSE HART

WHAT WAS THERE
TO FEAR?
WAS HE NOT A
COSSACK, AND WERE THE
COSSACKS NOT THE
BRAVEST OF MORTAL MEN?
BUT WHAT IF SHE IS NOT
MORTAL?
WHAT IF SHE ...
THE DEAD GIRL
SLOWLY OPENED
HER EYES.



TERRIFIED, THE YOUNG EMBALMER DREW A HASTY PENTAGRAM AROUND THE LIVING CORPSE AND WITH A HALTING VOICE HE MUMBLED HIS EXORCISMS.

SHE ROSE TO HER FEET AND BEGAN TO WALK ABOUT THE CHAMBER OF DEATH AS THOUGH SHE SOUGHT SOMETHING, OR SOMEBODY! ALTHOUGH HER FOOT BRUSHED THE LINE OF HIS PENTAGRAM, SHE COULD NOT CROSS IT.



IN A VOICE CROAKING WITH THE SOUNDS OF THE PIT, THE CORPSE BEGAN TO TALK. HORROR STRUCK, THE YOUNG MAN REALISED IT WAS THE BEGINNING OF AN INCANTATION.



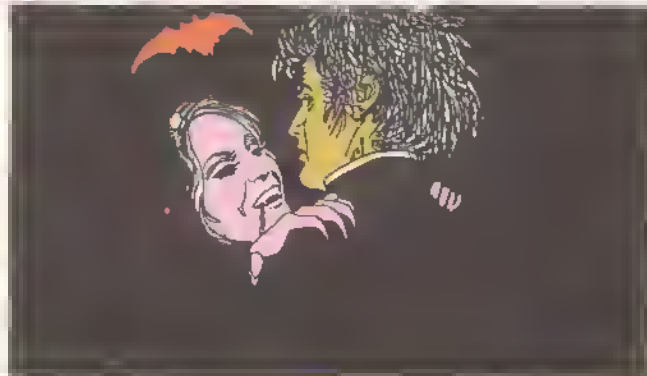
THE WINDOW OF THE CRYPT WAS BUFFETED BY LEATHERY WINGS. A LEGION OF FOUL CREATURES FROM THE MAW OF HELL SCRATCHED THEIR TALONS AT THE MAGIC CIRCLE, STRIVING TO BREAK IT.



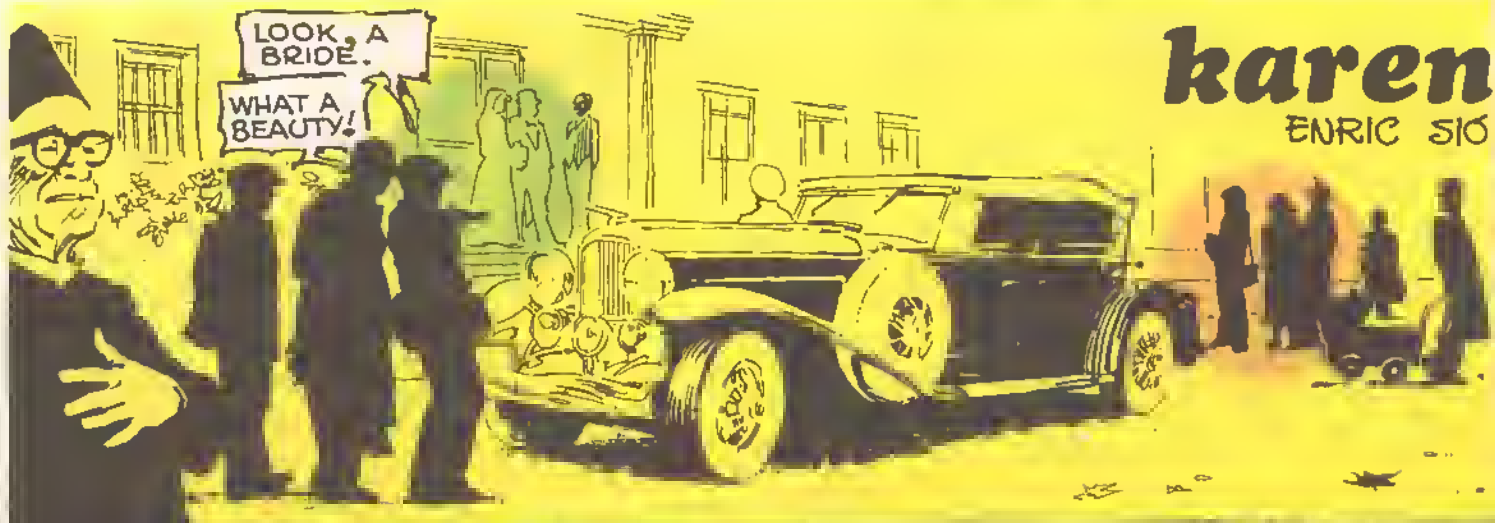
THE DEMONS CHEELED AND MUTTERED AS THEY SOUGHT THEIR VICTIM. THEN THE STARE OF THE SHROODED GIRL BECAME MORE FIERCE. SHE RAISED HER ARMS. BRING ME VIYI. GO, BRING VIYI!



THEN SHE ROSE ABOVE THE DARKNESS, OVER THE HASTILY-DRAWN DEFENCE AND PLUNGED DOWN UPON THE MAN, WHO STOOD DUMB AND HELPLESS, AWAITING HIS FATE. HE WAITED BUT A LITTLE TIME!!

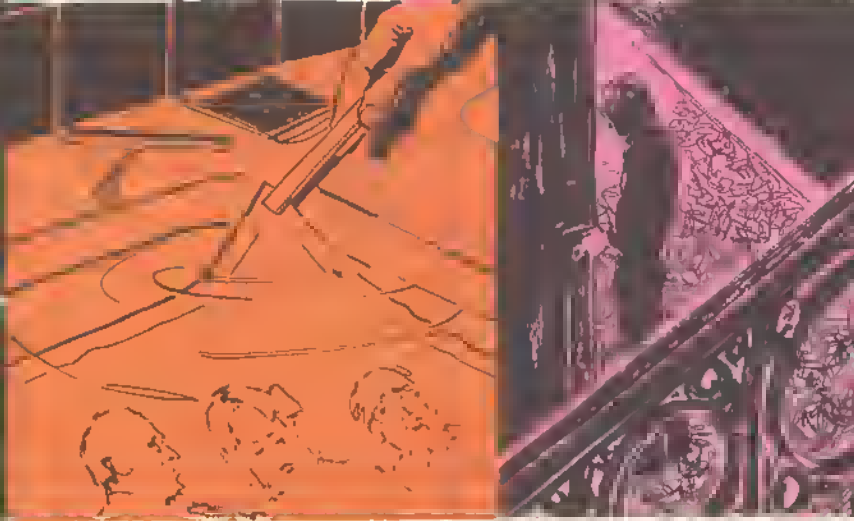
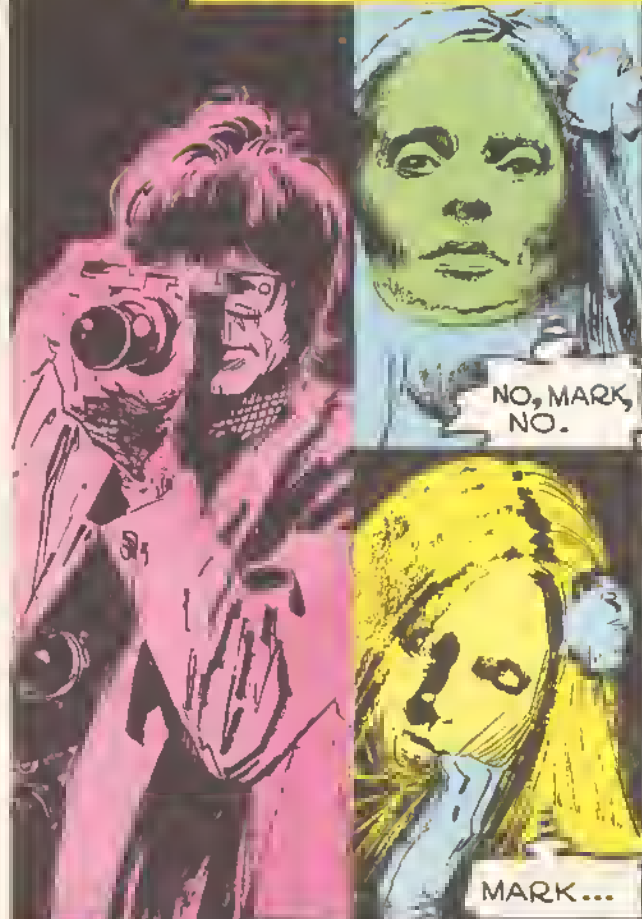


ESHERAN HARPER



karen

ENRIC SIO



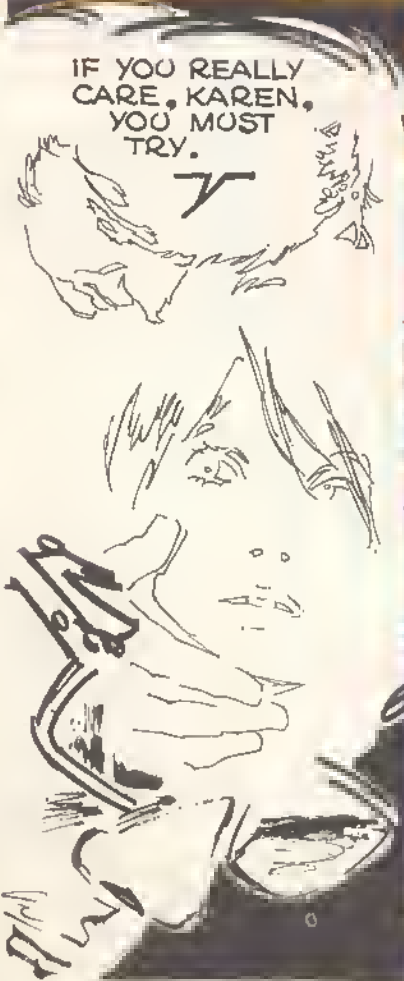


ONE DAY I'LL BE GLAD THAT
I'VE GOT THIS.

ERIC
SIO
70



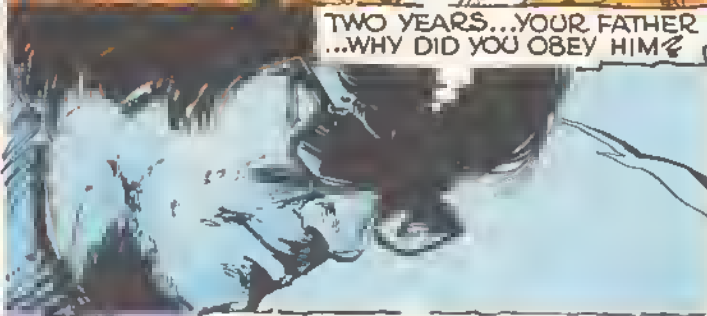
YOU...YOU OLD SWINE.
YOU GOT AWAY WITH IT.



IF YOU REALLY
CARE, KAREN,
YOU MUST
TRY.



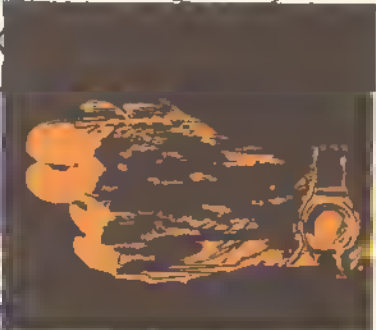
TWO YEARS...YOUR FATHER
...WHY DID YOU OBEY HIM?

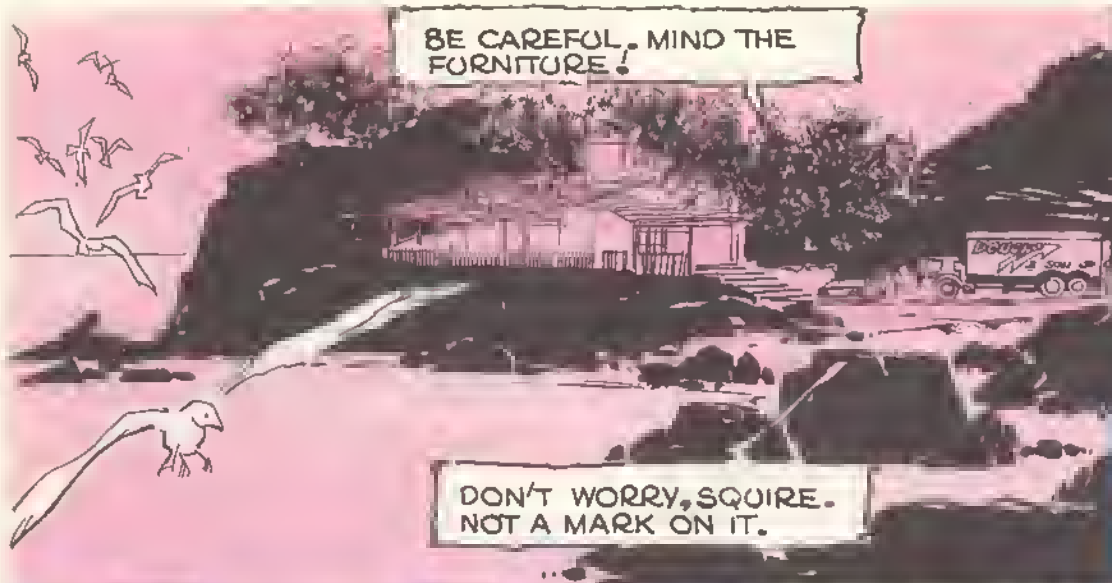


IT JUST DOESN'T MAKE SENSE.
THIS OBSESSION WILL HAVE
TO STOP.



MARK, I CAN'T.
I'LL BE AWAY
FOR TWO MONTHS.





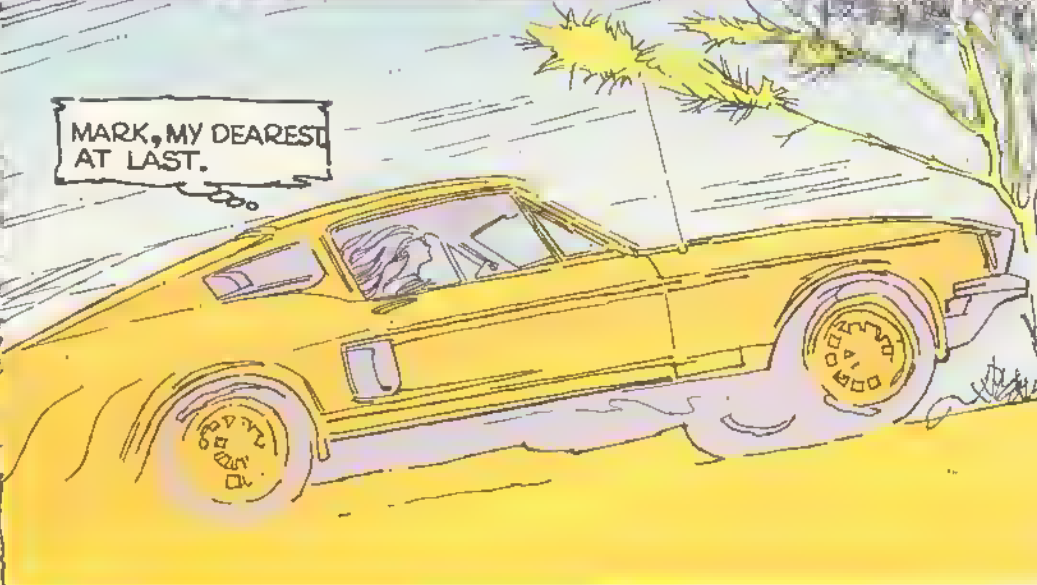
BE CAREFUL, MIND THE FURNITURE!

DON'T WORRY, SQUIRE. NOT A MARK ON IT.



MOVING HASN'T DONE ANY GOOD AT ALL. WHAT A WASTE OF TIME. IT'S USELESS.

ERIC S16

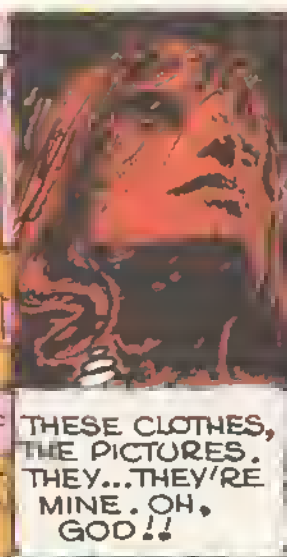


MARK, MY DEAREST AT LAST.

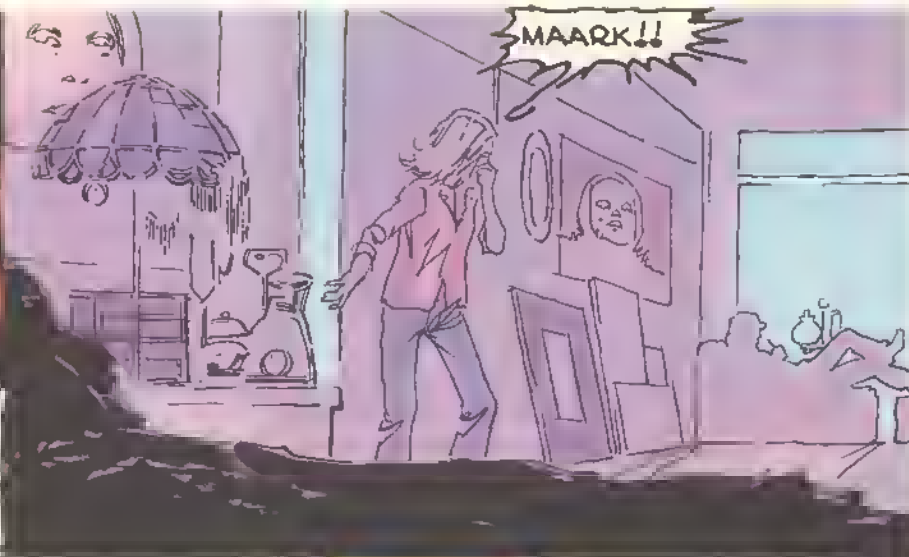
WHY WAS IT, KAREN? WERE YOU SCARED? WAS THAT IT? NO!! YOU NEVER LOVED ME AT ALL AND I KEPT WAITING.



MARK.
MAARK!!



THESE CLOTHES,
THE PICTURES.
THEY...THEY'RE
MINE. OH,
GOD!!



MAARK!!



WHAAT?



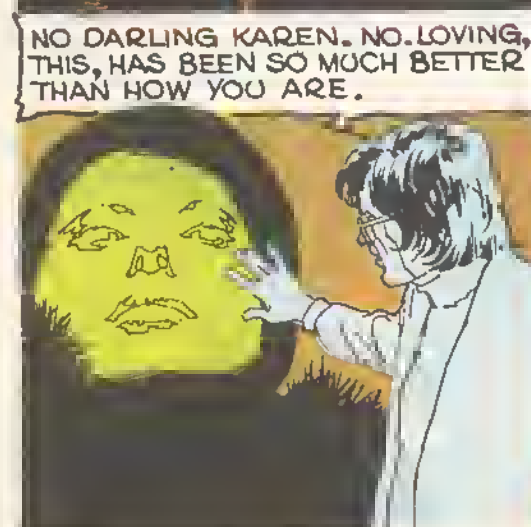
MARK, HAVE YOU BEEN
DRINKING? DARLING, I'M
BACK WITH YOU. THIS TIME,
IT'S FOR EVER.



NO, KAREN. ACTUALLY, I HAVEN'T HAD
A DRINK AT ALL.



THIS TIME, IT'S FOR
EVER...



NO DARLING KAREN. NO. LOVING,
THIS, HAS BEEN SO MUCH BETTER
THAN HOW YOU ARE.



ON THE OTHER HAND,
WHEN YOU WERE REAL...
HOW SAD THOSE FEW
TIMES REALLY WERE.

MARK, DON'T BE SILLY.
WE LOVE EACH
OTHER.

YOU DON'T COUNT ANY MORE. I WANT
TO STAY IN LOVE WITH MY
DREAM.

AND THIS GAME, KAREN,
HAS ONLY GOT ONE
PLAYER. ME!

MARK!!

NO MORE!!
NO MORE!!

STOP!!!

NO. NOOO!

NOW, MARK.
NOW!

YOU DON'T
DESERVE IT... KAREN!

KAREN!

MY LOVE! FOR EVER

ERIC SID

AT FIRST LIGHT, THE
MALIGN SPELL WAS
BROKEN.

I FOUND YOU, TORN
AND BLEEDING, SORROU-
DED BY A PACK OF WOLVES,
LYING ACROSS THE MUTILA-
TED BODY OF A LOVELY
GIRL, WHO ARE
YOU?

I WAS HUNGRY
AND I FED AND
NOW I WISH
ONLY TO
FORGET. WHO
ARE YOU?

I AM CALLED
GALADRA OF THE
MOON AND I MUST
LIVE FOR EVER HIDDEN
FROM THE WITCHES,
FOR MY FLESH HAS
ONCE KNOWN THEIR
POWER. I HAVE KNOWN
THEM ONCE AND,
SO, I KNOW
FEAR.

I ESCAPED
FROM THEM,
MITRA KNOWS
HOW, AND MY
LIFE HAS BECOME
A HUNT WITH
ME THE QUARRY.
HELP ME!

I FEAR NO
LIVING, NOR NO
THING OF FLESH. MY
SWORD WILL SLICE
THROUGH ANY WITCH
OR WIZARD.

FOOLISH MAN.
YOUR PRIDE AND
VANITY WILL BRING YOU
LOW BEFORE THEM. YOU
DO NOT EVEN HAVE
THE MANUSCRIPT!

WOLFF

THE MANUSCRIPT OF REP-TAH

THE FIRST THREE ARE KNOWN
TO ME. I LEARNED THEM
FOR MY PEOPLE - EARTH,
FIRE AND AIR.

IS THERE
NOTHING IN THEM
TO HELP OVERCOME
THE WITCHES?

PERHAPS THE
FOURTH MANUSCRIPT,
THE ONE OF WATER,
HOLDS THE KEY
THAT WILL
DESTROY THEIR
DEMONIC
POWERS.

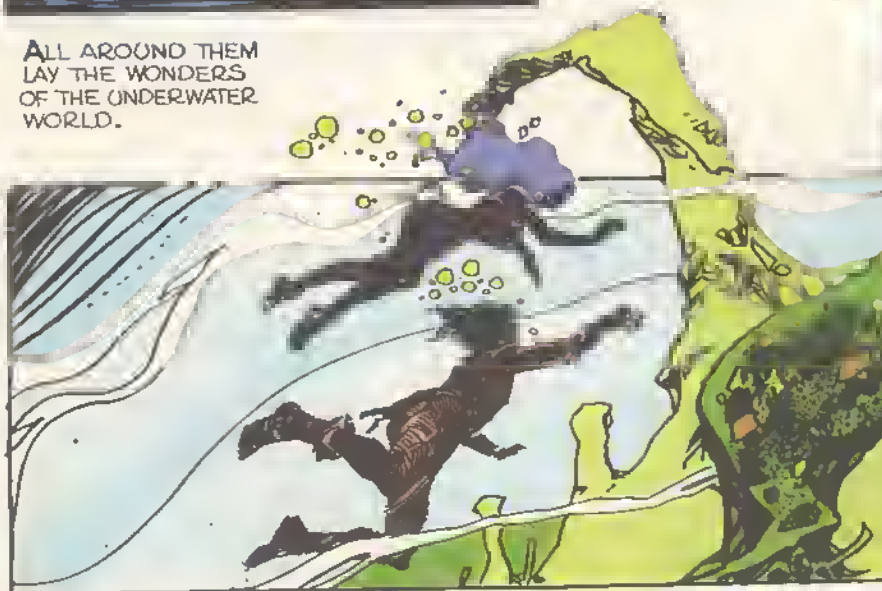
IT IS WRITTEN THAT THE GATEWAY
TO THE WORLD OF THE DEEP IS
LOCATED IN AN ABYSS NEAR THE
BANKS OF THE LAGOON AISH TANA.
AFTER FACING MANY DANGERS,
WOLFF AND GALADRA HAD REACHED
THE DARK SHORE OF THAT NOISESOME
POOL.



GALADRA AND WOLFF
PLUNGED INTO THE
UNKNOWN DEPTHS OF
THE LAKE.



ALL AROUND THEM
LAY THE WONDERS
OF THE UNDERWATER
WORLD.



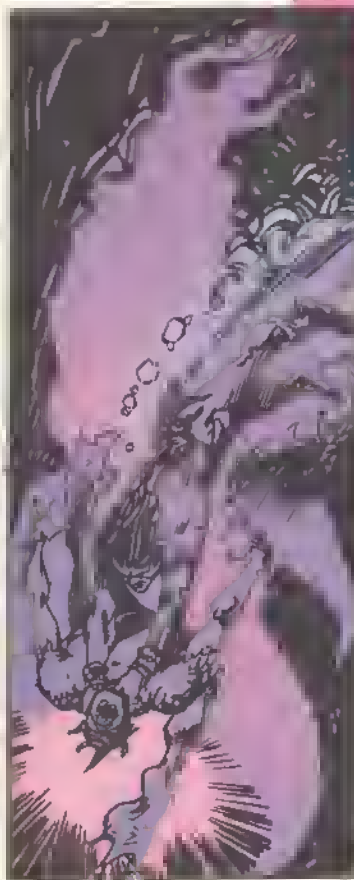
BUT, THEY WERE NOT
UNOBSERVED !!





HIS SWORD LEFT
ON THE EDGE
OF THE LAGOON,
WOLFF MUST
FACE HIS ENEMY
WITH HIS BARE
HANDS.

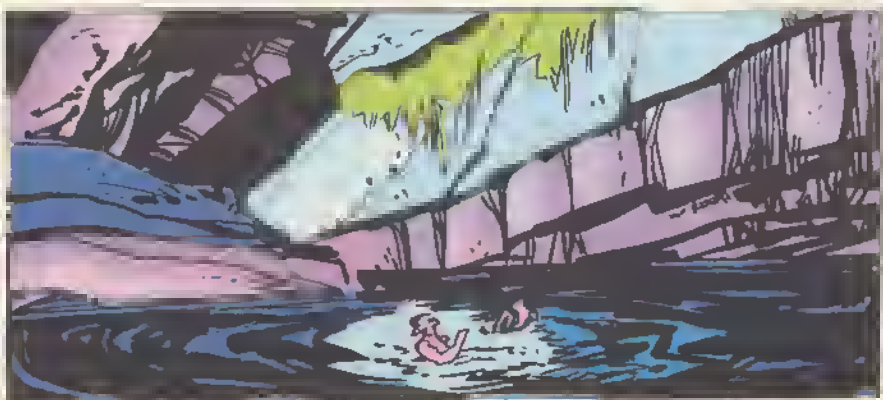
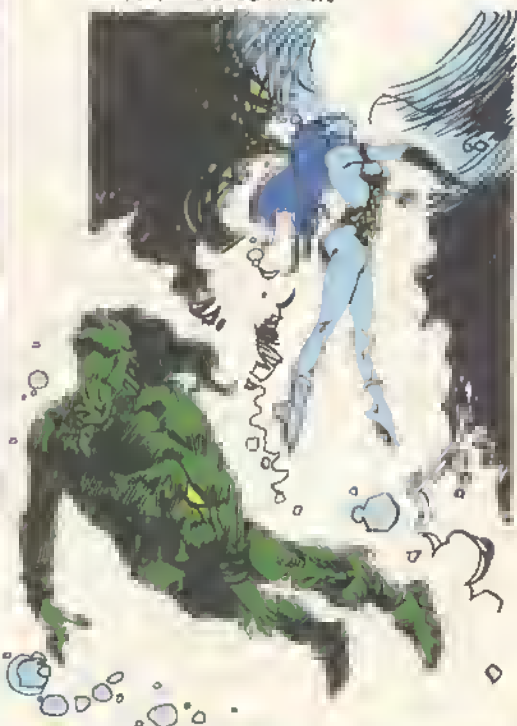
IT WAS A BLOODY
BATTLE WITH
EVERYTHING IN FAVOUR
OF THE AQUATIC
CREATURE.



ALTHOUGH HIS FINGERS
SLIPPED ON THE WET
SCALES OF HIS
ADVERSARY, THE BARBA-
RIAN NEVER SLACKENED
HIS HOLD FOR A
MOMENT.



AS THE MONSTER SANK TO THE
SLIME, **WOLFF** AND **GALADRA**
SWAM FOR THE SURFACE,
LUNGS BURSTING.



BREATHLESS FROM THE STRUGGLE, THEY LAY PANTING IN AN UNDERWATER CAVERN OF TOTAL SILENCE.

IT'S FANTASTIC!
IT'S SO QUIET.
EVEN OUR VOICES
FALL DEAD
WITHOUT
ECHO.

WOLFF, YOU'RE
STRONG AND CUNNING.
I'M SORRY I WAS SO
HARD ON YOU. YOU'RE
NEITHER PROUD NOR
VAIN. YOU ARE TRULY
A MAN WITH WHOM A
WOMAN CAN FEEL
SAFE.

THERE'S A
TIME FOR TALK
AND A TIME FOR
QUIET. I CAN'T STAND
CHATTERING WOMEN.
DIDN'T YOU
KNOW?

GALADRA!
LOOK, DOWN
THERE! BY CROM
AND MITRA,
LOOK!

LEGEND SAID THAT THE
FOURTH MANUSCRIPT LAY
IN THE WORLD OF DEEP
WATER, BUT WHERE?
WOLFF AND GALADRA
WALKED FEARFULLY
THROUGH THE STRANGE
AND TOTAL SILENCE.

FINALLY AND HORRIBLY,
THE WORLD OF THE LAGOON
REVEALED ITS DREAD
SECRET TO THE WARRIOR
AND THE MAIDEN. IT WAS
THE MOTHER OF ALL
WATER, CREATOR AND
GIVER OF LIFE.

INTRUDERS!
WHO ART THOU? THOU
ART NOT OF MY MAKING.
LITTLE PEOPLE, WHAT
DOST THOU DO IN THE
WORLD OF LIFE? WHAT
DOST THOU
SEEK?

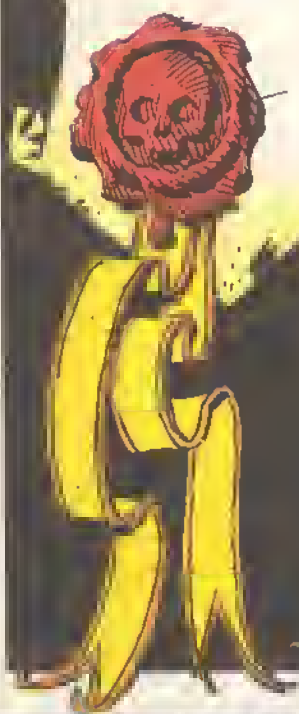
ESTEBAN MAROTO

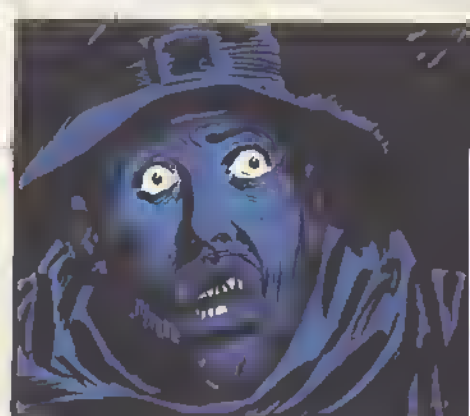
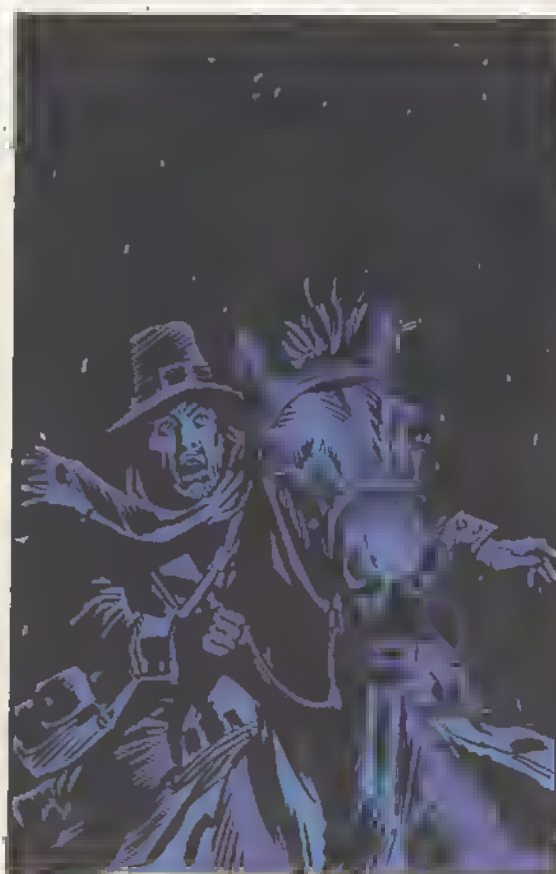
MOTHER OF
WATERS!!
SHE IS HUGE AND
FRIGHTFUL! YET, SHE
IS... SHE IS
BEAUTIFUL!!

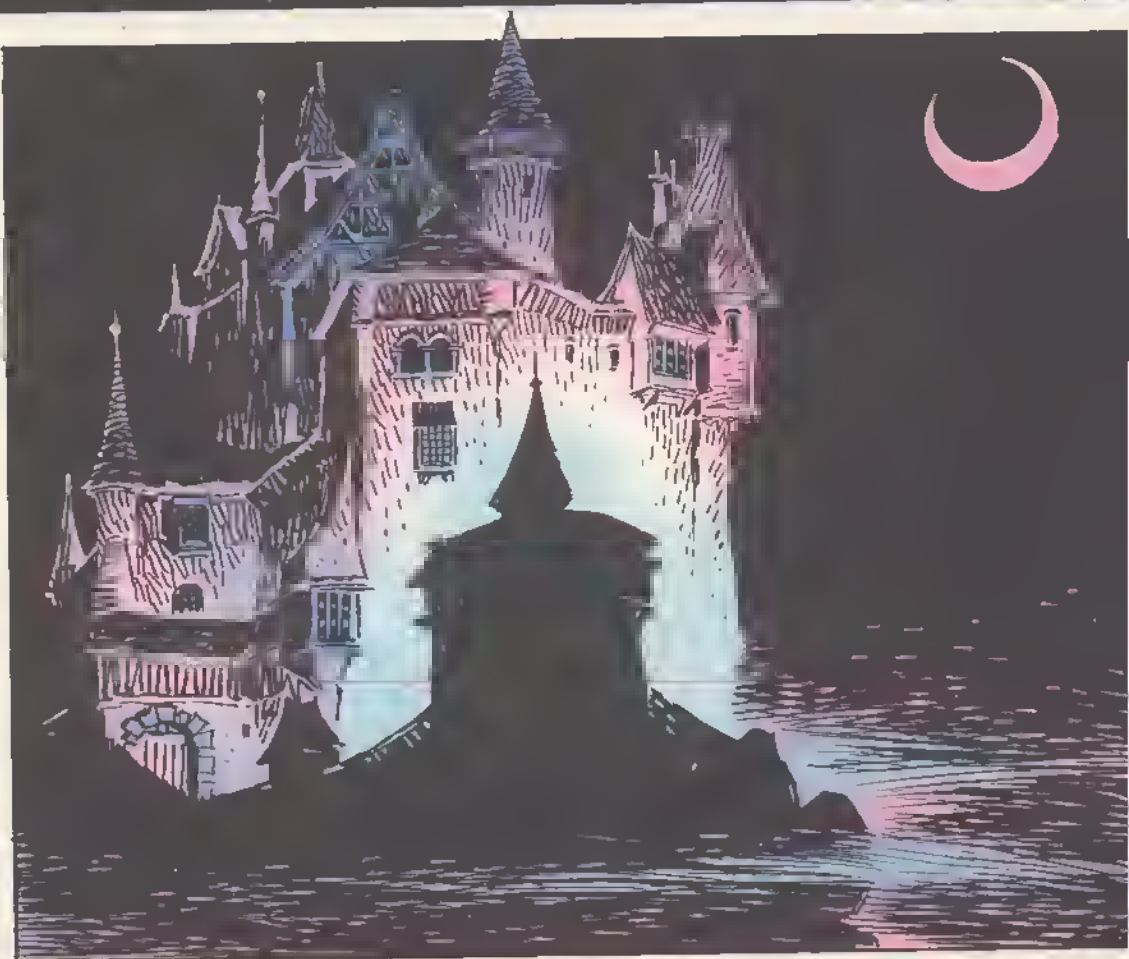
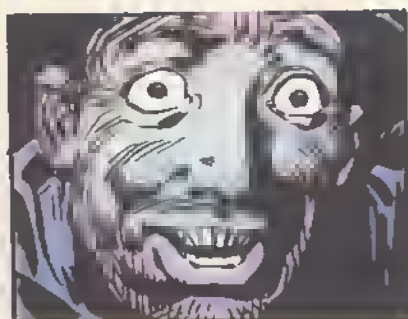
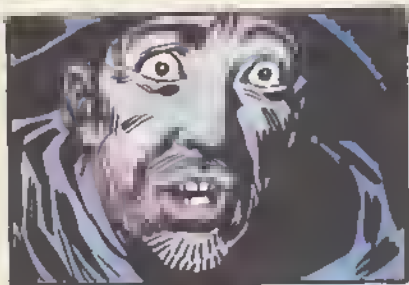
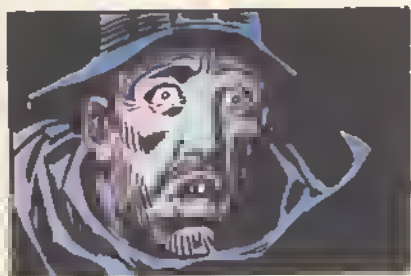
Greetings Excellency:
Due to the strange and
inexplicable disappearance
of my envoys, my best
mail bears this to you.

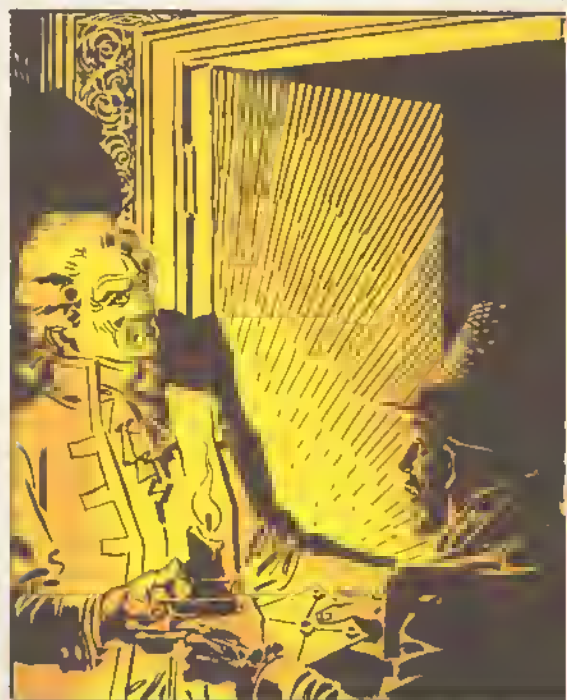
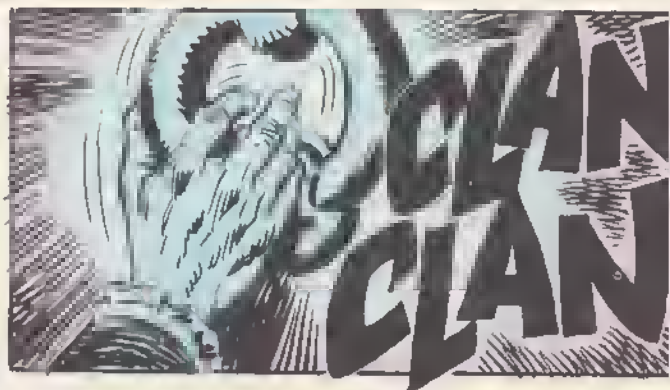
The Messenger

As you know, my lord,
the honour of myself and
my department is based
on our proud boast that
we always deliver
letters entrusted to us.
Whatever the hazard,
whatever the danger.
We never fail!!











AGAR-AGAR The Harem of Bacchus



GOODBYE GANDOR,
WITH YOU, NIGHT
AND DAY ARE
ONE.

FAREWELL,
AGAR-AGAR.
YOU WILL BE MY
LOVE FOR
EVER.

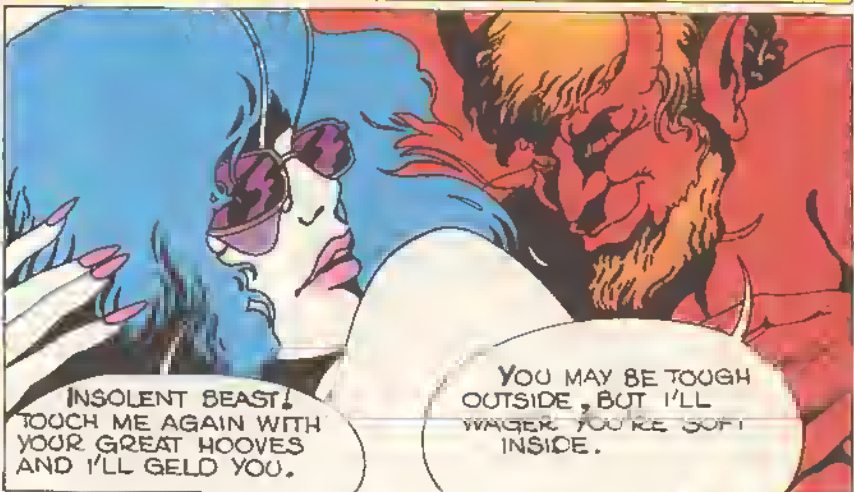
AGAIN THE LOVELY SPRITE IS FREE OF A
LOVER. AGAIN SHE CAN SEEK A NEW
INFATUATION.

WHAT A
STRANGE THING
LOVE IS. IT FADES
AWAY LIKE THE
MORNING
DEW.



MMMM. WHAT A
STRANGE AND
ENCHANTING
CREATURE!

BEWARE LADY, FAUNS ARE INFAMOUS FOR THEIR LUSTS.



INSOLENT BEAST!
TOUCH ME AGAIN WITH
YOUR GREAT HOOVES
AND I'LL GELD YOU.

YOU MAY BE TOUGH
OUTSIDE, BUT I'LL
WAGER YOU'RE SOFT
INSIDE.



WHERE ARE YOU
TAKING ME?
HEEEEEELP!

TAKE
HER!

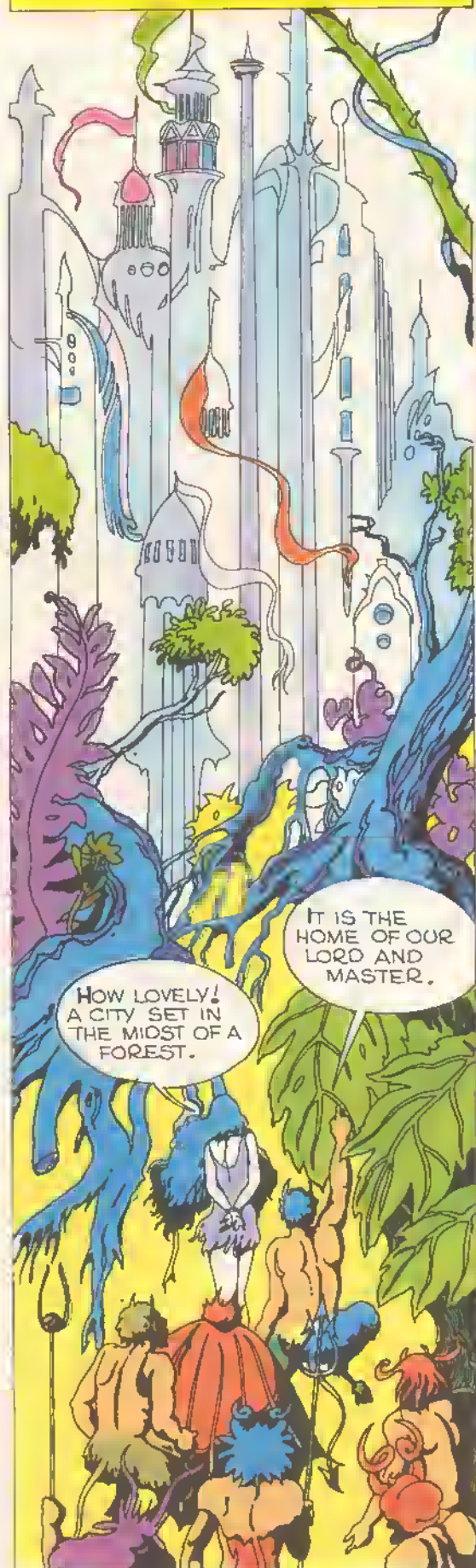
SHE IS
NOT OF
OUR
PEOPLE.

ALL THE BETTER,
SHE IS A
MAGNIFICENT
TROPHY!



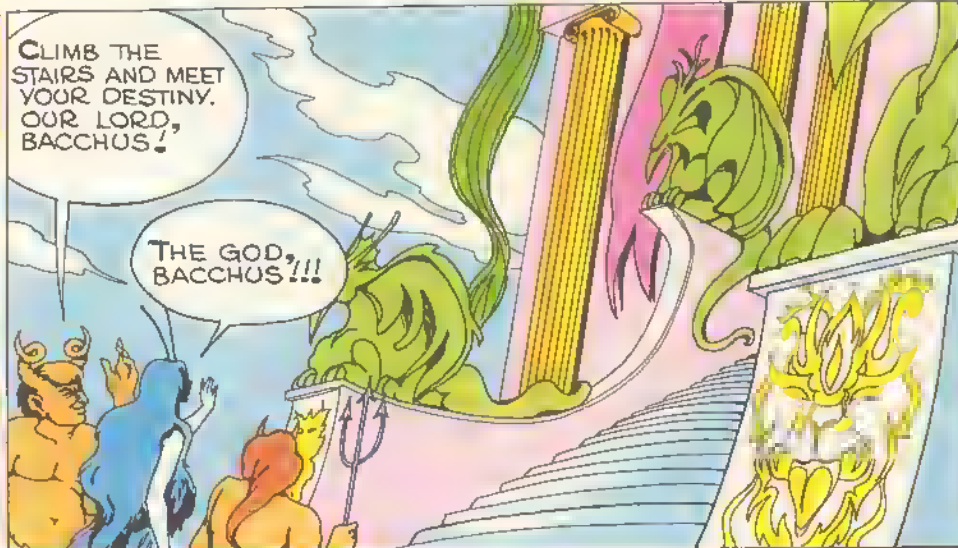
THEY ARE HORRID.
ALL FLABBY!
WHO WILL HELP ME?

AFTER A LONG AND UNCOMFORTABLE JOURNEY, AGAR-AGAR REACHES THE CITY OF THE FAUNS.



HOW LOVELY!
A CITY SET IN
THE MIST OF A
FOREST.

IT IS THE
HOME OF OUR
LORD AND
MASTER.



CLIMB THE
STAIRS AND MEET
YOUR DESTINY.
OUR LORD,
BACCHUS!

THE GOD,
BACCHUS!!!

RARE BIRDS AND EXOTIC VINES DECORATE THE THRONE OF BACCHUS.



WINE AND
WOMEN!
I THOUGHT
AS MUCH!

WHAT A PRETTY
LITTLE DOVE!

THE GROSS GOD GIVES A SHARP ORDER



BATHE HER!
PERFUME HER!
GARLAND HER WITH
WILD FLOWERS!
AND THEN.....

WHAT A PRETTY
BAUBLE!
GIVE IT
TO ME!

LITTLE
MINX! GIVE
IT BACK!
IT'S MY
WAND.





THEY'VE
STOLEN
MY WAND
AWAY!

KEEP QUIET!
DON'T MAKE
TROUBLE. YOU
HAVEN'T YET MET
OLERI.



WHO CAN OLERI
BE? WELL, I SUPPOSE
A PERFUMED BATH
MIGHT RID ME OF
THE STINK OF
SALT.

THE HANDMAIDENS ADORN AGAR
AGAR WITH FINE FLOWERS
AND CLOTHES OF SPUN SILK.
AS THOUGH FOR A WEDDING
...OR A SACRIFICE!



MY FATE IS
WRITTEN IN THE
STARS. I HAVE
NOTHING TO
FEAR.



OH! WHERE
ARE YOU
TAKING
ME?

OLERI WILL
TAME YOU LIKE HE
TAMES ALL THE
OTHERS

LUCKY MAN!
HE GETS ALL
THE FRESH
FRUIT TO
PLUCK.

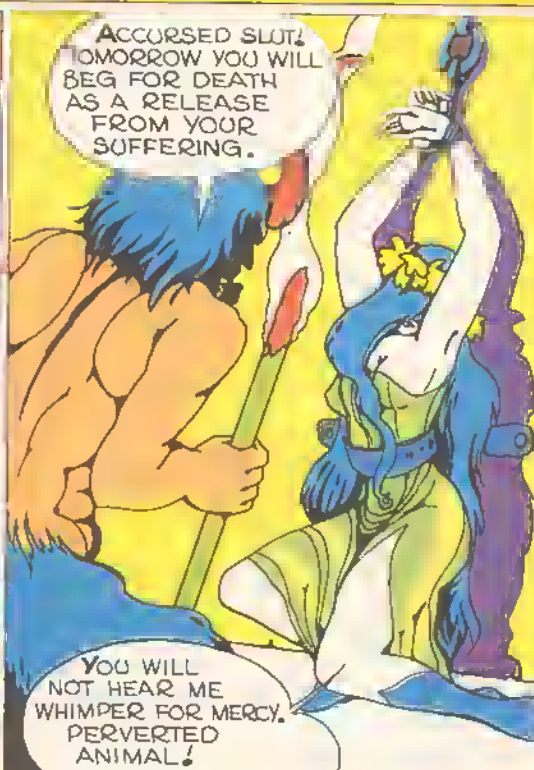
EVERY STEP BRINGS OUR HEROINE CLOSER TO THE FOUL DOMAIN OF OLERI.



OLERI!!

LEAVE HER
TO ME.
GO!

A TIME OF HUMILIATION AND
TORTURE BEGINS FOR THE
LOVELY SPRITE.



ACCURSED SLUT!
TOMORROW YOU WILL
BEG FOR DEATH
AS A RELEASE
FROM YOUR
SUFFERING.

YOU WILL
NOT HEAR ME
WHIMPER FOR MERCY.
PERVERTED
ANIMAL!

CAME THE DAWN! IN SILENCE AND
PITY, SOMEONE WATCHED.

WRETCHED GIRL!
WHAT CAN I DO
TO HELP
YOU?





I AM THE ONLY
PURE PERSON IN
THE
DEN OF
FORNICA-
TORS.

ENDYMION, THE CENTAUR. A LONE REBEL.



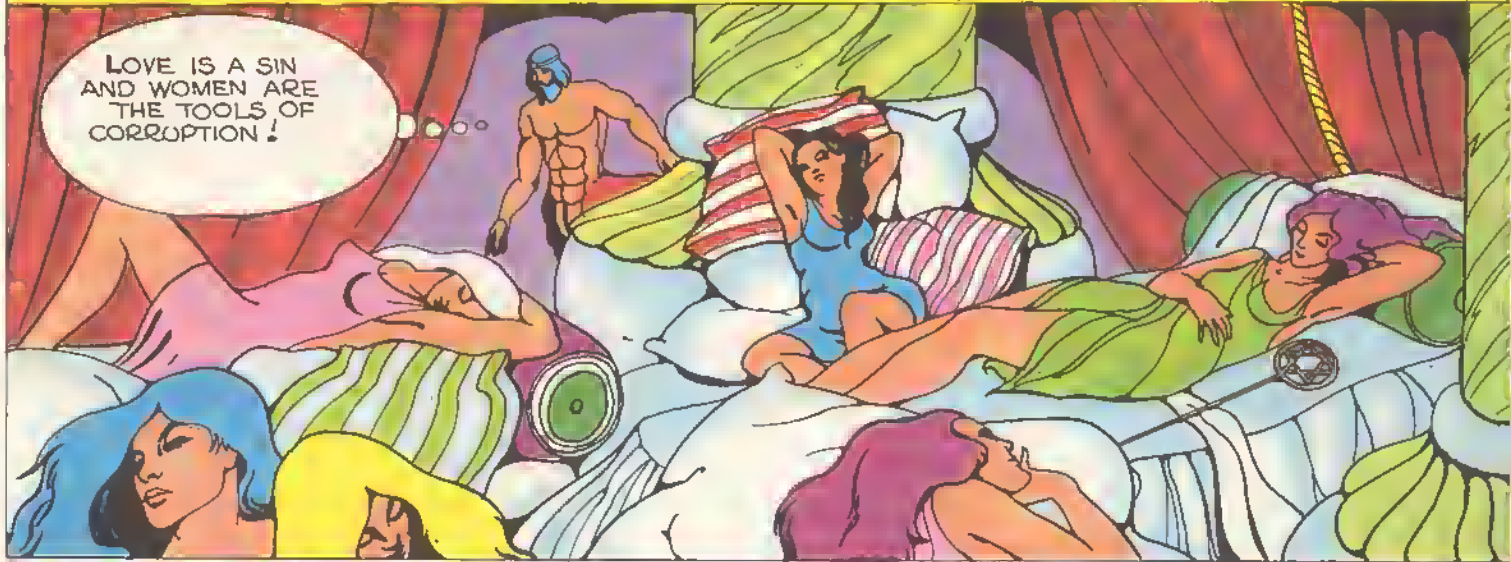
YOU CAN HELP ME.
BUT, YOU MUST
BE QUICK!

THEY'VE
STOLEN MY
MAGIC WAND.



IT WAS THE NYMPH
CALLED HILARI.
DO YOU KNOW
HER?

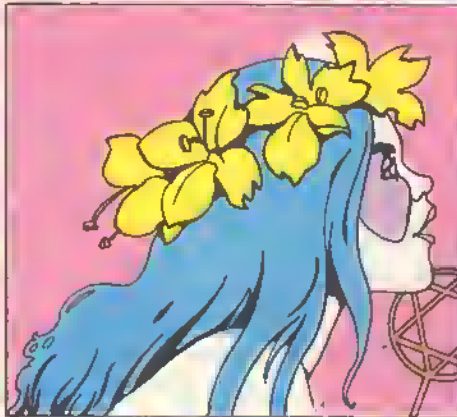
ALL OF BACCHUS' FAVOURITES SLEEP IN THE HAREM.



LOVE IS A SIN
AND WOMEN ARE
THE TOOLS OF
CORRUPTION!



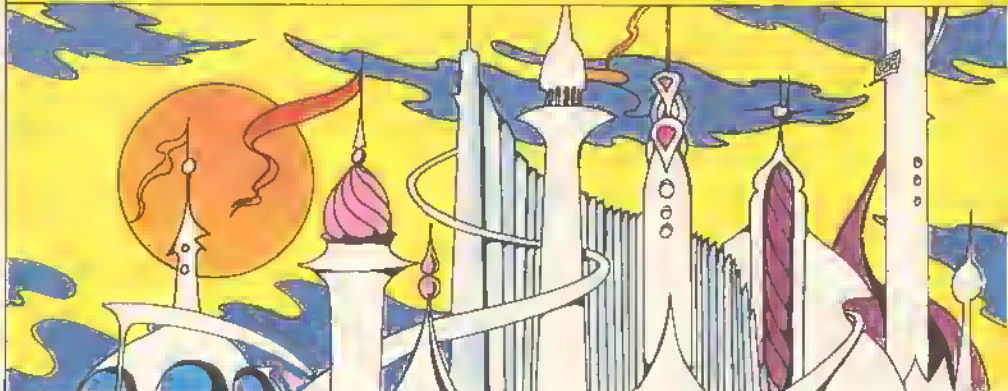
THIS MUST
BE THE WAND.
NOW, IF ONLY
THEY'LL STAY
ASLEEP.



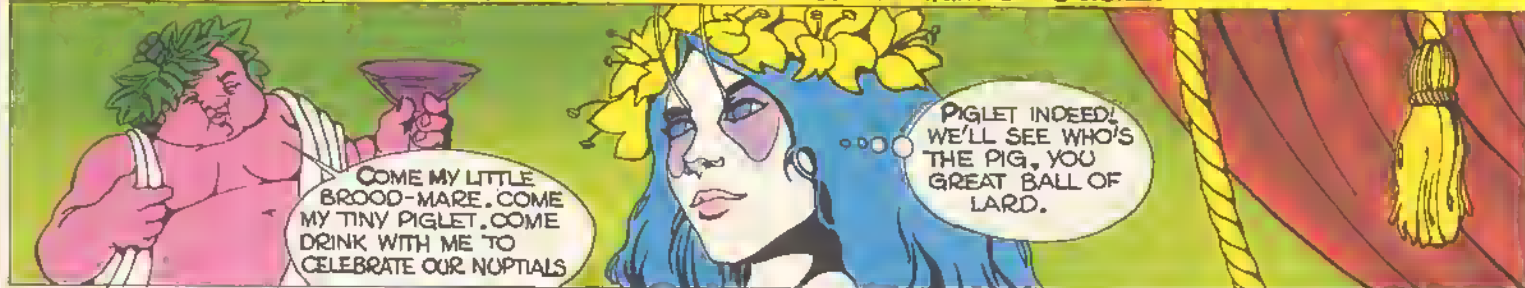
YOU MUST
NOT TOUCH ME!
YOUR HANDS
BURN ME.

THANK YOU,
MY DEAR ENDYMION.
BUT, YOU MUST LEARN
NOT TO REJECT
ME.

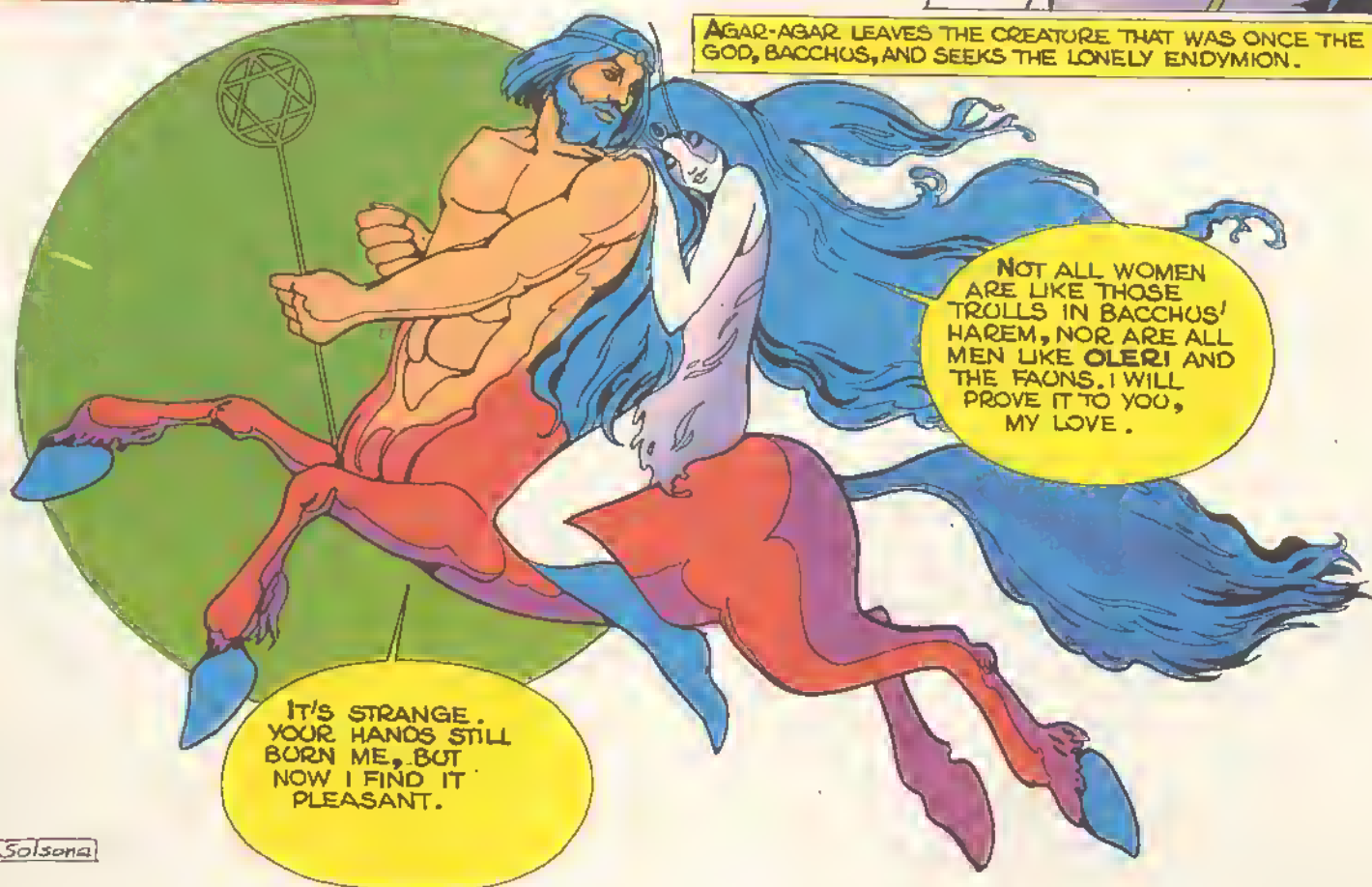
HAVING DELIVERED THE WAND TO THE SPRITE, THE CENTAUR VANISHES.



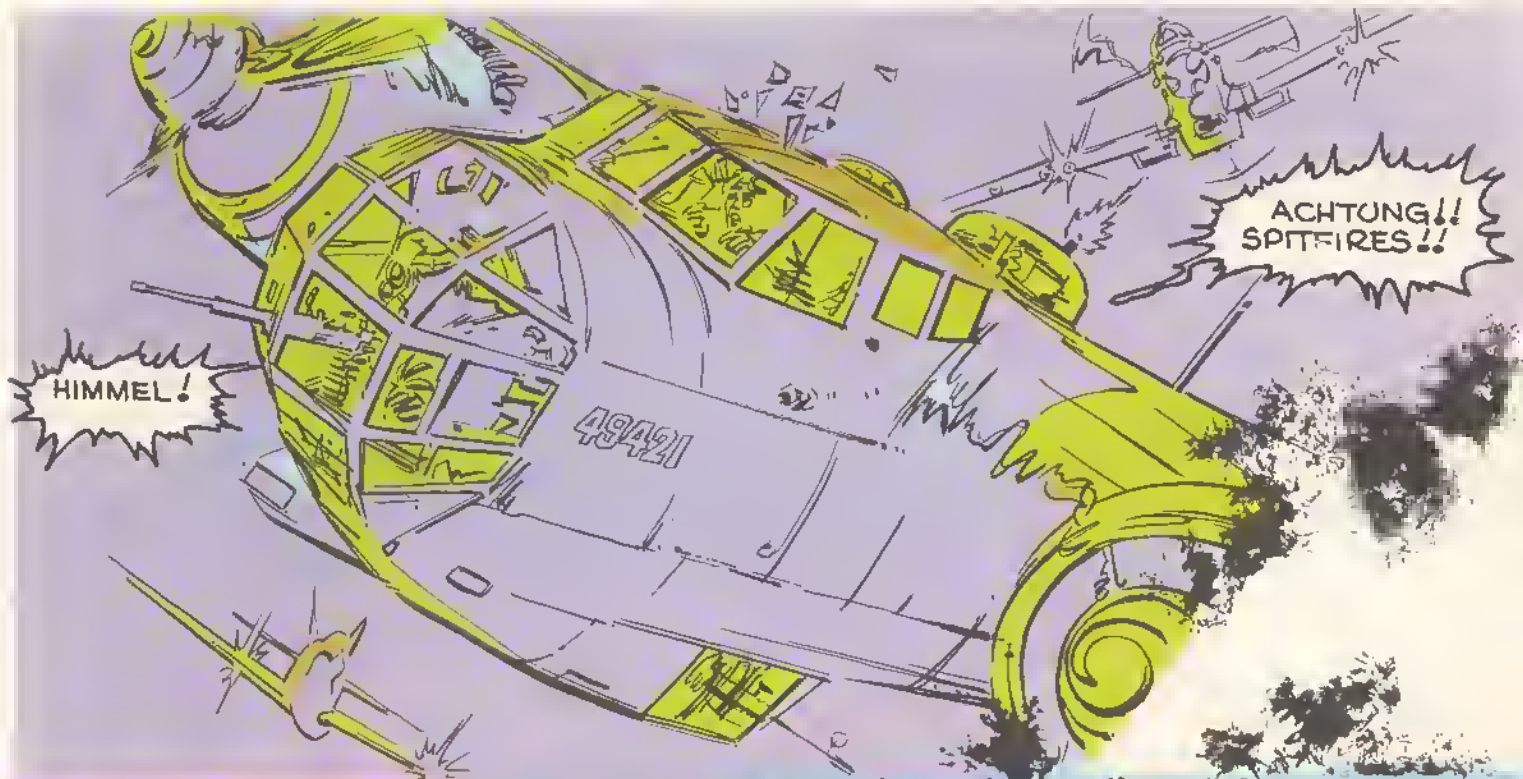
BACCHUS SENDS FOR AGAR-AGAR, WHO HE THINKS BROKEN BY THE NIGHT OF TORTURE.



AGAR-AGAR LEAVES THE CREATURE THAT WAS ONCE THE GOD, BACCHUS, AND SEEKS THE LONELY ENDYMION.

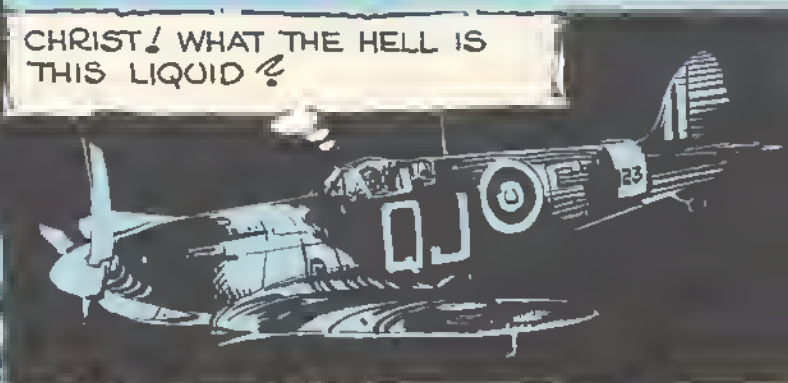
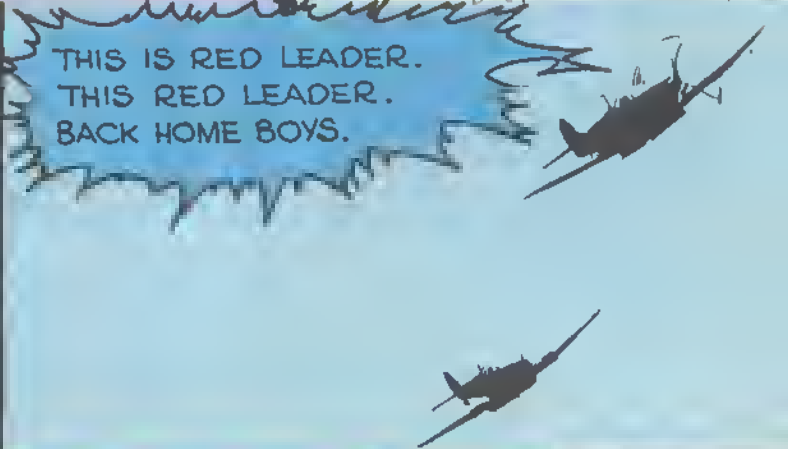


Solsana



ENRIC SIO
**Squadron
 —Leader
 Braddock**

THAT'S A FEW LESS BOCHES.
 NOW FOR HOME.





THE CONTROLS ARE
MELTING!



IT CAN'T BE... I'M
GOING MAD!!



FURIO
516



IT'S A NIGHTMARE. IT MUST BE!!



ALL THE METAL IS
GOING SOFT!

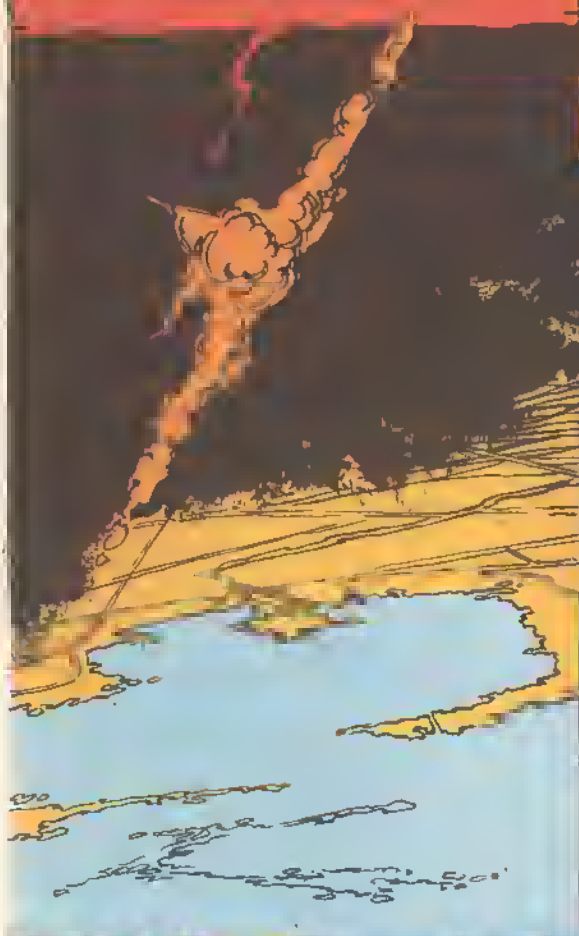


RED LEADER TO
BASE. RED LEADER
TO BASE. DO YOU
READ ME?



RED
LEADER!

CAN'T ANYONE HEAR ME ?
CAN'T YOU SEE ME ?
JOHNNY ! PETE !!



MUSTN'T PANIC. HAD
IT IF I DO.

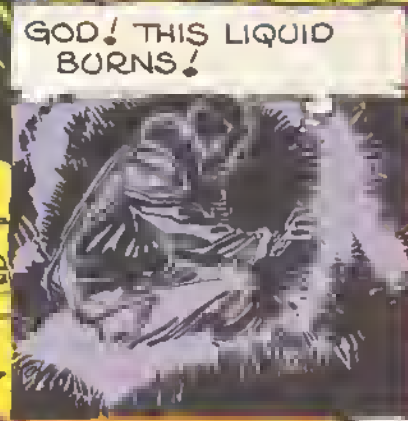


ERIC
SIO



GOD ! THIS LIQUID
BURNS !

SOFT ... MELTING ...
BURNING ... NOOO !!



IT'S ... IT'S LIKE FLESH !!





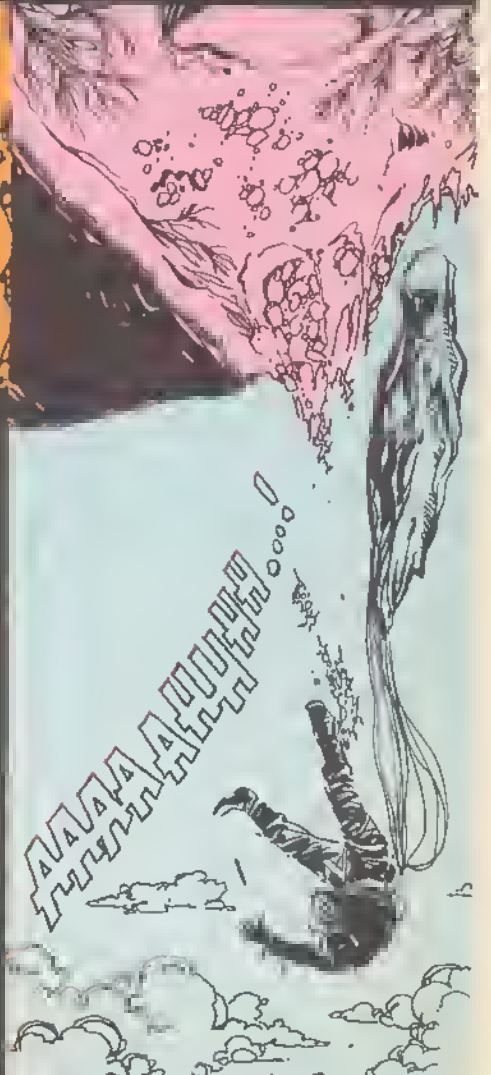
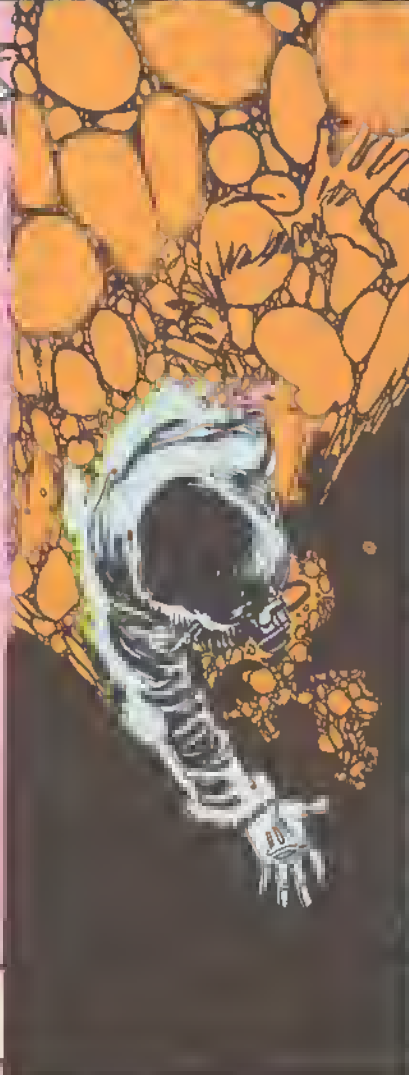
MY FEET ARE BURNING
UP!!



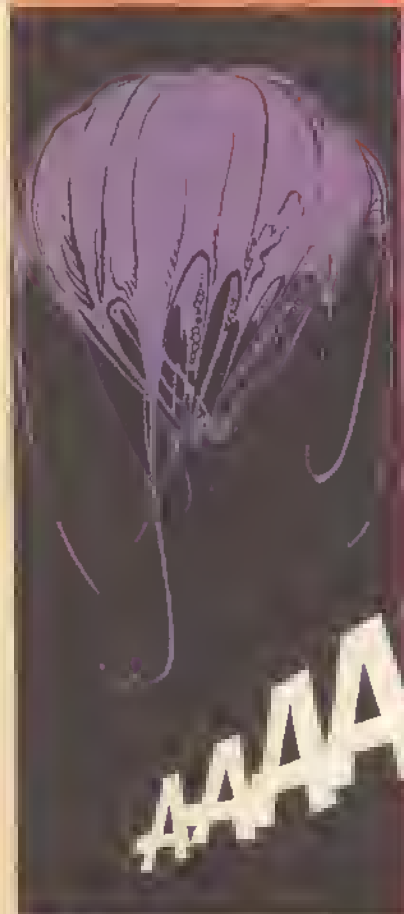
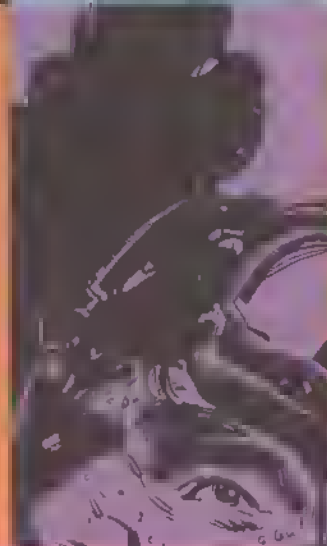
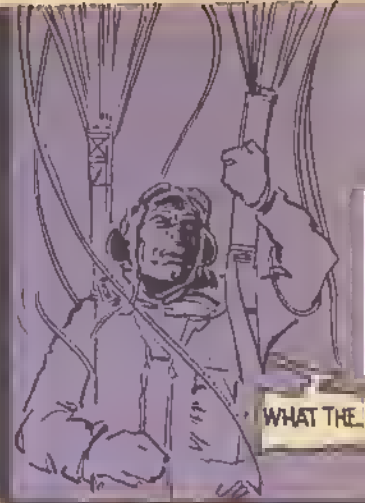
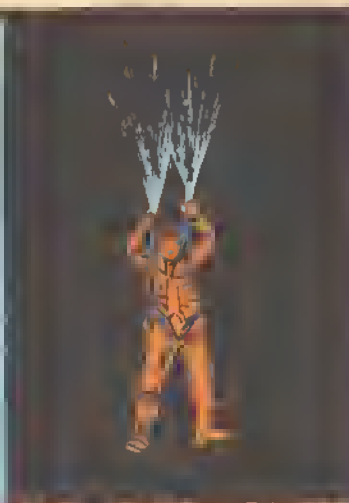
MY PARACHUTE. THAT'S MY
ONLY CHANCE. NOW!

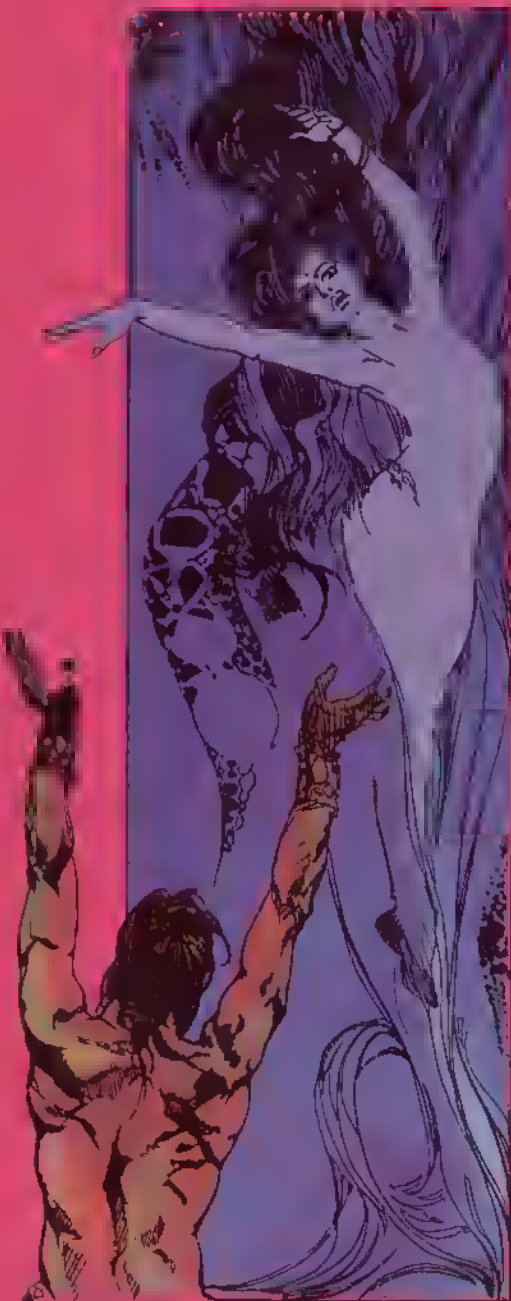


JUMP! GOT TO JUMP! GET
AWAY. JOUUMP!



ERIC
SIO





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